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"THE MAIDEN'S BATH."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

It is a dim sequestered place,
Where winds blow soft and cool,
And gleaming branches interlace
Above the brimming pool;
A spot wherein to be at ease,
And sweetly, idly dream,
While listening to the whispering breeze
And to the babbling stream.

Athwart the boughs long sunbeams slant,
And fleck the golden grass;
And spirit voices seem to haunt
The cool winds as they pass;
And softly there the wood-bird sings
Within her cosy nest;
And there the blue-jay folds his wings
And nods his purple crest.

"The maiden's bath" they call the place,
So hidden is the pool
By the long boughs that interlace
With shadows, deep and cool,
Long, spreading boughs of woody beech
That meet above the tide,
And slender arms of ash that reach
From farthest side to side.

A weird, enchanted nook it seems
Where tall ferns thickly grow;
And, lighted by the sun's stray beams,
That gently come and go,
The shaded pool, so clear and still,
Where scarce a ripple creeps,
Seems somehow to have lost its will,
And there, a captive, sleeps.

Beneath those boughs that interlace,
Unmoved by rude alarms,
A maiden in that shadowy place
Might there unveil her charms;
And in the clear pool's brimming tide
Engulf her snowy limbs,
While round her form in circles wide
The startled minnow swims.

Ah! often, lingering there, I've dreamed
The legend o'er and o'er;
And troops of pretty wood-nymphs seemed
To crowd the circling shore;
Or where the shining minnows crept
With little gleams of gold;
Then, waking, find that I had slept
And caught a sudden cold.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"I have seen him when he's been ill enough and sad enough," Mattie replied; "I don't think he can be worse now; I've watched him when it seemed to me as though every breath he drew must be his last and he had always a smile and a kind word for me. Oh, Mrs. Bartley, when will he let me see him, do you think?"

"Ye shall see him the morn; I'll speak to him mysel' the night, and tell him ye're to the fore. There, there, gang yer ways for a foolish thing; Mr. Gaveston 'll be pleased to see ye looking sae brawly and doing sae weel, and I shall be proud to tell him o't."

The good natured housekeeper kept her word, and that same evening she seized a favorable opportunity and spoke to Mr. Gaveston about Mattie. She had been summoned to her mistress' presence about something, and he being present, she spoke:—

"She's sair wearying to see ye, sir," she began.

"She! Who?"

"Mattie; puir Mattie, as ye saved from death and destruction, and sent hame to be a good and honest woman, please God. Will ye no let her win in for a moment, Master Ralph?"

She used the old familiar boyish name, and he smiled, in reply, though his face looked troubled and his voice was choking and hoarse as he uttered her name:—

"Mattie Brock!"

"Aye, puir lass; I beg your pardon, ma'am, but if you wouldn't mind her coming in a minute."

"Certainly not, Jessie; fetch her, by all means. I am glad to find she has fulfilled your expectations, brother Ralph, and conducted herself so well."

She was turning away on her welcome errand when Mr. Gaveston stopped her. "Not now, sister," he said, addressing Mrs. Gaveston, "some other time." Then, turning to Jessie, he went on, "Tell Mattie I will see her to-morrow, and say to her from me how glad and thankful I am to hear of her well doing; she will remember what I said to her when I saw her last, I dare say, that "Patience and perseverance, like faith, remove mountains." I think they have, in her case, poor girl, for the difficulties in her path to goodness were like mountains, indeed."

"I'll tell her every word, sir," said Jessie, "and it's a blithe lassie she'll be this night to think ye're sae mindfu' o' her; but, eh, Maister Ralph, ye're awfu' pale like—ye're not half the laddie ye were when ye rin awa' frae us a'."

"I'm twenty years older, nursey dear, that's all. Don't forget my message to Mattie, and I won't forget *her* to-morrow."

There was some foundation for the remark of the housekeeper that he was pale—had she said ghastly it would have been nearer the mark. Mrs. Gaveston noticed it too, and inquired anxiously if he felt worse than usual. To see him *pale* was nothing; the color had never come back to his face since the hour when he fell insensible across the threshold; but there was suffering added to it now. He leaned his head upon his hand when the old housekeeper had left the room, and his sister-in-law could see a damp dew upon his forehead as he strove to hide his face from her.

"What is it, brother Ralph?" she asked, tenderly laying a hand upon his shoulder. "Have you any trouble that I or any of us can help you through?"

"No," he replied, trying to speak cheerfully, "what trouble should I have? Have I not come back from such a rough life as you can only imagine, to a luxurious home beyond my wildest dreams? I *ought* to be the happiest man on the face of the earth."

"But you are not. There's *some* grief, *some* trouble, Mr. Ord sees it—I see it. Ah, Ralph, for the sake of your dead brothers, who both thought of you almost the last thing on earth, won't you let us help you if we can?"

Ralph Gaveston looked up into her handsome, womanly face, after a moment's pause, during which he had been taking counsel with himself how to answer her.

"You are right," he said; "I am not happy. I have had many sorrows during my wild life which have left their impression on me. But I think what appears to you the effect of grief and trouble is more that of broken health than anything else. Ever since I got this dreadful hurt," touching his covered hand as he spoke, "I have been strangely shattered and weak. It was by no means a pleasant time to look back upon; and you will think me very foolish, I dare say, but I feel as though I would rather do anything than meet that poor girl Brock face to face again. You don't know, and I trust in heaven you will never understand, what terrible and unholy memories are linked with that fated time."

"Then you shan't see her, my dear Ralph. Are you not master here? What an absurd idea! If you don't like the girl here I'll make Bartley get her another place. You shan't be annoyed here with any uncomfortable remembrances."

"Ah, we can't control *them*," he replied, pressing her hand to his lips, while the thought flashed across his mind; "if we only could, what a life of oblivion mine should be!"

Mattie had to control her impatience to see her benefactor. The morning brought her a kind message from Mr. Gaveston, to the effect that as soon as he felt well enough he would hear from her own lips all that had befallen her, and a parcel delivered to her by the housekeeper, containing a Bible, never used but evidently kept some time, with an inscription on the fly leaf in an almost illegible hand—

"Purchased in Melbourne before sailing for British Columbia, to give to Mattie Brock, if she and I ever meet in this world again."

There was also a neat little gold brooch, which Jessie told her he had selected from a good many trinkets, and which she was to wear for his sake.

"Sae ye see he hasna a'thegither forgotten ye, lassie," she said, "tho' he canna see ye the day. He bid me say he bought that Bible the week after ye sailed, and he's keep it ever since, feeling sure ye'd turn up a respectable lass some day."

Poor Mattie was glad and thankful, but she was disappointed too.

"I can't imagine why he wouldn't see me," she said, and Mrs. Bartley was puzzled too.

"It's not like my bairn," she soliloquised. "What harm could the sight o' yon puir lassie do him? I canna mak' it out."

CHAPTER XV.

A DREAM AND AN AWAKENING.

It was a curious dream which came to Alice as she sat watching in her baby brother's silent room—one which was perfectly unaccountable in its utter want of connection with anything in her previous thoughts. They had been wandering far and wide, back to her early childhood—then on to the time so shortly passed by of her father's death, and of the sorrow which had hung over their home so long, from the three deaths which had taken place so near together.

She had been her father's darling and pet: none of his girls had been to him like his gentle, loving Alice. She reminded him of his mother, he used to say; and from his teachings she had learned to love and reverence the memory of the grandmother she was just able to remember and no more. Then her reveries came back to the present—to her Uncle Ralph; and she thought of her mother's dread of this unknown relative, and how different he had turned out to what they all expected. She liked this new uncle very well, but her love for him did not make her so enthusiastic about him as her sisters were.

Clearer sighted than her mother, and with no old memories to prejudice her favorably like Mr. Ord and Mrs. Bartley, she saw him more as he really was than any of them, and under his pleasant, frank exterior, she discerned a wily, selfish nature. She felt sure that his seemingly warm hearted speeches and proffers of friendship and assistance were not truthful, and his behavior to Mattie Brock seemed to her harsh and selfish in the extreme.

She was a keen and quick reader of faces, too, and she had seen in his sometimes, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of cunning and ferocity which absolutely terrified her. Certes, it seemed to her that twenty years of travel must have marvelously altered the handsome, warm-hearted boy, that Jessie was never weary of talking about.

But it was not of any of his bad qualities, or his mysterious alternations of temper and manner that she thought to-night, but of his unvarying kindness and attention to his little delicate nephew—of how many weary hours he had soothed the infant sufferer, and how freely he had given up hours of precious time to amuse and cheer him.

"I ought to like him," said the girl, half aloud, "we all owe him so much; but I cannot—I cannot feel to him as I ought to my dead father's brother."

Her lips were still moving with the half spoken words, when she saw a slight movement in the darkness of the mirror before her. She could see reflected the stand with the bottles beside the bed, and the long curtains which hung from the ceiling; the bed itself, and the face of the sleeping child also, were dimly reflected, but the light of the half extinguished lamp fell feebly on the table and the hangings beside it, and it was here she saw the movement.

It was as if something had stirred the drapery from top to bottom, and possessed by a fear such as will sometimes seize the bravest in the dead of night, she sat gazing at the object of her terror, scarce able to breathe through fright.

Then a hand seemed to shape itself out of the darkness, and hover about the table, finally lifting up one of the mixtures; the stopper was silently laid upon the table, and something poured into the contents of the bottle from a tiny phial.

All this time she could see nothing but a hand, but suddenly the fire flashed up into bright radiance, and though it was instantly withdrawn, she recognised the hand of her uncle Ralph!

She saw distinctly the ghastly, straggling scar which disfigured it so terribly, and she knew also the rough ring beaten out of a nugget, with a sparkling diamond glittering in the midst of it—the only ornament he cared to wear.

With the knowledge that what she saw was flesh and blood, and no creature of her imagination, Alice's wits came back to her, and springing from her seat, she turned up the dim light, and sent a flood of radiance through the room. Not a creature was to be seen or heard save herself and the sleeping boy—not a trace of any visitant, earthly or otherwise, to the silent room.

She examined the table. Everything was as she had left it, and the door on the other side of the bed was locked as before.

"I must have been dreaming," she said, as she came once more to the fireside. "Uncle Ralph! what could have put *him* into my head? and yet it was his hand; I could swear to it anywhere!"

"What could you swear to, my bairn!" said Mrs. Bartley's voice behind her, and with a cry of joy she caught her by the hand.

"Oh, I am so glad you are awake!" she exclaimed. "I was half inclined to call you."

"Why? Is anything wrong? Is my bonnie laddie waur?"

"Oh, no; he's only waked once. I'm nervous; that's all."

"That's a new complaint for *you*. Are ye weiread wi' sitting here yer lane?"

"I suppose I am. I think I must have been dreaming; but I've been so frightened, Jessie."

"Ye look sae; ye shake like a leaf. What's frightened ye, lassie? See, we'll mak' a cup of tea, and it'll steady your nerves. See, now, that's better. Now tell me a' about it."

She stirred the fire into a bright blaze, which dispelled the remainder of the gloom in a moment, and put on the little kettle, which stood ready for emergencies. Alice began to feel half ashamed of her fears now she had light and company; but, pressed by Jessie, she told the story of her dream. The housekeeper got up and examined and searched as she had done."

"No living soul could have come in here," she said, "without unlocking that door, and we should have heard the noise. It has just been a bad dream. Oh, Miss Alice, I've often misdoubted that ye dinna think o'er weel o' yer Uncle Ralph, and ye've just shaped your fancies into this. Diana say to any one what ye've said to me, for heaven's sake; suspicions are ill weeds to root up, and it wad grieve him sadly. I ken how sair his heart is about yon puir bairn, and to be accused of—— Oh, missy dear, what put sic horrible thoughts intil your head?"

"I don't know, Jessie; I've told you just as it was. If it was a dream it was horrible enough, God knows; but I saw my uncle's hand as plainly as I see my own now, and I saw something put into Ralphie's lemon mixture. I *was* thinking of my uncle, but the last thought in my mind was—indeed I think I said it out loud—was that I *ought* to like him better for his kindness to us all."

"It's just sitting here in the dark that's done it," was Mrs. Bartley's final verdict, and she went round and examined the bottles on the table once more, uncorking and tasting the lemon mixture Alice had spoken of.

"Naught's been touched here," she said. "I dinna think anything could have been put into that without it's changing color. I'll just stop with you the rest of the night, my dear, and keep the bad dreams away."

Alice was only half convinced, but she was glad of Jessie's company, and her fears gradually vanished as they sat together chatting. Early in the dawn of the morning she retired to her own room to change her dress and refresh herself before breakfast, and then returned to take another look at her little brother. He was awake, and his bright eyes welcomed her eagerly; he was very fond of his gentle sister, and had always a bright look for her when she came in.

"I think he's better, Jessie," she said; "he seems brighter."

"I think he is, the darling; but he aye brightens after his draught. I gave him a wee drop the now."

Brighter and better he certainly did seem, and Alice took him on her knee, where he loved to sit, and wrapping a soft mantle round him, sat by the fire and sang to him softly, while Mrs. Bartley busied herself in shaking up the bed and preparing water for his bath.

"We're gey early the day," she remarked; "they are only just beginning to stir down stairs, but it's best to wash him while he is in the humor for it. Can ye keep him while I go down to the kitchen?"

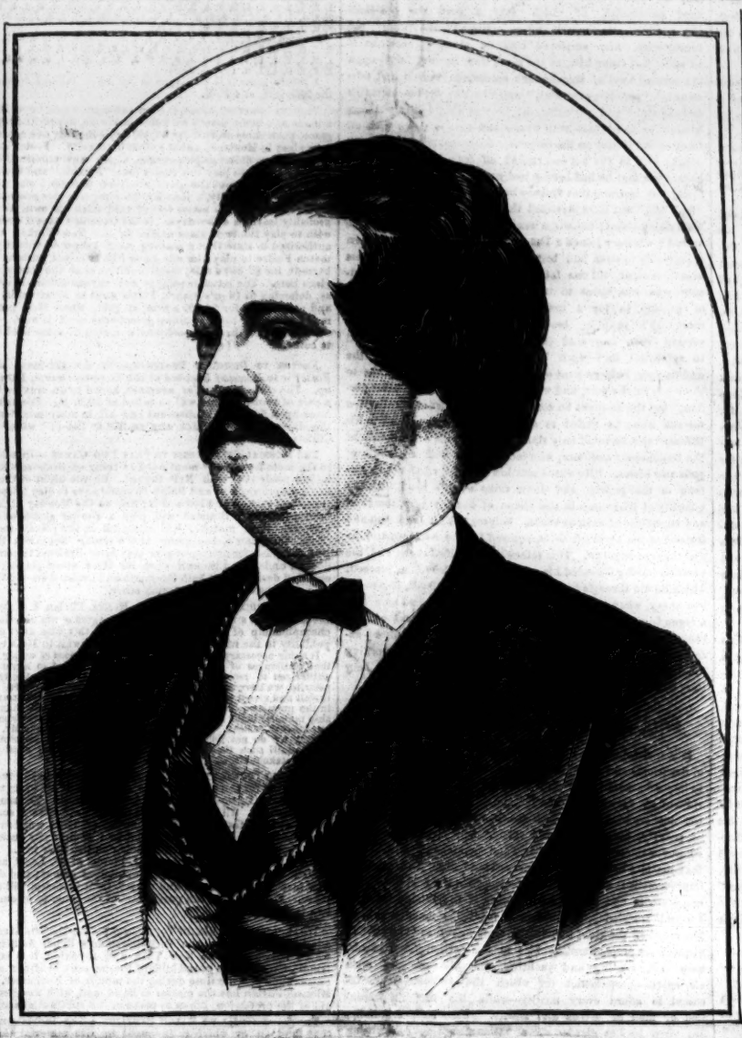
"Oh, yes; he won't tire me, and if he's restless I'll lay him down."

Jessie went her way and was absent may be a quarter of an hour, though it seemed to her as though five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the nursery bell rang violently, and Alice's voice echoed through the house in agonised tones.

"Mamma! Jessie! Come! Oh, come quickly!"

Quicker than she could have deemed it possible, Jessie flew up stairs, passing Mrs. Gaveston and her brother-in-law, who, both roused by the screams of terror, were making their way to the nursery. One glance told them the meaning of the girl's terror—the child was dying, gasping out his little life on the pillows where she had laid him. With a wild cry the mother threw herself beside the bed, calling upon her darling in terms of love and grief to look at her, speak to her once more.

Ralph Gaveston moved round to the other side of the bed to look better at the child, and in stooping over him, caught his foot in the leg of the little table which stood there. It was a light, fragile thing, easily overturned, and the jerk upset it, bringing it to the floor with a crash and strewing the carpet with broken glass and spilled fluid.



BILLY PASTOR, Comic Vocalist. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

Mrs. Gaveston was startled and her brother seemed confused at his awkwardness, but the mother could have blessed him for it, for the noise seemed to rouse her darling to a knowledge of her presence once more; the filmy eyes unclosed and looked full and clear into her face, and the little lips formed themselves into the word "Mamma." She stooped to kiss him, and the listless arms moved, as with a recognising smile he tried to lift his hands to her face.

It was the last effort; the curtain which shrouds the threshold of the unseen world fell between them as their eyes met; her little Ralph was "God's youngest angel," one of the flowers that spend in heaven the fragrance too fresh and pure for earth. All was so quickly over they had no time to think; but a few minutes ago it seemed to Jessie that she had left the child so well and bright, and now he lay dead before her eyes!

She was the first to recover her senses, and give orders to the frightened crowd of servants who had come flocking up stairs after their terrified mistress. Mr. Gaveston took his sister down stairs, while Jessie, aided by the nursemaid, who had loved her charge dearly, performed the last sad offices for the dead.

She was much perplexed and puzzled, but questions could be asked afterwards, and nothing could bring him back to life more. She sent for the doctor—she knew her mistress would wish it—simply for the satisfaction of hearing his opinion as to the cause of death, though she recollected hearing him say that he should not be surprised at its occurring at any time.

The remembrance of what Alice had told her kept recurring most painfully to her mind, and over and over again she tried the lock of the door and found it fast. More than that, she opened it and went through to find the door of the gallery on the other side locked too, and the key hanging up in its usual place *inside*.

Alice gave a very simple account of the child's seizure. He had seemed to go asleep, she said, and she sat still, fearing to disturb him, till he was suddenly seized with the convulsions from which he never rallied, and she laid him down while she rang and called for help. Mrs. Gaveston hardly seemed to hear or heed what they told her; her darling was dead, that was all she could grasp at once, and the knowledge overcame her entirely.

She lay in her darkened dressing-room sobbing frantically, while Alice ministered to her in tearless grief. She was by no means a strong-minded woman, and she had no husband now to calm her fretful repinings and repress his own grief to comfort her, as when she lost her other son. She wailed for her husband afresh, now that this new trouble had come upon her, and poor Alice felt as though her heart must break with all she had to bear.

In the midst of her grief for her little brother she had an unspoken dread so horrible that she dared not whisper it even to herself—a dread which made her avert her face from Jessie's sympathizing looks, and shrink and shiver at the sound of her uncle's voice. She feared to meet him, to look at him, lest her eyes should speak the haunting terror that possessed her and she should reveal her secret.

She hated herself for her suspicions; it seemed so wicked to harbor such thoughts of kind Uncle Ralph, who was so tender with her weak mother, so gentle with them all. She roused herself enough to go upstairs, and go and look at the little peaceful corpse, and there she found Jessie. Silently they stood looking at the waxen features already fixed in the repose of death, and then suddenly Alice spoke.

"Was it a dream, Jessie?"

"God only knows, my dear."

"Must I tell any one?"

"No; keep the secret for your mother's sake, for the sake of your dead father, for mine. He was his brother, my bairn, that I nursed and loved. No, no; we'll keep the secret though it break our hearts."

"But the doctor—will he not know?"

"Maybe; I dinna ken. We'll let him speak if there's ought wrong. If not, we'll give humble thanks to Him in heaven, who has saved us from a great sorrow."

CHAPTER XVI.

A STORY—AND A VISITOR.

Ralph Gaveston was master now at the old Hall; the title he had so often repudiated was his by right, and the little puny life had ended in the way so long expected. It was very agreeable to feel that he was lord of all the fair lands that he could see from the windows, as he looked on the sunny spring landscape on the evening of the day of his nephew's death.

There was something pleasant in the knowledge that the stately old house, and its surroundings of park and woodland, were his and his only, with no one to say to him nay in whatever he chose to do with them. Yet he was ill at ease as he stood in the bow window of the spacious drawing room, watching the herd of deer, one of Gordon Gaveston's greatest treasures, gambolling about in very lightness of heart at the returning summer.

"Mine at last, all mine!" he murmured; "and a year ago I was a penniless, homeless outcast, with nothing but the grains of gold I could scrape from the ground under my feet I could call my own. From a rough digger to a country gentleman, a magistrate, a member of Parliament, may be in the future, is no bad step. Mine, unburdened by any condition save that I should do well by the property, and be kind to my sister-in-law and the girls. Poor Gordon, he was very fond of them; and I'll do my best to attend to his injunctions."

"Musing, Ralph!" said the voice of Mr. Ord, behind him.

"Well, yes, I was; got into a sort of brown study, being here by myself."

"Ah! making all sorts of plans what to do with Gaveston, I suppose; I'm sorry for your sister, but I congratulate you heartily. That poor baby would never have made a fit master here."

"I don't know; he might. I was thinking of all things, past and present, when you came in, and half wishing myself back in my digger's hut at Yale. I must settle matters with my sister-in-law, Ord, as soon as possible, and then my mind will be easier. Sit down and let us talk it over. I suppose you have dined? We dined in a kind of scrambling way, very early, but if you have not——"

"Thank you, I have, an hour since. I don't mind a glass of port to drink your health and success to you. What are you going to do with Mrs. Gaveston and the girls?"

"Do with them?"

"Yes. They won't stop here, of course. I don't suppose that you will turn them adrift at a day's notice, but you won't burden yourself with the whole family here?"

"Indeed I will; do you think my brother's children will be a burden to me? What should I do in this tremendous house alone? No, no; they shall stay if they will."

"If they will! Of course they will, or I don't know Mrs. G. aright. She would do anything to avoid any trouble, and she likes you into the bargain. I often laugh at her now for her change of opinion about you."

"*She* would stay, but she has an adviser who won't, and whose will is the stronger of the two. I shall do all in my power to keep them, but I suspect there will be a difficulty."

"And who will make it?"

"Alice."

"Alice! Why, she loves Gaveston beyond any other spot on earth. I've heard her say so. Why should she wish to leave it?"

"Because she doesn't like me. Ah! you may look, but it's true. She shrinks from me, though she is outwardly polite and agreeable; and since that poor child's illness, looks at me with absolute loathing. I have never spoken of it before; and, of course, I have taken no notice of it—but the feeling is there. I can see it in her eyes."

"I have noticed a change in her for some time," Mr. Ord said reflectively; and her mother tells me she was quite hysterical this morning, and said the most extraordinary things to Doctor Davis, when he came after the child died."

"What—what did she say?" asked Ralph Gaveston, with an agitated voice, "did they tell you?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, in some surprise at his companion's manner, for he had turned abruptly round and was looking out of the window. "Both the doctor and her mother spoke of it; she was very much excited, and talked in the strangest way about hands, and poison, and broken bottles, and ended by imploring Doctor Davis to have a *post mortem* examination of the corpse."

"Good heavens! And will he—does he intend to do it?"

"Of course not; it was folly to think of such a thing. The child's death has been so long expected, and took place so clearly from natural causes, that such a proceeding would be simply ridiculous on the doctor's part. But how concerned you look. Of course it shall be done if you wish it, or would like it for the sake of satisfying your sister."

"Oh, dear no," said Ralph Gaveston, lightly, though his face was still pale; "I am very sorry Alice should be beset with fancies like these; it argues something wrong with her health, I fear."

"So I think; when all this excitement is over we shall be better able to judge. But let us talk of other things. You'll be a great man now, my boy. Do you mean to make a mark in the country, or settle down into a farming squire, and live at home among your own people?"

"I hardly know, I don't think I'm exactly cut out for a public life. I fancy I shall let the Fates guide me, and be very much what circumstances make me; that is pretty much what I have done hitherto."

"Wrong, my boy, all wrong; no one who has means and health to use them should lead an inactive life. I want to see you a worthy master of the old place."

"Ay! I shall never be what Gordon was."

"You may. I should like to have you remembered as good a man as your brother, and a great deal better than your father, Ralph."

"Ah, I've heard there was a time when my father had plenty of wild oats, and sowed them right liberally; but that must have been before I was born. I can only remember him as rigid and stern, unforgiving to our faults, and having no mercy on our follies."

"Rather a hard picture, but true in the main. It was about the time of your birth that a change came over your father.

"A very painful affair took place just before—I will find you all the papers relating to it some day—with a girl of the name of —— why the very name of your dead friend—Bennett! Mildred Bennett; she lived some thirty miles from here, in Derbyshire. They say that sometimes men will take a lesson from scrapes of that kind, and I think your father did from that. It was a terrible scandal, and almost broke your mother's heart."

"Quite! quite! I remember enough of my childhood to know that."

"Why, did she ever speak of it to you?"

"Speak of it! It was her one thought—daily, hourly, till she——"

He stopped abruptly, as he became aware of the undisguised astonishment with which the old lawyer was regarding him.

"I never knew Mrs. Gaveston spoke of these things," Mr. Ord said, in bewilderment. "She wouldn't allow it mentioned in the house."

"I heard a good many things in my boyhood. Every one thought my mother so quiet and silent; but there was more than came to the surface in her meek silence."

"She had much to bear at that time, poor lady; the affair became so public and the disappearance of the woman Bennett and her child was a great grief to her. If that mystery had ever been cleared up, and the child could have been cared for, it would have been a great relief to her."

"And what became of them?"

"Why, it was always supposed the woman committed both murder and suicide, though there was no real proof; her cloak was found in a deep pool of the Avon yonder, and she was never seen afterwards. She left a letter to your father saying she would trouble him no more."

"Poor, heart-broken soul, it is bitter sorrow that drives woman to an end like that. Mildred Bennett. The name is curious. Are you sure it was Mildred?"

"Quite sure. I'll give you plenty of proof of that to-morrow, both written and printed. It was newspaper matter for months, I can assure you. I hope you won't make for yourself any such enviable notoriety."

"I don't intend to. Love making is no weakness of mine."

"But you'll marry, I hope, and have an heir to the estate; it wouldn't do to let it go to those cousins of yours."

"Marry! Me! No, I've had enough of——"

"Not *experience*, I hope," said Mr. Ord, laughing. "You never perpetrated matrimony in your wanderings, did you?"

"No; that was one thing I avoided. I was going to say that I'd seen so much unhappiness from unsuitable matches that I didn't feel inclined to venture. I didn't look upon it in the light of a *duty*."

"But it is a duty, lad; a duty you owe your father's name and memory; a duty you owe society and the neighborhood."

"How came *you* never to think of that?"

"I'm not a landed proprietor, my boy. I've no stake in the county, or I might have sought a wife."

"Ah, you shall find one for me," said Ralph Gaveston, as the lawyer rose to go. "I shall be very fastidious, mind; nothing short of perfection will do for me. Be sure you look out those papers, Ord; I've a fancy for diving into that ancient scandal."

"You shall have them as early as you like," was the reply, and Mr. Ord went away.

Left to himself, Mr. Gaveston paced the sumptuous room with impatient strides.

"Mildred Bennett! Mildred Bennett!" he repeated over and over again. "And I shall see the papers; read the whole shameful history in print. Pshaw! What is it to me, Ralph Gaveston, the fate of a woman dead and forgotten now? I'm not myself, to-night; twice I've let yonder old man see me agitated without any apparent cause. It won't do. No woman's nerves will serve my turn. And yet, poor Mildred Bennett! How the name seems to haunt me; and my father was her betrayer and the father of—of the man I left dead in yonder forest. Truly it is a strange world, and my place in it as strange as any part of it."

It was a fair scene that he looked upon as he stood once more by the window. Miles of goodly land, dotted with farms and villages, and shadowed by mighty trees; a splendid inheritance truly, and all his own, made so by the mighty and inscrutable hand of Providence, who had suffered the frail life of a child to be cut off that he might reign.

While he mused and gazed with eyes from which no proper sorrow or decorous grief could quench the gleam of triumph that had lit them for the last few hours, he could hear the foot falls of the men upstairs, who were busying themselves with the gloomy preparations for the grave. His ears were acute in the stillness, and he could hear each sound with marvellous distinctness. He heard the men carry the shell up stairs, and he could almost fancy he heard the rustle when they lifted the light corpse and laid it gently in its resting place.

There was to be no long mourning over the little waxen face—but short time was to be left to the bereaved mother and sisters to take the last looks that prolonged the grief for the dead with a "pleasure half of which is pain;" something in the state of the child rendered almost immediate closing of the coffin necessary, and the doctor had issued his command that not more than twenty-four hours were to elapse before the lid was screwed down.

"And that will be to-morrow morning," soliloquized his uncle, as he listened to the soft footsteps over his head. "Twenty-four hours will soon pass, and then, my little nephew, for a final farewell! I shan't feel *master* till then—no, nor till all the mockery of a fine funeral is over, and you are hard and fast under the turf, my darling; *then*, perhaps—ha! who is this?

It was only a lady coming slowly along the avenue and glancing ever and anon up at the house as she walked. She was lightly and elegantly dressed, and wore a thick lace veil, which concealed her face.

He watched her with considerable interest, for there was something in her gait and bearing which affected him curiously, till she came to the light iron gate which separated the lawn and garden at that side of the house from the park. She was evidently making for the side door and not for the grand front entrance, seldom approached by visitors on foot.

"Who does she remind me of?" he asked himself, and at that moment she threw back her veil and gazed long and earnestly up at the house. It seemed to Ralph Gaveston that she looked straight at him, and with a wild, choking cry, he staggered back from the window and sank into the nearest chair.

CHAPTER XVII.

GUESTS AT THE GAVESTON ARMS.

The host of the Gaveston Arms stood in the doorway of his pretty, neat-looking little inn, or "hotel," as he loved to call it, the afternoon of the day on which the little heir died, looking out into the dusty road.

A tenant, and in some sort a dependant on the master of the hall, he deemed it his duty to put on a very lugubrious expression of face and to speak to his customers almost in a whisper, on account of what he called "the solemn and melancholy occasion;" but in reality he was by no means in grief, and preferred a living, grown-up master of the estate, who brought friends and company to the place, to a child-heir who ruled by deputy, and for whose benefit everything was hoarded and stored, and nothing wasted in merry-making or visting.

The Gaveston Arms had had but a dull time of it since Gordon Gaveston's death; his widow had eschewed all society, and no troops of merry friends had found their way to the hall to make much custom for Jonas Badger and his buxom wife.

The funeral of the late squire had been the last event that had brought many people to the neighborhood. That had been a day long to be remembered for the custom it had sent to the Gaveston Arms; and now that they had not long put off the black they had worn out of respect to their dead master, his son was gone too. Mrs. Badger commenced surveying her household stores with a view to providing a sufficiency of eatables directly the news came, but her husband negatived her intentions entirely.

"Its no use, Nancy, lass," he called out from his station in the porch, hearing her give some directions to her servant; "I tell thee, there'll be no one there."

"That's more than any one can tell; there's sure to be a grand funeral."

"No; all's to be very quiet. Mr. Gaveston's own man told me that the mistress would not have it. The master wanted to have everything done correct and handsome, but the mistress and Miss Alice they said 'No;' so it's to be a regular plain affair; a hearse and two mourning coaches—that's all."

"Ah, well, he was but a baby; but any how there'll be carriages and servants, and they'll come here; I shall get ready for them. Did you hear the queer story about a ghost that's going the round in the servants' hall?"

"A ghost! No. Who saw it?"

"Miss Alice, they say—any way she had something to do with it. They say she had a warning last night of the child's death."

"A warning! Poor lamb! he's carried a warning in his face long enough. There needed nothing but a look at that to see he was going to die without any ghosts. But what was it, Nancy? Tell us all about it, my lass."

"I don't know that there is much to tell. You know when I was up at the hall this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'd no thought then of the poor little fellow dying so soon, and I just went up, being out, to see about those Spanish chickens the young ladies want a couple of; and I just went into the servants' hall as they were beginning to settle down again after the flurry of the death. They made me sit down, and I had a drop of the wine that was going, and inquired after the family. 'And how does Mrs. Gaveston seem?' says I. 'Well, she was as well as they could expect,' the upper housemaid said; 'but Miss Alice, she was very queer. She'd had two or three fits of hysterics, and said the strangest things.' 'What things?' says I. 'Well,' she said, looking round as though she was almost afraid to speak, 'we think she has seen a ghost. She sat up with the child last night; and, when she wasn't quite herself just now, she rambled on something about seeing a hand poisoning the medicine, or something of that kind.' 'Bellike the house *is* haunted, I said. 'There's a many old places as is.' 'There's nobody could have got in for certain,' she said; 'the outer door was locked. But you mustn't speak a word about it, for no one knows I know, but I heard her talking to Mrs. Bartley about it.' It seems queer, though, don't it Jonas, that the child should go off so soon and so sudden afterwards. It did seem like a warning, didn't it?"

"If it isn't all a pack of woman's bosh," replied Mr. Badger, from his post of observation at the door; "it's a warning as I'd take pretty quick notice on. I'd send all them bottles right off to the doctor's, and have 'em—what do you call it when they find out what's in anything to eat or drink?"

"Analysed?"

"Ay, analysed. Folks don't dream such things while they are in their sober senses; and as for ghosts, I don't much believe in them after all. I don't think they'd show a warning that way."

"But you see there was none of the physic left. In the hurry of the time when the poor child went the table was upset, and every bottle smashed."

"And who did that?"

"The master, so Mary said. He was going round to that side of the bed and caught his foot in it. One of the girls cut herself badly clearing up the glass."

Jonas Badger made no comment for a moment or two on his wife's story, but whistled softly to himself, with a deepening cloud upon his face. At length he called, gently, "Nancy."

"Well, Jonas?"

"You and I must never let our tongues wag about this. Don't tell anyone else what you have told me, do you hear?"

"No, I won't."

"See you don't. Never breathe to mortal that you ever heard it; it may be bad for both of us if you do."

She looked at him with surprised eyes for a moment, and then her quick woman's instinct read his suspicions in his face, and her own blanched white as the thoughts came into her head.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed. "You don't think *that*, do you?"

"I do," he replied gravely; "and mark my words, it will turn out true. But 'a still tongue and a wise head' must be our motto, Nancy, or our lease of the Arms would be a short one, I fancy."

Mrs. Badger wore a very thoughtful face after this conversation, and went about her business without any of the cheerful alacrity that was usual with her. She hardly spoke a word till the rattle of approaching wheels made her go to the window and look out, as a fly from the nearest station stopped at the door. A gentleman and lady alighted, and a small portmanteau was handed down, showing that they intended to stay; and, forgetting her secret disquietude, she was once more the courteous hostess, receiving her guests with a smile, and anxious to please to the utmost of her ability.

The strangers wanted a bed-room and sitting-room. "They were come to the neighborhood on business," they said, "and should stay *one* night at least."

Mr. and Mrs. Badger wondered not a little who the new comers might be, for visitors to Gaveston were rare, unless, indeed, they were guests to the hall, or hangers-on of the same; and these people, they settled, were not "gentry"—at least in their acceptation of the word. Nothing could be less like the usual type of drawling, lackadaisical members of the kingdom of sweldom who came dawdling about the Arms, occasionally condescending to taste his sparkling ale and his wife's cookery, than the stalwart, sunburnt man who stepped out of the fly and lifted his wife down as though she were a baby.

He was well dressed and very pleasant to look upon, with his great brown beard and his pleasant eyes; but there was the stamp of intellect rather than fashion about him, and he looked thoroughly like a man who had made his own way in the world and meant to keep the place he had won by his own clear head and sturdy hands.

His wife was a pale, delicate-looking woman, but, as Mrs. Badger declared after a careful scrutiny, "not a lady." She was elegantly dressed, though the colors in her attire were Quakerish in their simplicity, and her hands were white and small; but she lacked the high-bred ease and insolent *nonchalance* of the fine ladies who sometimes condescended to rustle into her pretty rooms and turn up their aristocratic noses at her homely but exquisitely clean furniture and arrangements.

No, clearly this visitor was not a lady—she was too thoughtful of those around her, too fearful of giving trouble, too considerate by far to be anything but a common person; but the landlady was delighted with her for all that.

On the portmanteau, which was carried upstairs to the fresh, clean chamber, redolent of lavender and the sweet smell of linen, bleached and freshened on the soft, green grass, she read the name, "George Dale."

It was an old affair, blackened and worn as though it had seen much service, like its owner, and a smart new traveling bag bore it company, bearing the name, "Mary Dale," on a small brass plate.

"A new married couple, I'm sure," she said to herself, "and a pretty creature she is, too, but frightened like; I've seen her looking round two or three times as though she expected to see some one at her elbow that she's afraid of. I wonder what's wrong, for there's something, as sure as my name's Nancy Badger."

Nothing between the pair themselves, for anything like the attention of the gentleman to his wife or her loving devotion to him, the good woman averred she had never seen; but Mrs. Dale was strangely restless, and seemed as though she could not be quiet, but must wander about the room, stopping every now and then to look out of the window from which they could get a fine view of the Hall.

"My darling, do try and quiet yourself," said George Dale, when they were alone. "The people will think that you have something on your mind,' as the common folks say."

"And so I have, George—an oppression, a weight that is almost killing me; it has increased tenfold since I came in sight of that great house yonder, where he lives—the man who last looked upon my dead husband's face! George, I feel as though something dreadful were going to happen!"

"I wish I had not brought you here yet awhile, my love," he replied, gravely; "the voyage and the excitement on shipboard were too much for you; I ought to have taken you on a sight-seeing tour first, to drive some of these wild notions out of your head. Come here, my own Mary, and rest awhile."

"Forgive me, George," she said humbly, seeing his pained look, "I will try, indeed I will; but don't talk of sight-seeing till I have seen *him*. I don't care for the fairest scenes in England till I have looked upon him face to face."

"Well, dear, that will be easy enough, I dare say; we'll ask a few questions of the people here, and then you shall go if you like. I should think Alfred Bennett's widow would have no trouble in getting an audience of his old friend."

Mr. Badger was ready enough to give any information respecting the squire's family.

"The lady wanted to see Mr. Gaveston, did she? Well, that would be easy enough; he was an affable gent, most affable, and greatly liked in the neighborhood, but the family was in great trouble now—very great trouble; at least Mrs. Gaveston and the young ladies, though it was a good thing for Mr. Ralph, or the squire, as he was now."

"What trouble," Mr. Dale asked.

"The young heir's dead, sir; he died this morning. You see, when Mr. Ralph came home there was a little boy, the master's youngest son; lefty between him and the fortune; but he was a poor, puny little fellow, that nobody thought would live, and this morning he died, rather sudden at the last, they say."

"And this Mr. Gaveston—this Ralph that was—is master now, possessor of all this great property," said Mrs. Dale, with eager, questioning eyes.

"Yes, ma'am; and a good thing for us for the estate that it has come to him. The poor child would never have lived to be a man, and Mr. Ord—that's the lawyer have had all the management since the master died—has had all the management since the master died—is an old man, and not up to all the new-fashioned notions about things."

"You can hardly see Mr. Gaveston to-day, Mary,"

said Mr. Dale to his wife, after hearing Mr. Badger's account.

"I don't know that, sir," the landlord replied. "The master's cut up, of course, for he was fond of the child, but I think he'd attend to any business, or see any one that came from a distance to see him."

"I have come far enough," heaven knows," said Mary Dale; "from the other side of the Atlantic, with no other motive than to see the Squire of Gaveston."

"That's a long way, sure, ma'am, and I've no doubt you'll see him; but I wouldn't go to the front door, if I were you, or they might tell you, 'Not at home.' The side door round the corner, under the big window, there is where Mr. Gaveston's visitors generally go; his own man will see you if he does not."

"Thank you; by-and-by I will go."

And Mrs. Dale did go, and reached the hall just as twilight was beginning to darken over the hill tops and the shadows to fall black and heavy over the green grass of the park, and the quiet herds of timid deer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—"At pin pool, four players, A shot and won the pool, but did not claim it, through forgetting the number of his ball, thinking that he had No. 2 when he had No. 7. Next, B shot, and also won the pool, claimed it and got his money. Afterwards A discovered his error, which gave rise to the question as to which was entitled to the funds. How is it?"...... B was entitled to the money. Had neither of the other three won, however, then A, before shooting again, would have been justified in claiming the money for his former shot, on which he made the erroneous calculation.

CONSTANT READER.—1. A magician running a "pig" show has to pay a United States license of $150 in addition to the city license of $500 for the city of New York. 2. We should not advise you to try it in this city, particularly at present. 3. Herman was at the Academy of Music about eight years ago. Heller's last appearance in this city was at the Hall now occupied by the San Francisco Minstrels. 4. Dodworth and Apollo Halls are the best in this city for that purpose.

INTEREST, Boston,—"A and B bet on the presidential election. A bets that such a State goes republican, and B bets that it goes democratic. Now, in case the present democratic nominees are withdrawn and others substituted, do the bets hold as good after as before the withdrawal?"......Our opinion is that the withdrawal of the candidates before the country at the time the wager was made would render the above, and similar bets, void.

J. A. L.—1. At cribbage, two sevens, two eights and a nine count twenty-four, viz., eight for fifteens, four for pairs and twelve for sequences. 2. Edward Croueste is in England, and is expected here this winter. 3. He is married. 4. Can't say whether he will be engaged by Lent or not. 5. Lucille Western is in California. 6. Carlotta de Berg is out west with a circus. 7. Wood's Museum company is full.

SCULLIST, Portland, Me.—We do not think you have stated all the facts of the case, but from our understanding of it we decide that A. is entitled to retain possession of the cup, providing no agreement was entered into mutually to row on the 26th ult., and the rules governing the matter did not compel A. to give his opponent a chance before the 30th, or forfeit the trophy.

OIL CREEK, Nashville.—"If Hamill and Brown should row a race, and after a fair trial it should be the decision of the judges that Hamill had won, but Brown should advise the stakeholder not to give up the stakes, could Hamill recover them by any legal process?"......He could only recover his own share of the stake money.

GLOSTER.—1. First, he will have to take lessons in elocution from some competent person. 2. You would get a better chance with a traveling company, or by engaging in a metropolitan theatre for a subordinate position. 3. It depends altogether upon what line of business you performed.

CONSTANT READER.—1. We do not know of any one at present. Pupils are not plentiful enough to make it profitable. Better apply to some gymnasium. 2. Tom Sayers was born in 1826, and his first recorded battle was with Crouch, March 19, 1849.

POKY, Little Falls.—"In a game of base ball the batter bats a short ball to pitcher, which he picks up and touches the striker with between home and first without having any part of him on the base. The umpire decided not out. Was he right?"...... The striker was out, and the umpire was wrong.

J. C. M.—"A and B are in conversation in regard to the chances of the election of Seymour or Grant; A bets B that Grant will carry the State of New York; now Seymour is withdrawn, and Smith put in nomination in place of Seymour; how stands the bet?"......We look upon it as a draw.

MUCILAGE, Quincy, Ill.—1. Performers of that calibre receive from $20 to $30 a week. 2. Traveling with side shows with circuses, from $15 to $20 a week. 3. You will find his address by refering to an advertisement of his in another part of this issue.

CONSTANT READER, Rutland, Vt.—"Is the game between the Unions and Mutuals, played on the 15th, called a game? If so, are bets on or off?"......The game counts on the series and bets go with the ball.

VOX, Utica.—1. Dora was in this city the past week, and a letter sent to our care will reach her. 2. She has written considerable poetry, but we have no recollection of any books.

C. H. H., Frankfort, Ky.—1. The Mutuals will be champions if they win the next game with the Atlantics. 2. Write to Peck & Snyder, 105 Washington street, New York.

BASE BALLIST, New Orleans.—If the Atlantics make a tour next season we can't tell whether they will visit your city or not.

MOSE, Chicago.—Our opinion is that if Seymour and Blair should withdraw bets would be off. We do not believe it likely that they will withdraw.

CONSTANT READER.—The Athletics have played the Cincinnatis two games and won both. The score of the first was 20 to 18, and the second 15 to 12.

W. B.—"A bets that Seymour will be elected. B bets that Grant will be elected. Should Seymour be withdrawn who wins?"..... Neither. The bet would be a draw.

SAM, Philadelphia.—We find the name and address of the party in the directory, but we know nothing as to his reliability or standing.

C. R. B., Dayton, O.—We know of no theatrical paper in England that publishes a list of letters similar to that published weekly in the CLIPPER. The idea is original with us.

PENFOLD.—You seem to have lost sight of the fact that the CLIPPER goes to press on Monday evening. Yours of the 12th reached us on Tuesday, 13th, too late to be of service.

C. H. H., Frankfort, Ky.—He was formerly reporter for *Bell's Life*, but we are unable to inform you whether he is still on that journal or not.

GLANCE, Philadelphia, Pa.—Orville Gardner, the "reformed pugilist," is living, and resides, we believe, in the State of New Jersey. He lately delivered a lecture in Newark.

J. R. K., Philadelphia.—The Democratic majority in the state of New York last year was 47,930. We don't answer questions of this kind by mail.

CONSTANT READER.—Madelaine Henriques took her farewell of the stage at Wallack's Theatre, April 20, 1867, in "Masks and Faces."

C. A., Amsterdam.—Gladiateur's time, 1:39, for 1 mile 17 yards, is the quickest on record. You can reduce it into seconds yourself.

A CONSTANT READER.—A few weeks ago the CLIPPER gave an account of the death of Billy O'Neil, the Irish comedian, in Australia. "Constant Reader" cannot be a very careful reader.

M. F. L., Brooklyn.—The Havana Lottery is a legalized institution in Cuba, and we believe the prizes are always paid honorably.

ACTOR, Boston.—A letter sent to our care will reach them. They are at present traveling south with Stone and Murray's Circus.

J. M., Rahway.—The party who dealt having made a misdeal, he must deal again. The adversary could not be expected to deal, as it would deprive him of his beg.

G. R. B., Omaha.—As no particular office was specified, both have a claim, and the bet had better be drawn.

W. L. B., Fayette, Mo.—1. The player must follow the base bag, or whatever represents it. 2. Six to five.

A FIREMAN.—Billy Edwards never sparred in Harry Jennings' pit, Twenty-two White street.

CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—A. T. Stewart is an Irishman. He still liveth.

J. L., Brooklyn, L. I.—Ned James set-to in public at Kerrigan's old hall, about ten years ago, with Clarence Crysley.

J. W. J., Reading.—It is Mr. Chanfrau's own property, and has not been published in book form.

JIM, Providence, R. I.—Jem Mace has never been in this country.

M. B., Boston, Mass.—Not that we are aware of. We have no time to answer questions by mail.

I. A. C., Pittsburgh.—The agents should supply you, as we furnish them with bills for that purpose.

C. N. P., Cuba.—If B pushed his ball, as stated, it was a foul.

W. P., Newton, Ct.—At cribbage, three deuces, an ace, and a ten count twelve; six for fifteens, and six for pair royal.

JOE, Boston.—1. Cannot inform you whether he is married or single. 2. He has not played in this city in three years.

D. M. S., Haverhill.—The Captain supports the Seymour ticket.

GRAUSCOT, Middletown.—The usual proportion of powder to shot is 3¼ drachms of the former to 1¼ ounces of the latter.

J. L.—"A and B are throwing dice. A bets B that he (A) will beat 11; he throws 11 exactly. Who wins?"..... B wins.

A. B.—It is a misdeal, for A cannot claim any advantage arising from his own wrong doing.

NASHVILLE.—Dexter's fastest recorded time of 2:17¼ has never been beaten.

RACE HORSE, Bradford.—It was a clear case of foul riding, and the decision of the judges was perfectly correct.

GRECIAN BEND.—The person who sits on the left of the dealer always leads.

INQUISITIVE, Easton, Pa.—After a person has made a proposition to bet, and it is accepted by another party, it is a bet.

I. L., Boston.—She was married to him, but afterwards obtained a divorce.

N. A. B., Muskegan.—If the Jack was turned up as tramp, it counts.

G. W., Hamilton.—We have used the latest of your items. We go to press on Monday evening.

NEW LONDON, C. W.—Your items are not sufficiently fresh, the latest performance you refer to being that of Sept. 30th.

ASRA, Evansville, Ind.—Yours dated the 9th and postmarked 12th, came to hand on the 14th, too late to use.

DORSS, Williamsburgh.—The Park Theatre was destroyed by fire Dec. 16th, 1848.

MAINE.—The expense will depend upon your mode of living, etc.

"H. A. N."—We shall be pleased to hear from you at your convenience.

R. C., Suffield, Ct.—1. On the Tyne, England. 2. Hamill never rowed Chambers.

B. H. J., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Hollywood and Keating fought April 27th, last. 2. Never.

"THAT HUMOROUS," Boston.—That is his right name, and he is engaged in no other business that we are aware of.

R. M. M.—Forrest's last engagement in this city was at the Broadway Theatre.

W. D. F., Clinton, Ill.—It is of too remote a date to warrant us in giving the score in full.

S. K., Holyoke.—Write to Vanderlip & Taylor, whose address you will find elsewhere.

H. H. M.—She is past thirty-seven years of age.

LIVE AND LET LIVE, Savannah, Ga.—A can take one point.

MUSKEGAN.—The Jack is counted by the dealer.

GREENBUSH.—It is B's first say.

DENNY LEARY.—Call for a letter.

E. A. N., Springfield, Mass.—Much obliged for attention.

W. H. H., La Crosse, Wis.—A. Oakey Hall is correct.

PEDESTRIAN.—In the 100 yards race between Young and Thames, lately, the watch was held by Jim Turner, and Bill Strong dropped the handkerchief. The time, 9¾ seconds, is vouched for.

SKATING RINK, Syracuse, N. Y.—He did not perform the feat, either there or anywhere else.

MOUNT HOPE.—C having made the trump, A cannot go alone.

SOL. Y.—Yes, send particulars.

WAGERS.

The passion for gaming in some form or other seems inherent in man's disposition. In no other way can one so emphatically express his opinion as by beginning with the expression, "I'll bet." This tendency has been productive of many queer and amusing things in the shape of wagers, and its strength may be illustrated by an occurrence at the last Derby in England. A number of carrier pigeons had been brought to the course to carry the news to certain gentlemen's mansions not accessible by telegraph. As soon as the race was finished the birds were sent off one by one. They would rise perpendicularly to the height of several hundred feet, and then circle rapidly a few times, before taking a bee line for their destination. A number of gentlemen stood by watching, and immediately commenced laying bets upon the number of circuits each pigeon would make, and actually became as much excited over it as they had been over the great contest just finished.

It is unnecessary to state that a great many people are in the constant habit of exclaiming "I'll bet" at every assertion they make, when they have not the least intention of doing anything of the kind. So, too, with the meaningless phrase, "you bet." We remember an instance, however, where this last was most refreshingly appropriate. It occurred, we believe, in the county in Ohio where Gen. Grant was born, and where the people have the reputation of never saying more than they consider absolutely necessary. A man lying in bed one night was awakened by a noise at his window, and looking towards it, beheld a burglar, with his head and shoulders in the room, peering about cautiously. The man quietly drew a pistol from beneath his pillow, leveled it at the startled thief, and said: "Git!" "You bet!" cried the latter, as he dropped from view.

Wagers are made upon everything—from a horse race, a game of base ball or a prize fight, to the duration of the life of a friend or relative. A curious instance of this latter kind is mentioned in Walpole's Memoirs:—

"I, t'other night at White's, found a very remarkable wager in our very remarkable wager book. Lord L—— bets Sir S—— twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber. How odd that these two old creatures should live to see both their wagerers *put an end to their own lives!*"

A similar wager was made by the well known sporting Lord March, who bet a Mr. Piggott five hundred guineas that his (Piggott's) father would die before Sir William Codrington. Curiously enough the matter was decided by the highest tribunal of the land, the Court of King's Bench. Old Mr. Piggott had actually died the same morning, *before* the wager had been laid, but neither party knew of his demise. The court held that the dutiful son must pay. Another queer one is credited to this same Lord March. He once noticed a coachmaker's apprentice running with a wheel, and, on timing him with a stop watch, found that he actually ran a long distance with the wheel faster than a man could have done without it. There was a waiter at the club house famous for speed. March adroitly introduced the topic of foot running, and by maintaining what seemed a paradox, easily obtained bets to a very large amount, he backing the waiter to run faster for a mile with the hind wheel of his lordship's carriage than a picked runner could unencumbered. However, the biter came near being bit, for the wheel selected was found to be too low for a man of the waiter's size. But March was not to be defeated; the night before the match he had carpenters to build a raised groove for the wheel to run in, the entire length of the course which had been picked for the struggle. March's man came in ahead. There was a dispute about the groove business, but the Jockey Club, to whom the matter was left, decided in his favor.

Eccentric betting is no less common in these days and in this country. Not long since we remember of a man trundling a wheelbarrow from Boston to Providence, because he was so unfortunate as to back the wrong candidate in an election. A gentleman who lost a wager on a base ball match in Cincinnati, not long ago, paid the forfeit by running along the entire length of the most fashionable promenade in town, on a Saturday afternoon, shod in wooden shoes. Another unfortunate was compelled to march around at night with a pumpkin on his head, slit, and containing a lighted candle. Of course his appearance was calculated to try weak nerves. Sundry recollections also flit across our mind of men wrapped in sheets stalking about like ghosts, of dandies in rags, of others more in undress than otherwise on particularly cold days, etc., but it would hardly be worth while to mention them more in detail. Great is eccentricity, and the wager is its profit! "Nothing venture, nothing have." "You bet," and you'll have something—have your name in the paper, perhaps—have your pockets lightened, or have—a laugh raised at your expense. Two to one on the latter!

THE SENSATIONAL TOPIC.

A vast amount of unmitigated twaddle prevails just now with regard to the condition of the poorer classes, the tendency to total depravity and the progress of reform. The Cleverest Man in New York, who had the cunning to make both money and reputation out of the Wickedest Man, in a manner totally unanticipated by that sensational hero (who was, vulgarly speaking, caught napping) solves the leading mystery when he says it is worse than useless to preach morality to men and women with empty stomachs. Fill their stomachs, and if reform be really your object, you have an easy conquest. A greater evil than the mere craving for the necessities of life is, perhaps, the ambition for the attainment of its luxuries. The recipients of public and private bounty often complain that they are overrun with persons in costly raiment, smelling, perchance, of civet, who bore them to death with pious homilies and end by leaving a donation that would hardly pay for the polishing of their dainty shoes, or the hemming of a handkerchief. A gray haired "water rat," as the elder and most case-hardened sinners who roam along the eastern water front are sometimes called, complained to one of our acquaintance who takes an interest in these matters, that the gentle folks are elbowing the converts out of their own legitimate ground. "Latterly," he said, "they brings wimmen along o' them, that stinks the whole place up worse nor Kit Burns's dog pit. Why, the chap that does the *tasting* at Kit's would have his stummick turned in short order if he was asked to 'sample' the hide of one o' them 'ere." And to a certain extent it is so. The reformers, having nothing definite to propose except prayer, do not remove the disease, but only drive it to some other part of the body, and vice travels like the rheumatism, now it is in the back, now in the arms, now in the feet or shoulders, now it is all over in spots. The innovators do not eradicate the evil they seek to cure, they only banish it to other precincts. At present, especially since the reformation of the Five Points, it is, like the rheumatism, "all over in spots." The amiable philanthropists who meet in Water street to shake hands with the "converted" reprobate and administer the words of consolation, would be surprised on perambulating the same locality at a late hour of the night, to find "Bleary Sam," the broken-nosed culprit, over whose rescue they had rejoiced as a "brand saved from the burning," now dancing a hoe-down in some other locality, with his arm round Dutch Lize, or engaged in a drunken quarrel with "One Eyed Gouger" over a game of cards, or possibly garroting some belated pedestrian, sleepily plodding his way to the ferry. In all the populous sections, but especially on the outskirts, New York seethes with the dens of iniquity. In the localities infested by them, because they are the obscurest, the poor and the friendless, the sick and the waifs of humanity who have had no one to care for them, swarm like maggots in a dead carcass, where the thief and the murderer, for a similar reason, resort—the one class to hide their misery, the other their crime. The juxtaposition of the two elements is dangerous, and the only beneficence that would seem to meet the case is of that kind which indulges in practical acts of benevolence instead of suggestions.

BALL DOWN AND BALL UP.—The base ball season is fast drawing to a close, for soon Jack Frost will see to it that we have the nipping and eager air of the ides of November, when base ball machinery will be laid aside, and the record of 1868 will belong to the history of the past. We shall not be deprived altogether of out-door sports and health promoting exercises, however, for base ball down will hardly be pronounced before "ball up" will be exclaimed in connection with skating, and, weather and ice permitting, it will be extensively indulged in during the coming winter. Preparations are already being made to get rinks and ponds in order, and in Brooklyn we understand that a large, convenient and rather expensive rink is about to be built.

CURIOUS.—The following advertisement was published in one of our daily papers a short time since:—

"*Gardener.*—An energetic young man is desirous of a situation as above; has been bred to the profession; thoroughly understands forcing, bedding, laying out, and the different branches connected. Address ——, etc."

This gentleman seems to be a Jack of all trades; we do not like to see a man working at so many businesses, thereby depriving the legitimate operatives of their rights. Engineers can do all the forcing necessary now-a-days; bedding can be more properly attended to by upholsterers; as for laying out that of right belongs to the undertaker, though we have known some Gardeners who could do it; in fact, we knew one who was positively *Awful* at laying out.

THE WICKED PEOPLE.

There once was a regular bad 'un,
John Allen, his record a sad 'un;
So of him they'd talk
As the worst in New York,
Till they found out the naughty Tom Hadden.

THE "REPEATERS."

The city's now filled with "repeaters"—
One of New York's political features—
Who vote in each ward,
Yet think it quite hard
When they're challenged by "impudent creeturs."

A SCULPTOR in Maine is chiseling Chamberlain for a niche in the State House at Augusta.—*Exchange.*

From present appearances Mr. Chamberlain is not the only politician who is being chiseled.

STAGE STRUCK.

The extent to which theatrical amusements are patronized by old and young, from one end to the other of the United States, testifies to the passion for theatricals which animates so large a portion of our population, but comparatively few know what it is to be "stage struck," the light in which the disease is viewed by old professionals. As the only effective method of counteracting the bite of the tarantula is to dance and leap with convulsive energy until the virus is expelled from the system, so the only way to cure the stage struck victim of his hallucination is to let him "spout" and gesticulate and tear passion to tatters, after the style once affected by Booth and Forrest, and others of that persuasion; when, if he does not resolve himself into a bearer of banners or second assassin at a minor theatre, he may be regarded as cured. We once had an acquaintance who made a very narrow escape from the toils of the syren who, in the guise of the dramatic muse, often beguiles the unwary to their destruction. "Snipsey," as we called him, had graduated at the old high school, where his success in declamation satisfied him that he had a mission to fulfill a due amount of greatness to achieve before his appointed career could be said to be run. Cruel fate had apprenticed him to a tradesman who did not believe that nature designed young men to sustain the roles of drolls and mimics. He didn't believe that men even went about the streets addressing each other in blank verse, or dying in heroics to the strains of music, or that monarchs were usually preceded by a flourish of trumpets, or arrayed themselves in leathern helmets and pasteboard breastplates, nor anything of that description; but "Snipsey" did, and every visit he paid to the Bowery pit only tended to convince him that he had been cut out for the stage. His friends became alarmed for his sanity. In the midst of profound quiet, or the composition of the day's accounts, he would suddenly clap his hand upon his forehead and break out in subdued mutterings, of which only a word was occasionally audible. He would often astound the rigid old Presbyterian who employed him by starting back as if an adder had stung him, at the same time hurling forth upon the devoted head of Mugsby such epithets as "caitiff and miscreant," "perfidious monster," and the like, to the old man's astonishment and perturbation; he was continually stabbing himself in the breast with a ruler and coming down with all force upon his back on the carpetless floor, and once his "boss" caught him in the act and rushed off for a doctor, under the impression that he had been seized with a rush of blood to the head; but, learning that Snipsey had only been practicing the "dead fall," was more mystified than ever. He gave Snipsey his walking ticket; but when was youthful ambition thus to be curbed? Snipsey joined a Thespian society and there found an opportunity to strut and bellow and practice dead falls to his heart's content, till one fatal evening a professional acquaintance, who was about to take a benefit, gave him a chance of putting in for a first appearance. The night of trial came, the audience crowded the house in swarms, the curtain rose, and clad in a composite costume supposed to symbolize that worn by some base conspirator of the middle ages, Snipsey went on. He had devoted four weeks to the study of the part, and was what is called "dead-letter-perfect," but the moment he confronted the audience recollection forsook him; he "tried to say amen, but amen stuck in his throat," and he could only stand and gape with open mouth at the treacherous audience, who received him with a tumult of yells and hisses. "He wants sumthin' to eat," cried a marketman in the gallery, and down came a calf's head, with any quantity of trimmings in the shape of dubious eggs, tomatoes and vegetables of various kinds. Snipsey got his dander up and instead of taking to his heels, squared for the audience and defied them to come on. This somewhat mollified them, and, the exertion having liberated his voice, he was allowed to proceed, which he did through five long acts, and was relieved, it is needless to say, when the curtain descended, amid red and blue fire, a fugue from the orchestra and such a tumult in front as had rarely been heard within the walls of a theatre. Snipsey accepted an engagement as banner bearer and is slowly working his way up from the bottom of the ladder. It will be a long time before he gets to the top.

POPULAR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

It is a circumstance highly creditable both to the character of our people and the spirit of our institutions that we continue to improve, morally and physically, as well as intellectually, in spite of all drawbacks. The instances to the contrary occur in the most crowded cities, which are the natural centreing points of poverty, also of vice and crime. Look around you, and wherever the population is settled and permanent you will find that matters have always a forward tendency. The spirit of improvement is more especially developed in the field of popular amusements and recreations, wherein, if the inclination were low and brutalizing, it would most readily be made manifest. The mind of the great human aggregate known as "the public" displays its preponderating bias in the passion for billiards, base ball, boating and yachting, and all variety of open air sports—propensities for which the authorities are inclined to afford every facility—while the turf is patronized by men of means and leisure. Base ball, especially, has risen to the dignity of a national game, supplanting cricket, which is essentially an English pastime. Ball courts and ball grounds are multiplying by the hundreds, and the system is finding its imitators in Canada, and even in England. On one day of last week no less than five base ball clubs were playing at one time on the lawn of Central Park, offering a most exhilarating spectacle to numbers of spectators. A fine building has just been erected at the head of the lawn for the especial accommodation of clubs. No one can doubt that those who participate in such games will be stronger and healthier and in every way the better for their addiction to such manly recreations, which but a few years ago were regarded as incentives to idleness, and certain to insure the moral ruin of the subject. The old reproach of a flat chested, spindle-shanked, sinewless race no longer applies to the youth of this country, who are equaling the English in their boasted attributes of health and strength. In gymnastic exercises they likewise excel, as any one may ascertain for himself who frequents the gymnasiums. Even ladies are our competitors in this branch, and calisthenics is becoming a part of their instruction, with the most beneficial effects to the health. Why should not an extensive public gymnasium be added to the attractions of the Park? Such an enterprise would be only in keeping with the spirit which has hitherto ruled affairs in that direction. As a natural consequence of this addiction to sports and pastimes, we can note a vast improvement in the character of the race now coming upon the carpet to assume control of affairs. The people are growing more liberal in their views, more fearless and independent in action, and more deserving the reputation for intelligence and ability which has always been their boast. This harmonizing of business and pleasure cannot but continue to exert a beneficial effect both upon the physique and the mental attributes of our youth, and whereas "Young America" was once employed as a synonym for rowdyism and effrontery, it will henceforth be used to signify a proportionate degree of attainment in all those graces and accomplishments which should be the proudest boast of the descendants of patriots and freemen.

UTILIZING THE FASHIONS.

The modistes this fall are preparing to "go it with a rush" in the matter of originality in costume, the new idea being to render it useful as well as ornamental. In the middle ages variety in style and color, instead of being confined to the gentler sex, was especially affected by the lords of creation, and stalwart, brawny men went even to the field with all the hues of the rainbow glistening in silk and satin over their armor, and with a lady's glove or stocking, or perhaps her garters, flaunting conspicuously from the top of their helmets. It is only since men have become hypocritical and worldly that black has become the rule. As if to compensate for this degeneration and strike a balance, the milliners and dress makers effervesce in colors and "fixings," and ladies go about with the wings and feathers of birds of paradise or the tail of a peacock in their bonnets, rats and mice in their hair, and all the contents of the market stalls imitated in different parts of their dresses. The gentlemen emulated the example at first, but cautiously. Bright blue or primrose pants were first seen on the sidewalk, in some cases with an additional stripe running down the leg. The stripe has already been improved upon, and all sorts of devices, from a drawn out pack of cards or a string of dice or dominoes to an elongated grape vine, have succeeded. By this last freak, which is not a fancy illustration, but a fact, some further improvements are suggested. We often puzzle ourselves to get at an idea of the pursuits and inclinations of those who pass or meet us. What an infinite degree of trouble it would save if one, for instance, who follows the turf were to appear in public with a row of horse's heads running down the side of his leg. This would be peculiarly applicable for jockies; or a whip, with the tapering lash coiled round the waistband. A publican might announce his calling by a row of flasks and champagne glasses, while the hat might assume the form of a demijohn. Brokers might appear in public with bank notes along the seams or a shower of bullion. The same plan might be judiciously followed out by the different trades. Passing to the crowning glory of costume, the hat, the idea might be still further utilized, and that article be invested with the importance of an advertiser. Demijohns, fancy cakes, confectionery, and such conceits might be successfully parodied, and a butcher intent upon extending his custom, might sport a calf's head, while an architect might appear crowned by a turret or dome of his favorite fancy. A tobacconist would naturally affect an Indian head-dress of tobacco leaves. It has become so common to turn all things into a medium of advertising that we should not be surprised if every man were to have a showy sign sewed into the back of his coat with his business set forth in due form, and ladies may promenade with "This is from Stewart's," or "purchased at Browne & Spalding's" on the backs of their dresses or on their parasols. For people of a certain disposition, such as soldiers, duelists, undertakers, etc., a skull and cross bones would make a pretty figure, and voluminous writers would be best designated by a bottle from which a stream of ink is pouring. We shall expect to see the suggestion acted upon.

PROFANITY.—"Our Jim" thinks that the country is coming to a dreadful pass when even a Congressman can't take his seat without an oath!

MONARCHY.—As the politicians assert that the "opposite faction" are driving us into a monarchy, might we suggest that the sheriff would make the most fitting *Hemp-eror?*

MEN who generally make their mark in this world—Southern darkies.

ALL WRONG.—A friend of ours who owns a fifty dollar U. S. 5-20, can't understand why people want to tax the bonds. He thinks they should remember the injunction of the Bible which says:—"Let the bond go free."

OUR COLORED BRETHREN.—There is only one worse fellow than one who looks "blue," and that is one who is a "dun."

BILLIARDS.

CONTEST AT THE THREE-BALL GAME.—BENJAMIN DEFEATS BRAISTED.—Three well known players tried conclusions on the 14th inst. at the French game, the scene of the encounter being Braisted's rooms in Fourth avenue. The number of points was 100, and the stake $50 a side, a friend of Benjamin's supplying the needful for him. In order that the game should interfere as little as possible with the regular business of the house, it was begun at four o'clock in the afternoon, there then being present about seventy-five prominent billiardists, Michael Phelan, Melvin Foster, Maurice Dailey, Frank Dennison, Capt. Jas. E. Boyle, Simon Burns and William Wicks among the number. The contest was excessively close, there seldom being a difference of more than two or three points in the scores. Upon the whole, the playing was very fine. The average was necessarily low, because of the large amount of safety-play indulged in by both parties. In making brilliant caroms Braisted led his opponent, but in judicious safety-play the latter was superior. In fact, Benjamin, who won by the scant majority of 9 points, achieved his victory through headwork in acting upon the defensive. The best runs were 12, 9 and 5 by Benjamin, and 9, 5, 5 and 4 by Braisted. The winner's average was 1 1-6th. And the score:—

Benjamin.—0, 1, 6, 2, 0, 0, 2, 1, 2, 1, 0, 2, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 0, 3, 0, 1, 3, 1, 2, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 3, 5, 0, 0, 0, 1, 2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 12, 0, 3, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 3, 0, 9, 1, 3, 2, 0, 0, 2, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 2, 2, 3, 0, 3, 0, 0, 1—100.

Braisted.—0, 0, 2, 1, 2, 1, 9, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 3, 0, 0, 2, 2, 0, 2, 0, 2, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 3, 4, 4, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 5, 1, 1, 0, 3, 2, 4, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 5, 2, 2, 4, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 2, 0, 3, 0, 1, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0—91.

A return game is to be played at the Astor billiard rooms on the 29th inst, at 4 P. M.

DION VS. FOSTER.—Joseph Dion announces that he will make a home and home match with Melvin Foster, to play the regular game, push shots and all, for $1,000 a side in gold; one contest to take place in Montreal, and the other in this city. Foster had already made a different proposition, which was published by us last week, viz., to play two games (one "French," and the other the four ball without the push shot) on a second size carom table, and in this city. How Mr. Dion regards this proposition, which provides for a better test of skill than his own, we shall probably learn in a few days. If the Canadian expert does not wish to play the two games named by the New Yorker, we are authorised to state that a leading room keeper of this city will match Foster to play him one game (the four ball, pushing shots barred), for $2,500 a side, upon condition that the contest takes place here. The latter request is not unreasonable, inasmuch as, deferring to Dion's wishes, Foster went to Montreal in 1865, and played him for $1,000 a side, in gold, when that precious metal was worth twice as many greenbacks as it is now. However, out of all these propositions a match of some kind ought to come.

FOSTER TO DISCOUNT BRAISTED.—On the 23d inst., Melvin Foster is to discount Braisted at the three-ball game, 100 points up. The stake is a winter overcoat, added to an outside bet of a pair of boots. Game will be called at 10 P. M. Foster calculates upon finishing it, discount and all, in sixty minutes; but the other man says, "not any such for Peter!" which is his Christian name.

THE MUSICAL BILLIARDIST TO PLAY TWO GAMES.—In addition to the matches already mentioned as being on Braisted's hands, he has made two with Neil Bryant. On the night of the 19th inst., therefore, Neil and Ralph Benjamin are to play 100 points, three-ball game, for $100 a side; and on the Monday night following Neil and Braisted will play a similar game for a like amount. Both matches will come off in the private room at Chris. O'Connor's, beginning at 8 o clock. Benjamin thinks Neil is foolish for attempting to play *him;* Braisted thinks Neil doesn't understand himself when he talks about playing *him;* and Neil declares that both Benjamin and Braisted are old fogies, who can't beat anybody but each other.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—Messrs. Phelan & Collender, the authorized stakeholders for and managers of matches for the championship of America, comment in this wise after giving publicity to the recent challenge of Goldthwait to McDevitt:—

It being necessary, in order to lessen the chances of unfair play, that challenges of this kind should be addressed to some party authorized to receive them and decide as to their validity and priority, we have consented to accept the challenge of Mr. Goldthwait and give it publicity. Aside from this we shall take no action in the premises, further connection with the so-called championship matches being alike opposed to our personal convenience and our ideas of justice. The $250 in our hands belonging to Mr. Goldthwait we do not hold as the official stakeholders, but simply in trust, until such time as Mr McDevitt and himself shall agree upon a stakeholder.

THE OHIO TOURNAMENT.—At about the time we go to press the tournament for the championship of Ohio will be inaugurated in Cincinnati, under the auspices of Philip Tieman and Julius Balke. All the prominent players in the State, some of whom were contestants in the tourney of 1865, will doubtless participate, and the Cincinnati billiard community anticipate rare sport for ten days, commencing on the 19th inst. John McDevitt, of Chicago, and Philip J. Pierce, of St. Louis, are expected to be present and play exhibition games; and on the 22d inst. Michael Phelan and others, from this city, will arrive there. We shall give full particulars of the tourney in our next two issues.

WORKINGWOMAN'S RELIEF TOURNAMENT—For the benefit of that admirable institution, the Workingwoman's Relief Association, which labors alike in New York and Brooklyn, it is in contemplation to hold a grand billiard tournament in either of the cities named, some time during the month of November. Mr. Michael Phelan has the matter in hand, and, with the generous aid of the profession, hopes to make of it a substantial success.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO RALPH BENJAMIN.—The indications are that the plan by which it is sought to give material aid to a veteran and impecunious billiardist (Ralph Benjamin) will be successful. Thus far but five parties have been addressed upon the subject, and they have responded with that liberality and promptitude characteristic of the billiard fraternity. Besides the $25 subscription with which the affair was started, and which is the contribution of a well known billiard reporter, there have been subscribed $100 by Phelan & Collender, $25 by Peter D. Braisted, Jr., $25 by Capt. Jas. E. Boyle, and $25 by Chris. O'Conner—making $200 in all, or one-fifth of the entire purse proposed to be raised. There yet remain to be heard from nearly all those gentleman who, thirty-five years ago, were youths with Benjamin. Doubtless many will send in their names, which, until the $1,000 purse is subscribed and an Executive Committee appointed, is all that is required. It is the intention of those who will conduct the testimonial to adopt the plan suggested in the CLIPPER of last week, viz., that such players as Dion, McDevitt, Goldthwait, Deery and Foster play short games in the afternoon of the day set apart for the tourney, and the two winners of the greatest number of games in the afternoon to play 1,500 up at night. There is also to be a short mace game between Benjamin and the veteran, William Lake, likewise for a purse wholly made up in this city. It is not likely, for an obvious reason, that the tournament will take place until after the election excitement has subsided.

CHALLENGE.—WASHINGTON, October 12th, 1868.—I will be happy to make a match with any gentleman in Washington City to play me a game of billiards, 500 or 1,000 points, push and jaw barred, or 1,500 points with the push shot, jaw barred. Any of the above games, for $25 to $100, on a four-pocket or carom table.

F. C. COLLINSWORTH,
Superintendent of Metropolitan Billiard Parlor.

THE CITY BILLIARD ROOM, Covington, Ky., has changed hands and is now under the management of James F. Gillon, late of Gillon's Billiard Saloon, Cincinnati.

LADIES' EXHIBITION IN BROOKLYN.—Despite the storm on the afternoon of the 8th inst., there was a very fair attendance of ladies at the exhibition given in the billiard parlor of Mr. Alexander Samuells' Washington Hall, by Messrs. Michael Phelan, Melvin Foster, and John Deery. The players arrived shortly before 2 o'clock, and at that hour the entertainment began, Deery and Foster leading off in a three ball game of 100 points. At the start Foster played very well, but as the game progressed and the number of ladies increased, he fell off, and towards the close he could scarcely make a shot. Deery won by a score of 100 to 70. The best runs were 21 by Deery, and 20 by Foster. They next played 360 points at the four ball game, pushing shots barred. This game was also won by Deery, who, as the score shows, averaged 25. Foster played most wretchedly, his best run being but 20. Deery—10, 4, 0, 13, 0, 43, 14, 65, 100, 16, 23, 12—300. Foster—2, 8, 12, 0, 20, 2, 5, 0, 3, 16, 2—70. The closing game was a fair display of the beauties of the American game by Mr. Phelan, assisted by Foster, it being one of 100 points up, push shot barred. The former made several brilliant shots round the table, beginning with a run of 21. The following is the score:—Phelan—21, 20, 2, 0, 10, 7, 10, 7, 9, 8, 6—100. Foster—0, 0, 8, 9, 10, 43, 0, 0, 0, 14—84. The entertainment closed with a display of difficult caroms and fancy shots by Deery. The exhibition was a gratifying one to all present.

THE TRIGGER.

TRIGGER SPORT IN THE BAY STATE.

The members of the Winthrop Shooting Club and a number of friends from the Hub and vicinity met at Riverside Park on the afternoon of the 16th inst., to witness the decision of two pigeon matches which for some time past have been the talk at the club room. The opening event was a match for $100 between W. F. Davis and John Schwoerer, twenty-five single birds each, 18 yards rise and 80 fall, 1⅛ ounce shot. Davis won by the following score:—

W. F. Davis	1111111110111111101111—21
John Schwoerer	1101111111110101011110—18

This was succeeded by the principal match of the day, between J. B. Heywood and E. Mingay, for $500; twenty-five single birds each, 18 yards rise, 80 boundary, with 1⅛ ounce shot. Mr. Heywood missed his 16th and 19th birds, and Mr. Mingay his 16th and 25th, the latter just falling out of bounds. The shooting at the twenty-five birds resulted in a tie. Three birds were then shot at, the distance being increased three yards, and Mr. Heywood missed his second bird, Mr. Mingay killing all, and thus he won the match. The following is the score:—

J. B. Heywood	1111111111111110110111111—101—27
E. Mingay	1111111111111101111111110—111—28

The winners in both of the above matches shot from eleven bore single guns, made by J. Tonks, of Boston. The referee was Charles Martin.

At the close of the matches a sweepstakes was opened of $10 each at five birds, the conditions being the same as in the matches, except that the distance shot was thirty yards, $30 to go to the first, $20 to the second, and the third to get his entrance the first man missing a bird to go out. There were six subscribers, and the following is the result, the darkness preventing good shooting:—

Portlock	11101—010	Mingay	000
Heywood	11111—011	Howe	0010
Tinker	01110—111	Quincy	10110—110

From this it will be seen that Heywood won the first money, Portlock the second, and Tinker the third.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—We are authorized by Mr. John Taylor of Jersey City, to state that he is prepared to make a match at pigeons, double or single birds, with any man in America, without any exception or reservation, for any amount, from $500 a side upwards, and with any quantity of shot, from 1oz. to 1¼oz., that the acceptor of the challenge may prefer. He is also willing to give or receive reasonable expenses for the choice of shooting ground. Have we no skillful knights of the trigger who can accommodate the Jersey City champion shot with a match on these terms?

SPLENDID SHOOTING.—A match in which was exhibited marksmanship seldom equalled was decided at Newport, Ky., on the grounds of the Kentucky Shooting Club, Oct. 13th, between Jas. C. Root and Peter Brieth, at 24 single birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 boundary. We subjoin the score:—

Root	111111111111111111111111—killed, 23; missed, 1
Brieth	111111111111111111111111—killed, 23; missed, 1

The two birds lost fell dead outside the boundary line and the men were to shoot off the tie the same day this week.

A POP AT PIGEONS came off at Tremont on the 14th, on the Union ball grounds, for $40, between Robert Murray and John A. Meyers, nine birds each, twenty yards rise, and eighty boundary. Murray won by killing six to his opponent's three birds.

THE RING.

THE MATCH OF THE GIANTS.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF WORMALD.

He is Released on a Writ of Habeas Corpus.

Another Unsuccessful Attempt to Fight.

O'BALDWIN AND HIS TRAINERS ARRESTED AND JUGGED.

Supposed Cause of the Fiasco,

Movements, Sayings and Acts of the Belligerents.

EACH THREATENS TO ANNIHILATE THE OTHER.

How it All Came About, and the Present Aspect of the Case.

MEETING AT THE CLIPPER OFFICE AND WHAT WAS DONE.

As foreshadowed by the phase the affair had assumed when our last issue went to press, the much talked of second match between those ponderous gladiators, Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Joe Wormald, has terminated, to all intents and purposes, in a second edition of their prior engagement on the soil of Britain, and those who had hoped to witness a model mill which should settle that "railway arch" business, by proving which of the twain was the better man in a twenty-four foot enclosure, have once more been compelled to chew the cud of bitter disappointment, while another damaging shock has been administered to the prize ring in America. A detailed and accurate account of the manner in which this unfortunate state of affairs was brought about, and the causes, as far as known, which operated to produce it, are herewith given, and we leave our readers to draw their own inferences after a perusal of this unvarnished tale. In a postscript to our article upon the subject last week, we mentioned that information had been received by us to the effect that Wormald had left on the afternoon train for Philadelphia. This was a mis-statement, originating in the fact that Joe, in company with Coburn, Tom Welsh and George Rooke had taken their departure from the House of Commons in a coach during the morning with such intention, our informant being unaware of events which subsequently transpired, and which we now proceed to narrate. After driving about the city for some hours, halting at different prominent sporting houses and possibly in so doing unnecessarily exposing themselves and advertising their purpose, they reached the ferry at Courtland street about half-past three o clock, their intention being to proceed to the city of Quakers by the four o'clock train. They passed aboard the ferry boat, and Wormald, we are told, left it for a moment, when several officers suddenly made their appearance and arrested Wormald, Coburn and Welsh; but the former being the only one they were in quest of, the others were released.

In accordance with directions from headquarters, Wormald was placed in a hack and conveyed to the Central Office in Mulberry street, where, shortly after his arrival, The. Allen—who had gone Joe's bail in the sum of $2,000, and caused the arrest in order to save his money, which would have been forfeited had Wormald left the State for the purpose of fighting—made his appearance and renounced his bail. Joe stated that he had made the attempt to leave with the understanding that Allen should be ensured against losing the two thousand dollars before he entered a ring, and an effort was made to induce The. to permit the bail to stand, but he has "been around" considerable, is pretty well versed in the ways of the world, and upon the principle, we presume, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," refused to alter his determination. Upon the question being asked whether Wormald would be liberated if bail was procured, Inspector Kennedy returned an emphatic answer in the negative, saying that the prisoner must remain there over night and be taken before Justice Kelly, by whom the warrant for his arrest was issued the following morning. Wormald was then assigned quarters in a cell upon the first floor, which, though better than the majority of apartments in the structure, was by no means a desirable lodging place; and here the ex-champion was left for a time in solitude, to cogitate over matters and things, and reflect upon the workings of the law in Gotham, instead of participating in the exciting events then transpiring in the Quaker City, as he had expected. The news of his arrest and incarceration quickly spread through sporting circles, and occasioned considerable excitement, but while all deeply regretted this turn in affairs, few were disposed to charge Wormald with being instrumental in bringing it about, the fact of his attempting to leave and forfeit his bail, and furthermore Coburn and Welsh, two of his backers, being with him at the time, being generally regarded as proof that such was not the case. Much sympathy was expressed for him, and during the evening he was called upon by a number of friends, though those whom he had most reason to expect a visit from remained away. We dropped in about nine o'clock and found him discussing a mutton chop and some tea and toast, while, seated upon the iron bedstead, were Dooney Harris and Joe's late "bunkey," who had brought over some bed clothes and creature comforts from Bob Smith's. Wormald felt the unpleasantness of his position very keenly, and in conversing about it frequently became greatly excited. He was seemingly afraid that the matter would be placed in a false light before the public, and repeatedly stated that he meant fighting from the first, and was not only willing but anxious to meet O'Baldwin whenever he was afforded an opportunity to do so. In his manner of speech Wormald is very frank and forcible, and the earnestness with which his asseverations were uttered carried with them conviction of their sincerity. When a man asserts a thing merely for effect a close observer can readily perceive the fact, but Wormald's manner was too impulsive to admit of a suspicion being entertained of the words he spoke being insincere. He stated that if his friends obtained bail for him, and the party who entered into said bonds was willing to risk a forfeit, he would fight the Giant at any time and place, but if he was obliged to obtain a bondsman by personal solicitation he "would not break his word with that man upon any consideration." He thought it very unfair that he should be hunted about so much, while his rival, who certainly could not be mistaken in a crowd, was permitted to come and go as he listed, and he assuredly was right in regarding it as something singular and suggestive, to say the least.

At as early an hour as possible the subsequent morning, 13th inst., Wormald was taken to court, but Justice Kelly not being upon the bench (having, it is generally supposed, remained away for the express purpose of preventing Joe's release that day), he was remanded to his former quarters. Strenuous efforts were made by Harry Hill, Coburn and others to procure his liberation during the day, but without avail, and so Joe was booked for another night in this narrow cell, with George Rooke as his companion, the latter having volunteered to keep him company. The universally received impression now was that political intriguing was at the bottom of the magisterial interference (a supposition given color to by the seemingly authentic statement that a certain sporting political editor in the metropolis had offered a sum of money to have the fight take place on the day originally appointed, and as the offer was rejected he had adopted this means of "getting hunk") and the only hope of bringing the fight off was based on his probable release on Wednesday morning, which was expected, as the Philadelphia election was over, and that seemed to be the great bugbear. Continued incarceration did not increase Wormald's amiability in the least, and in conversation with friends who visited him during the day he complained very bitterly of his treatment, and was more persistent than ever in his assertions that he wanted to fight O'Baldwin wherever and whenever he had the chance. During the evening he was permitted to take a couple of hours promenade through the streets, in charge of Detective James Irving. He visited some of his friends in hopes of obtaining bail, and after supping at Clifton's, was taken back to headquarters.

About ten o'clock, A. M., on the 14th, Coburn, Hill, Diamond and Peckham exerted themselves successfully to procure a writ of habeas corpus, with which they repaired to headquarters. Kennedy, however, refused to act upon it until the following morning, in which he was upheld by law; and Oakey Hall, we are informed, said that the issuance of the writ was unauthorized, and that if Wormald was released upon it and attempted to leave the State for the purpose of engaging in a prize fight, he would prosecute him. However, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon he was taken before Judge McCunn in the Superior Court, who, being very busy in attending to naturalization business, had no time to listen to arguments in the case, but stated that he did not wish to see Wormald placed under lock and key a third night, and if anybody would find bail for him in the sum of $5,000 to appear the day following at 2 o'clock P. M., he would set him at liberty. Harry Hill offered to go Joe's security in said amount and so he was liberated. All hopes of the battle taking place upon the day named were now blasted, and the boys were boiling over with indignation, especially those who were in Philadelphia and had already planked their paper for an "excursion by moonlight," and who had been in expectation of Wormald's arrival by rail all day and evening. Those who had charge of the boat were particularly wrathy, as this *denouement* had spoiled their calculations of coining many a "fiver," and witnessing some of their favorite sport into the bargain. At the hour appointed on the 15th inst., Wormald appeared before Judge McCunn, who, as no one appeared to prosecute the case, immediately discharged Joe. Thus was the plans of those interested in bringing the match to a focus on the 15th frustrated, and those who put up the "job," for job there evidently was, deserve credit for being excellent schemers, much as the success of their schemes may be regretted.

O'Baldwin arrived, in company with his backers and others, from Philadelphia on the afternoon of the 15th instant, and during the afternoon visited several sporting houses, ostensibly in search of Wormald, but unsuccessfully, though we are told he was at the St. Bernard all the time. Among other places, the party called at Bob Smith's, where the Giant allowed his wrath to get the better part of discretion, and he evinced his spite by demolishing several of Wormald's photographs hanging upon the wall—an ebullition of temper not at all creditable to O'Baldwin, who in addition to the childishness of the proceeding should have remembered that the pictures were no longer Wormald's property, but that of the proprietor of the house. Smith was absent at the time, but upon meeting Ned afterwards he endeavored to talk reason with him, but the Giant was too full of ire to listen to him, and broke out in threats of what he would have done to Wormald, had the latter been present at the time. Bob was naturally enough greatly exasperated at the conduct of O'Baldwin, and in revenge tore into strips three fine photos. of the latter among the collection in the bar room. There was a determination upon the part of those interested to bring the men together in some manner, without submitting to any further bamboozling, and accordingly Rocky Moore sought out Wormald, whom he found at Allen's, and as the latter answered his inquiry as to whether he would fight O'B. affirmatively, arrangements were speedily made. A spot outside the limits of the metropolis was agreed upon as the *rendezvous* at a consultation held at Jake Roome's, at which O'Baldwin was present, and each man was to be allowed ten friends in addition to his seconds. As a blind it was given out that the fighting ground would be Riker's Island, and to this point many who had obtained information of the proposed meeting proceeded in carriages sometime after midnight. As soon as arrangements had been completed O'Baldwin and his trainer were conveyed to Lovejoy's Hotel, where they went to bed, leaving orders to be awakened at two o'clock the following morning. Wormald remained at Allen's until a few minutes past three o'clock, A. M., when he was aroused by Tom Welsh, and putting on his plaster, and the drawers in which he was to fight (having during the evening had some of the spikes in his shoes filed off) and getting into a coach with The. Allen, Welsh and Dooney Harris, was driven toward the ground selected. On the way Welsh cut Joe's hair, so that no unnecessary delay would take place in bringing the match to a focus. In the meantime the Giant and his trainer were awakened at the time they had ordered, but the police had obtained wind of the contemplated battle, and when they emerged from the hotel, they were arrested and taken in a Third Avenue car (one seat of which Ned almost entirely occupied, as he stretched out with his hat pulled over his eyes) to the Central Office, where they were provided with apartments. On the following morning they were taken by Capt. Young before Judge Dowling, when said detective officer made a formal affidavit, setting forth that he had obtained reliable information to the effect that a prize fight was to take place between Ed. O'Baldwin and Joseph Wormald, within the city or adjacent county, and upon this complaint the magistrate stated that he would require the prisoners to give bail in the sum of $1,000 each to keep the peace for twelve months. Felix Larkin offered to give the required surety, and the offer was accepted. The bail bond is as follows:—

"The condition of this recognizance is such that if the above named Edward O'Baldwin shall keep the peace and be of good behavior towards the people of the State of New York; that he will not make a match to fight, or be a party either as principal or accessory to a match, to fight any prize fight; that he will not commit any act which will have a tendency to a match or the making of any match to fight a prize fight, either as principal or accessory, or do any act which will have a tendency to a breach of the public peace in the State of New York for the term of twelve months, then this recognizance to be void, otherwise to be and remain in full force and virtue."

On the afternoon of Monday, 19th inst., a meeting of the men and their backers was called at the CLIPPER office, by Dan Noble, stakeholder, and as might be expected the excitement in regard to the match had the effect of congregating nearly all the leading sporting men in the metropolis, interested specially in matters fistic, to see what was done. A paper had been made out, and signed by several parties not necessary to mention, wherein it was stated that Wormald had positively refused to fight, and if this could be proven, Noble stated that he would feel in duty bound to give the money to O'Baldwin. Upon this being read in presence of Wormald he emphatically stated that it was utterly untrue, and asserted that he could prove it to be false. A stormy discussion followed and continued fully an hour, during which our *sanctum* was made a perfect pandemonium, when Dan Noble, wishing to do only justice, stated that he was determined that the men should fight for the money he held, which was hailed with gratification by all concerned. He desired that the men should agree upon the time and he would appoint the place, but as the Giant would forfeit his bond by so doing, it was finally decided that the stakeholder meet representatives at Coburn's Harlem Hotel, between 8 and 10 o'clock, P. M. on Monday next, 26th inst, when everything would be made known.

ROOM FIGHT FOR A PURSE

BETWEEN

GEORGE ROOKE AND TIMOTHY HUSSEY.

ROOKE WINS IN 18 ROUNDS 40 MINUTES.

In a previous issue we stated that the subject of a meeting between Rooke and Hussey in the same ring in which O'Baldwin and Wormald were to have fought had been agitated, with a possibility of the talk amounting to something. Hussey proceeded to Philadelphia on the 12th in anticipation of the proposed encounter taking place, and had Rooke followed him, as it was expected he would, a snug sum would, it is thought, have been raised for them to fight for, as a number of tickets had been disposed of to those who had intended being present at the big fight which didn't take place, and the crowd were anxious to obtain some consolation for the disappointment felt over the apparent fizzling out of the championship match. Rooke, however, apparently not anticipating anything of the sort, had remained in the metropolis with Wormald. Some of the leading sporting characters of the city, excited over the Wormald-O'Baldwin affair, determined that the lesser lights should be brought together somehow, however, and so Hussey was sent for, and on Friday afternoon returned to this city. Understanding that the fight was to take place in a couple of days, and being pretty well fatigued with riding and loss of sleep previously, he immediately went to bed. While he was asleep parties in another section of the city were engaged "in working up the case," and after considerable chaffing, which was of no moment, Rooke was prevailed upon, rather than spoil sport, to contend for a purse. Shortly after midnight the latter with a few others who were entrusted with the secret, jumped into coaches and rattled over the stones until within convenient distance of the rendezvous, when the order was given to halt, the night hawks drew rein and the hacks were emptied of their passengers, who quietly wended their way, by twos and threes, to the chosen spot. Upon their arrival Tim was awakened, and though much surprised at such an early rising movement, quickly arose and prepared for the encounter. Here a brief mention of the career of the men will not be out of place. George Rooke (brother of the celebrated Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, Eng.,) was born in Ireland in 1842, stands 5 ft. 11¼ inches in height, and weighed about 160 lbs. He is a gun maker by trade, has been in this country about five years, and since his arrival has previously engaged in three prize ring encounters—with his present opponent, the Cast Iron Man, and Matt Moore. Tim Hussey is also an Emeralder by birth, having first trod the bogs in County Kerry, near the Lakes of Killarney, is 26 years of age, 5 feet 9½ inches in stature, and has been in the country some six years, three of which he passed in Uncle Sam's service as a marine. He is a caster by trade, and before coming here was spoken of as an opponent of George Baker, of Chatham, but the latter being at the time matched with Jesse Hatton, nothing came of it. He fought twice before, with Rooke and Billy McLean, the last being in a room in Philadelphia. The room in which the present fight took place was about ten feet square, and the men fought in their stocking feet, so as to avoid noise; the floor was wet and slippery, and the array of on-lookers did not number over a score. Though neither man had made any special preparation for the event, Rooke, from his nontendency to accumulate flesh, was in the better condition of the two. From the manner in which they opened fire, it was evident that business only was meant, but owing to the size of the room it was a scrambling affair all through, Rooke, who was decidedly the most skillful of the couple, directing his attention to the head mainly, although now and then landing on the body, and Hussey fighting principally on the reverse order. First blood was claimed for Tim, but was considered a stand-off, and almost every round was terminated by a fall. Finally after eighteen rounds had been contested in forty minutes, an alarm of police was raised and hostilities at once stopped. A consultation was then held and the purse of $180 divided equally between the men. Rooke was seconded by Barney Aaron and Matt Moore, while Joe Coburn and Jim Collins waited upon Hussey, Dan Noble acting as referee.

CHALLENGE FROM KELLY TO ROOKE.

HE WILL FIGHT IN VIRGINIA OR CANADA FOR $2,000.

WILL THE MATCH BE MADE?

The allusion in a recent issue to the avowed desire on the part of George Rooke to test the fistic abilities of the English pugilist, Tom Kelly, now making a tour of the country with Patsy Reardon, has brought the appended communication from Kelly, by which it will be observed that he is ready to accommodate George, providing the latter will make it at 150lbs, below which Tom says he cannot get and be well on the day; this will probably constitute the hitch in the matter, should any occur. Read his card:—

COVINGTON, KY., Oct. 14th, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—In your last issue I notice a statement to the effect that George Rooke wants to fight me for a purse. In reply, I will say that I do not fight for purses; but, to let the public know that I mean business, I here enclose $50 as forfeit to fight for $1,000 a side in two or three months from signing articles, at 150 lbs., and weigh the day before fighting. The fight to take place in Virginia or Canada. Yours respectfully, TOM KELLY.

[$50 received.—ED. CLIP.]

A SCRAP FOR SATISFACTION.—A few sport loving Trojans were favored with a "bit av a scrimmage," in accordance with the rule, last week, between a couple named Gilmore and Hackney, who, having had a falling out, agreed to settle their disagreement by a physical contest. The affair was entirely off hand, being arranged on the evening of the 12th inst., and the meeting taking place at an early hour the following morning. Nat Wood was induced to accept the office of referee, and the rendezvous was Powers' Grove, a short distance from the city. Jack Oddy was second for Gilmore, and Brust, Nat's bartender, was behind Hackney. Jake Acker was bottle-holder for Gilmore, and Jimmy Graham did a like service for the other. They went to work with a will, and fought seven rounds, Gil. gaining the first blood and first knock-down. Hackney labored under the disadvantage of having a sore hand, but he stuck to it gamely, and had decidedly the best of the engagement all through. At the end of the seventh round the referee decided the battle a draw. Gilmore had the worst of the punishment, one of his optics being closed and the other not far from it, but he attributed his plight in a great measure to the fact that his bottle-holder had manifested too great a relish for the benzine himself.

BOB BRETTLE had a fair exhibition at Washington Hall, Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, last week, and returned to this city on the 15th, leaving again for the Hub on Saturday, in company with his novice, Harry Hurl, and Patsy Sheppard.

DAN O'ROURKE AND TOM GOLLER were to have fought at 8st 2lb. in the London, Eng., district on the 6th inst., but the latter was arrested on the previous Saturday, and upon examination was bound over in two sureties of £50 each not to fight in twelve months.

YELLOW VS. MALEY.—These Birmingham, Eng., feather weights met on the 6th inst, near Sutton Coldfield, and fought a most determined battle of thirty-five rounds, which lasted an hour and forty-one minutes. Yellow, who held the lead from the sixth round, was the winner, Maley being much punished.

SAM COLLYER and Patsy Reardon were in Cincinnati last week, on their way to New Orleans.

ON THE OLD STAMPING GROUND.—Patsy Sheppard, the clever light weight from Galway town, returned to the metropolis on the 14th inst., after a lengthy absence passed in Baltimore, Washington and the City of Quakers. Judging from his *tout ensemble*, Patsy's lines have of late evidently fallen in pleasant places, which his friends won't be sorry to learn. There is some talk of Sheppard being matched against Billy Edwards, in case the latter does not clinch the argument with Barney Aaron.

PATSY EVANS ANSWERS MCGOULDRICK.—The giant of Rondout, Patsy Evans, sends us a communication in response to the challenge which appeared in a recent issue from James McGouldrick, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in which he states that the sum named by the Pennsylvanian is too small, but he will make a match to fight McGouldrick in twenty-four hours after the money is posted, or two months after signing articles, for $1,500. Patsy says he is now engaged in a better business than fighting, but he "won't allow any man like McG. to challenge him without responding," and if the latter is willing to make a match upon the conditions named let him forward a deposit to this office.

COMPLIMENTARY TO BRAHAM.—The well known *basso profundo*, Albert Braham, formerly of Hong Que, but now chief of the extensive *corps* of vocalists and musicians who nightly make the House of Commons melodious, will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit at Smith's on Thursday evening, 22d inst. In addition to the usual force a large number of volunteers will contribute to render the entertainment more than usually attractive. Let the "Muleteer" have a rouser.

HARMONY AND HOME BREWED—Those popular Monday evening concerts are in full blast at King's Museum, West 41st street, and are to continue all winter; and the supply of home brewed has increased correspondingly. On Monday night Messrs. John Johnson and Charley Williams are to put in an appearance.

COL. MONSTERY, the famous swordsman, was expected in San Francisco, Cal., at latest advices. He is appreciated out there and will doubtless do well.

BARNEY AARON VS. BILLY EDWARDS—BARNEY DRAWS HIS MONEY.—A meeting was held at Florence's one night last week, at which the proposed match between Aaron and Edwards was talked over. Billy said he was willing to fight Barney at 120 pounds, providing he was backed, but no one would put up money on him at that weight. How is it about that man in Pottsville who, sometime ago said, we are informed, that he would back Edwards against anybody at said weight? He was in the city on the 19th inst., but it appears has changed his mind. Barney, seeing no prospect of a match, has accordingly drawn his money.

JOE WORMALD AND GEORGE ROOKE (who lately fought Hussey) will take a joint benefit in this city some night this week. They will give the wind-up, and time and place will be given in due time.

THE HICKEN-MAGUIRE MATCH.—The third deposit of $250 a side in this engagement has to be forthcoming at this office before four o'clock P. M., on the 26th inst.

☞ We have letters for Patsy Sheppard, Jimmy Elliott, Ned O'Baldwin, Barney Aaron, John Dorsey, Billy McMullen, and John Goulding (foreign).

QUOITING CHALLENGE.—S. Arundale, of Oneyville, R. I., writes us to say that as Mr. McNally appears exceedingly anxious to pitch him a game of quoits, he (Mr. A.) will make a match to pitch a game of 61 points up, stiff sticking clay ends, hub one inch above the clay, distance 18 yards, any time McNally chooses before Thanksgiving Day; or he will pitch John Brown, of Newport, or George Wilk, of Valley Falls, on Thanksgiving Day, for $25 a side; toss for choice of ground. Any of the above matches can be made at Thomas Chorlton's, Oneyville, R. I.

THE VETERAN'S BENEFIT.—The grand tournament for the benefit of George Durning, the veteran disc player, is to take place at the Normal Grounds, Broadway and Astor Place, on Wednesday, Nov. 1st, when games between some of the best casters in this neighborhood will take place. Give "Uncle George" a bumper.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Clipper's Gold Ball and Medals.

ATLANTICS CHALLENGE THE ATHLETICS.

WILL THERE BE A NEW SERIES BETWEEN THOSE TWO CLUBS?

The article published in last week's CLIPPER touching the question of the Championship has created a good deal of excitement, not only in this city and Brooklyn, but in the principal cities throughout the country, and we find, from the many letters we have received on the subject, that the course pursued by the CLIPPER in this matter meets with general approval. So far no attempt has been made to controvert the allegations of unfair play, made in that article, except so far as the Atlantics declare that they challenged the Unions before the Athletics; they have failed to give the precise date of their challenge, though they promise they will do so.

We stated in our last that, owing to the treatment of the Athletics by the then champions (the Unions), the former had been given no opportunity to compete for the champion honors, and that, as the Atlantics had nominally gained the title, although beaten two games by the Athletics, they, the Atlantics, should play the Philadelphia club a new series of games, the winners of two out of three to be declared champions, and to be presented with the CLIPPER Gold Ball. To this proposition the Atlantics have agreed, as may be seen by the appended communication:—

BROOKLYN, Oct. 17th, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Considerable talk having arisen as to the probability of a match game of base ball between the Athletic and Atlantic clubs, much of which has been occasioned by the result of a recent game in which our club had the honor to participate, we desire to definitely settle the matter, and to that end we have offered the following proposition to the Athletics, which, if accepted, will decide the relative merits of the two clubs.

The Atlantic B. B. C., hereby challenge the Athletic B. B. C, to a home and home game of base ball. The first game to be played on the Union ground, Brooklyn; the second on the Athletic ground, Philadelphia, and, should it become necessary to have it, a third game on the Union ground, at Brooklyn. All three games to be arranged in accordance with the fifteen day law passed by the last national convention.

Having been the champion club for a number of years, and during the whole period having honorably sustained a reputation for fair dealing, the Atlantic Club have no desire, at this time, to retain the whip pennant by trick or other disreputable means, and they shall esteem it their privilege to cordially greet and warmly receive all aspirants for the championship.

JOHN C. CHAPMAN, Cor. Sec. Atlantic B. B. C.

It is desirable that early action be taken upon this challenge. A committee from each club could arrange the details with very little trouble. It has been stated to us that the Athletics decline to play another series, but this we cannot credit, for if they desire the possession of the golden trophy they must play for it; failing to do so the prizes will go to those justly entitled to them at the close of the season's play. If the Atlantics can play thus late in the season the Athletics can also play. The Athletics will, without doubt, object to play a third game, if necessary, on the Union ground; that point will have to be settled by toss or some similar means. Notwithstanding the approach of the close of the season, a fresh series between these two famous clubs would surpass in interest all previous encounters, and attract a large concourse of spectators, probably, than has ever been gathered on any ball ground. Should the Athletics accept the above challenge, and should anything interpose to prevent the playing out of the series this season, then the games would have to be taken up at the opening of the next season, and concluded as early as practicable. The Athletics will understand that if they desire possession of the CLIPPER Gold Ball, a fresh series of games with and defeat of the Atlantics is necessary to attain that object.

THE GRAND CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE MUTUAL AND ATLANTIC GAME.

Monday, the 19th, was the day selected for the playing of the third and deciding game between these clubs, but owing to the rainy weather it did not come off. This was considerable of a disappointment to the thousands who had made up their minds to witness the contest, but as a matter of course the game could not be pulled off on a wet and slippery ground, so a postponement was agreed to. The game will probably come off on Monday next, 26th inst.

ACTIVE vs. UNION.

ANOTHER DEFEAT FOR THE EX-CHAMPIONS.

In the return game of the match between these clubs, which was played at Tremont on the 17th inst., the Unions suffered another defeat. The day was the coldest of the season, and for this reason the exhibition was very uninteresting. But few spectators were present, and neither club was fully represented by its strongest players. For the first two innings the fielding was so sharp that neither side scored. The Actives took the lead in the third innings, scoring two to one. In the fourth innings the New Yorkers batted well for six runs, and, blinding their opponents, had the game safely in their hands by the totals of 8 to 1. At the end of the sixth innings the Unions had bettered themselves somewhat—the figures being 8 to 6, with the Actives still ahead. The seventh innings had been commenced, and the Actives had made three runs, when, darkness coming on, the game was called. This is the first time the Actives have won a ball from the Unions for several seasons, and it is quite a feather in their cap. Quite a number of misplays were made on both sides, but as it was too cold to field effectually, we do not propose to criticise the play. The score is appended:—

ACTIVE.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
H. C. Kelly, 1st b	2	1	1	0	Goldie, 1st b	4	0	0	0
Estes, 3d b	3	0	0	1	Austin, 2d b	2	1	1	0
Redmond, c f	2	0	1	1	Walker, l f	3	1	0	0
W. Kelly, c	2	1	0	1	Pabor, p	3	1	0	2
Haines, s s	2	1	0	3	Wright, s s	1	1	1	1
Lyon, r f	2	1	0	1	Birdsall, c	1	0	2	0
Rogers, l f	3	0	0	3	Shelly, 3d b	1	1	1	3
T. Kelly, 2d b	1	2	0	1	Price, r f	2	0	1	0
Walker, p	1	2	0	1	Reynolds, c f	1	1	1	2
Totals	18	8	2	10	Totals	18	6	7	6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Active	0	0	2	6	0	0—8
Union	0	0	0	1	4	1—6

Base play—Put out by H. C. Kelley, 4; Estes, 2; T. F. Kelly, 1; Walker, 1; Active, 8. Goldie, 6; Austin, 2; Shelley, 1; Union, 7. Run out—Pabor, 1. Foul bound catches—Birdsall, 1; Wright, 1; W. J. Kelly. Double plays—Pabor, Austin, Goldie. Out on foul balls—Union, 1 time; Active, 2 times. Umpire—Mr. D. Manson, of the Americus Club, of Harlem. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Hebbard. Time of game—one hour and fifty minutes.

THE BILLIARDISTS AT WORK.

HEAVIES vs. LIGHTS.

The celebrities of the billiard world played their second game on the 16th inst. at the Capiteline Ground. In the first game, the Heavy Weights were worsted by their Light-waisted brethren, but on this occasion the tables were turned, as the Heavies, having received reinforcements, polished off their opponents in lively style, the score being 33 to 25 in eight innings. As on the previous occasion, there was any quantity of fun and considerable muffinism. The principal incentive to victory was a supper, gotten up in the best style of the culinary art by the Cleveland brothers, which had to be paid for by the losers. It is needless to say that full justice was done to the savory repast, as the players were in the right trim, after their exertions on the ball field, to do good execution with the knife and fork. Among the spectators we noticed the veteran Eph. Horn, Tony Pastor, Nelse Seymour, and others too numerous to mention. Very likely a home and home game will have to be played before the season closes. We give the score below:—

HEAVIES.	H.L.	R.	LIGHTS.	H.L.	R.
Capt. Boyle, s s	2	3	Wicks, 1st b	2	3
Michael Phelan, r f	3	3	Geo. Phelan, 2d b	1	4
John Wildey, 2d b	1	4	Maurice Dailey, c	3	2
Butler, l f	3	3	Melvin Foster, c f	1	3
Peter Braisted, c f	3	3	Kilduff, r f	3	2
Sime Burns, p	0	5	Dennison, l f	5	0
Freeman, r s	3	3	Voorhees, s s	3	2
Gleason, 3d b	2	4	McManus, p	3	2
L. McLeish, 1st b	4	2	Samuels, 3d b	3	2
W. B. Schaffer, c	3	3	McSweeney, r s	3	2
Total		33	Total		25

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Heavies	3	2	4	5	1	2	10	6—33
Lights	2	0	4	1	2	2	7	7—25

Umpire—Mr. Chadwick. Scorer—Mr. Norton. Time of game—Three hours and twenty-five minutes.

TOUR OF THE CINCINNATI CLUB.

The club reached Cincinnati on Tuesday, the 13th. Besides the games we have already chronicled, they played the Excelsiors, of Rochester, N. Y., and the Railway Union and Forest City Clubs, of Cleveland, O., winning all three games. The scores of the two last games will be found on another page.

CINCINNATI vs. EXCELSIOR.

This game was played on the 8th, the next day after their victory over the Nationals, of Albany. Score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
How, s s	3	2	1	0	Sabin, 2d b	5	0	0	2
Waterman, 3d b	3	2	1	0	McKelvey, c	2	3	0	0
Johnson, r f	3	1	2	0	Sutton, 3d b	3	1	1	0
Hatfield, l f	3	3	0	5	Sullivan, c f	1	3	2	1
Wright, 2d b	6	0	0	2	Hoy, p	2	2	1	0
Brainard, p	3	3	0	2	Benedict, r f	4	0	1	1
Kingsley, c f	3	3	0	0	Jones, l f	4	1	0	2
Gould, 1st b	3	3	0	1	Kimball, 1st b	3	1	0	0
Allison, c	0	4	1	0	Porter, s s	3	0	1	1
Totals	27	21	5	10	Totals	27	11	6	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	1	0	3	4	4	3	3	3	0—21
Excelsior	2	0	3	0	1	0	0	4	1—11

Home run—Brainard, 1. Bases on hits—Cincinnati, 25; Excelsior, 18. Umpire—T. W. Cantrell, Nationals, of Albany. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

CLUB AND INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

The boys reached home on Tuesday morning, the 13th inst., in time to vote, having been absent in all three weeks, during which time they played fourteen games in all, with one or two exceptions against first class clubs, winning ten and losing four—if the game with the Keystones, of Philadelphia, can be considered a defeat. We give the totals of the club and its different opponents:—

Cincinnati	[illegible]	National, of Washington	10
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Olympic, of Washington	22
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Enterprise, of Baltimore	3
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Athletic, of Philadelphia	15
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Keystone, of Philadelphia	24
Cincinnati	41	Olympic, of Philadelphia	20
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Atlantic, of Brooklyn	21
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Mutual, of New York	28
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Union, of Lansingburgh	6
Cincinnati	17	National, of Albany	1
Cincinnati	21	Excelsior, of Rochester	11
Cincinnati	34	Niagara, of Buffalo	8
Cincinnati	[illegible]	Railway Union, of Cleveland	8
Cincinnati	35	Forest City, of Cleveland	13
Total	[illegible]	Total	[illegible]

Cincinnati average to game, 23.6; Average against Cincinnati 14.6. The following is the individual average of the players.

Players.	Number of Games.	Total—Outs.	Total—Runs.	Average—Outs.	Average—Runs.
How	11	39	25	3-6	2-3
Waterman	14	33	46	2-5	3-4
Johnson	14	43	39	2-12	2-11
Hatfield	14	26	51	1-12	3-9
Wright	14	35	30	2-10	2-2
Brainard	14	43	30	3-1	2-2
Kingsley	14	45	30	3-1	2-2
Gould	14	42	28	3-0	2-0
Allison	14	28	37	2-0	2-9
Hunter	3	9	10	3-0	3-1

Hatfield and Allison batted finely, the former especially making several splendid hits at critical junctures, as in the games with the Keystones and Mutuals.

HENRY CLAY ASSOCIATION VS. NEWARK SOCIAL CLUB.—These organizations, the former of New York and the latter of Newark, N. J., were opponents in a friendly contest which took place at the Oriental Grounds, Greenpoint, L. I., recently. The former had things pretty much their own way, and finally won as below:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Henry Clay	15	0	16	15	4—50
Newark Social	2	14	1	4	1—22

BLOOMINGTON VS. EXCELSIOR.—A game of ball was commenced at the Fair Grounds, Bloomington, Ill., on the 13th inst., between the Bloomington Club and the Excelsiors, of Chicago, and on the fourth innings the latter withdrew on account of the alleged partial rulings of the umpire in favor of the Bloomingtons. At the time of their withdrawal they had scored 10 to the Bloomingtons' 12, and the last named were at the bat.

SCHUYLKILL VS. KEYSTONE.—These clubs played a match at Reading, Pa., on the 13th inst., which terminated as below:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Schuylkill	3	0	12	12	5	5	2	0	0—39
Keystone	3	2	1	4	5	2	1	6	2—26

THE OGLETHORPES AND FOREST CITYS played a five innings game at Savannah, Ga., on the 14th inst., the former winning by a score of 24 to 23.

CENTRAL COLLEGE VS. UNION.—On the 9th inst., the above clubs played a match at Fayette, Mo., terminating as follows:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th
Union	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	1—9
C. College	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	3	0	2	3—11

ATHLETIC vs. ENGLISH PROFESSIONALS.

On the 12th inst. the English professionals made their first appearance in a match game of base ball. Their opponents were the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the game was played on the ground of the Germantown Cricket Club, in the presence of quite a concourse of interested spectators. The game terminated in a victory for the Athletics with the score of 31 to 11 in nine innings. This was expected, as a matter of course; but still the Englishmen exhibited some fine points in fielding, and convinced the spectators that with a season's practice they would prove formidable opponents for the strongest of our clubs. The Athletics did not play their best game by any means, and lost numerous opportunities of putting the cricketers out by their indifference. The following is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	ENGLAND.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Reach, 2d b	3	4	1	1	Jupp, l f	4	2	0	0
McBride, p	4	4	0	0	Pooley, c f	4	2	0	2
Radcliff, c	4	3	0	0	Charlwood, r f	5	0	1	1
Wilkins, s s	4	2	0	0	Rowbotham, 3d b	4	0	2	1
Fisler, 1st b	3	3	1	1	Shaw, s s	3	3	0	6
Sensenderfer, c f	6	1	0	0	Tarrant, 1st b	5	0	0	2
Foran, r f	0	6	1	1	Smith, c	2	3	0	6
Cuthbert, l f	1	6	0	0	Griffith, 3d b	6	0	0	0
Berry, 3d b	4	2	0	0	Harrop, p	3	1	1	1
Totals	27	31	3	5	Totals	36	11	4	13

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	6	1	10	2	3	0	4	3	2—31
England	0	2	0	1	2	1	2	1	2—11

Out on Bases—Athletic, 6; England, 18. Home runs—Reach, 1; Cuthbert, 1; Smith, 1; Harrop, 1. Umpire—Theodore Bomeisler, of the Eureka, of Newark.

A VERY CLOSE GAME.

The Champions, of West Troy, N. Y., and a picked nine from the McKeon and Trojan clubs, of same place, played a match game on the National Grounds at Albany on the 12th inst. Mr. Murphy, of the Live Oak Club, of Albany, was chosen umpire, but was objected to by the picked nine before the conclusion of the game; Mr. McCall, of the same club, succeeded him. The following is the score:—

CHAMPION.	H.L.	R.	PICKED NINE.	H.L.	R.
Lemaire, c	3	1	Purcell	2	3
Woxen, 1st b	3	2	J. Ryan	4	2
Lenway, p	2	3	Doyle	1	3
Pickett, 2d b	5	0	Cleary	4	0
Larkin, c f	3	0	Murray	3	1
Bliven, r f	3	0	Hunt	3	1
Le Roy, 2d b	2	1	Dwyer	5	0
Cornwell, l f	2	1	Delaney	3	1
Dyer, s s	4	1	T. Ryan	3	1
Total		12	Total		15

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Champion	0	0	7	0	2	3	0	0	0—12
Picked Nine	3	1	3	0	1	0	2	3	3—15

Scorers—Messrs. Burrows and Evers.

ATHLETIC vs. OLYMPIC.

The above Philadelphia clubs played their first match of a new series on the 17th inst. The Athletics won easily in eight innings. The following is the score:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Reach, 2d b	4	4	Schaffer, c	2	3
McBride, p	4	4	Oram, l f	3	3
Radcliff, c f	1	5	Moore, 1st b	3	3
Hayhurst, s s	6	1	Harrop, p	2	4
Fisler, 1st b	3	4	Welsh, c f	3	1
Sensenderfer, c	1	6	Eckendorf, 3d b	4	0
Foran, r f	2	4	Aitken, r f	2	1
Cuthbert, l f	1	5	Deihl, s s	4	1
Berry, 3d b	2	5	Kern, 2d b	1	4
Total		36	Total		20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Athletic	0	0	11	14	6	2	3	0—36
Olympic	3	0	2	3	5	4	0	3—20

Umpire—Wm. Bailey, of the Keystone. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

BLUE COATS RUN THE BASES.

A match was contested near Brownsville, Texas, on the 1st inst., between nines composed of members of Companies K and G of the Twenty-sixth Infantry. The score:—

COMPANY G.	H.L.	R.	COMPANY K.	H.L.	R.
Dear, p	1	3	Garbar, p	5	3
Wilson, c	0	4	Leavitt, c	4	2
McGee, 1st b	3	2	Gus, 1st b	4	2
Denny, 2d b	3	3	Street, 2d b	4	1
Devroux, 3d b	5	2	Lee, 3d b	5	3
Verlin, s s	4	3	Luney, s s	6	1
Rourke, r f	2	4	Gurguron, r f	5	1
Reiman, l f	4	3	Newman, l f	5	2
Cox, c f	4	2	Munro, c f	4	1
Total		26	Total		18

ACME vs. OLYMPIC.

The home and home game of this match was played at Mount Morris on Tuesday, 13th, and after an exciting and closely contested battle, resulted in a well earned victory for the Acmes. The fact that this was the deciding game of the series seemed to nerve each club to put forth its utmost exertions to grasp the victory, and to lend additional vim to the players. The lead trembled in the balance—first one side and then the other—until the ninth innings, when the Acme made a determined break, and secured it by one run. The fielding and batting of the Acmes was generally good, but Johnny Kelly, Higham, Devoe, Bell and Pennington deserve especial mention for sharp and accurate play in their respective positions. The Olympics also batted and fielded in first class style. They have improved wonderfully in their play lately, and will be found rather stubborn customers to handle. On their side the playing of Stearns, Neville, Saunders, and Farley was excellent. The following is the score:—

ACME.	H.L.	R.	OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
Kelly, 2d b	3	4	Farley, s s	1	5
Higham, c	4	3	White, p	3	4
Dr. Bell, p	2	5	Neville, 2d b	4	3
Pennington, s s	3	5	Stearns, c	2	3
Devoe, 3d b	2	5	Penny, 3d b	4	3
Flanagan, r f	5	2	Wardell, 1st b	3	3
Evers, 1st b	5	2	Saunders, c f	4	2
Voege, c f	3	2	Hardenbrook, r f	4	2
Gillett, l f	3	2	Conlan, l f	2	3
Total		29	Total		28

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Acme	6	4	4	2	5	2	0	3	3—29
Olympic	5	9	1	6	4	2	4	1	2—28

Home runs—Kelly, 2; Higham, 1; Pennington, 1; Stearns, 1; Penny, 1—6. Fly catches—Kelly, 3; Higham, 2; Bell, 1; Voege, 1; Gillett, 1—8. White, 1; Stearns, 1; Penny, 1; Wardell, 1; Saunders, 3; Neville, 1—8. Umpire—Mr. Green, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Clark and Jones.

EAGLE vs. BERGEN.

On Tuesday, the 13th, the Eagles visited Bergen, N. J., where they engaged the Jersey boys in a game and defeated them, as the subjoined score will show:—

EAGLE.	H.L.	R.	BERGEN.	H.L.	R.
Norton, 1st b	1	5	Arbuckle, Jr., p	2	2
N. B. Shaffer, r f	3	4	Stringham, l f	2	2
Hicks, c	2	4	Sipp, c	3	1
M. B. Shaffer, l f	2	5	Dunmont, r f	3	0
Gaughan, 2d b	3	4	Westervelt, c f	3	1
Galligher, 3d b	4	3	Arbuckle, Sr., s s	3	1
Stevens, p	1	5	Cooper, 2d b	3	2
Kane, s s	5	3	Kever, 1st b	1	3
Charles, r f	2	3	Simmons, 3d b	5	1
Total		37	Total		14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Eagle	2	8	3	3	5	16—37
Bergen	2	6	0	2	3	1—14

Umpire—Morris, of the Eagle Club. Scorers—Messrs. Morris and Daly. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

THE ST. LOUIS TOURNAMENT.—On another page we publish the four first games played at the above tourney, held during the week ending Oct. 12, and we herewith give a brief summary—which is all space will allow of—of the contests which succeeded them. The fifth match took place on the 8th inst., between the Atlantic and Ætna clubs, the former proving triumphant by a tally of 25 to 10. In the afternoon of the same day the Excelsiors, of Chicago, and Unions, of St. Louis, were opposed to each other, the Garden City lads beating their antagonists 27 to 9. On the day following the Atlantics were pitted against the St. Louis club, whom they polished off to the tune of 31 to 19. The Excelsiors also vanquished the Resolute Club by scoring 41 to 13. The final game of the tourney was played on the 10th, and was an easy victory for the Excelsior over the Atlantic, the score standing 71 to 7. Not satisfied with the result of their game with the Excelsiors, the Union boys made efforts to induce the Chicagoans to give them another trial before their return home, which the latter consented to do. The game was played on the 12th, and the result was an overwhelming victory for the E's. Score, 47 to 10.

BENEFIT TO JOHNNY ZELLER.—It will be recollected that this popular ball player received a permanent injury to one of his limbs in a game at Chicago some weeks ago. It has been long in contemplation to get up a picked nine match for the benefit of Zeller, and to this end Mr. John Wildey, President of the Mutuals, has called a meeting of the officers of all clubs, to be held at his saloon on the 22d inst. at 12 M.

ECKFORD VS. ALASKA.—The score of this game, played on the 13th at the Union Ground, was 30 to 1 in favor of the Eckfords.

SOJERS AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—The return game between the Garrison Nine and Merry Nine, of Fortress Monroe, Va., was played on the 6th inst., and resulted in a creditable victory for the former. In the first game of the series the G. N.'s were minus four of their first nine, and suffered a defeat. Being warned by the consequences of presenting short nines, both clubs were out in full force, and a first class game was the result. Where all played so well it would be a difficult matter to select any particular one for praise. The score, by innings, was as follows:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Garrison Nine	4	2	2	2	2	12	12—36
Merry Nine	4	1	2	2	3	4	4—20

Home run—Sheehan, 1. Umpire—Mr. Toft, Young America Club. Scorers—Messrs. Winne and Clarke. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.

A MATCH was played in the Crescent City on 11th inst. between the second nines of the Crusaders and Washington Clubs, the former winning by a score of 58 to 37.

MUTUAL VS. ORIENTAL.—The return game of the second series between these clubs, played on the 17th, resulted in another victory for the Mutuals, with the score of 33 to 12 in five innings.

THE MUTUAL-DUFFY CASE.—At the meeting of the Judiciary Committee, on the 15th, this case came up for adjudication. The counsel for the Mutuals presented several points, on which he claimed a dismissal of the charge. Although the points were apparently well taken, the committee decided that the Mutual Club had violated section 4 of article 9 of the constitution of the State Association. The Mutuals will now have to appeal to the National Association.

VISIT OF THE MARYLAND CLUB OF BALTIMORE.—The Maryland Club, which lately defeated the National, of Washington, and gained the title of Champions of the south, will arrive in the metropolis on the 21st inst. On the 22d, 23d and 24th, the Baltimoreans will play the Atlantics, Eckfords and Mutuals. Rorke, formerly of the Olympics, of Philadelphia, pitches for the Marylanders.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION.—This body meets in the city of Philadelphia on the 21st inst. Clubs that intend to play under the rules of the National Association must join the State Convention, as no individual clubs can send delegates to the joint body this year.

STRAIGHT SHOOTING WITH THE LASSO.—The Texas herdsmen become so expert in the use of the lasso that they ride on their stunted ponies through the city of Houston as though on a steeple chase, picking up with one throw of their rope anything they may happen to want on the sides of the streets. They very seldom miss their aim. They will take up a loaf of bread from the pavement or a hat from the head of a man walking in front of them with the greatest ease, while riding at the highest speed.

SKITTLE PLAYING AT HALF WAY.—A skittle match for $25 a side, twelve chalks, run up game, took place at Cleaver's, 320 Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, 13th inst., between James Bullen and Geo. Cook. The game was very close, play by both parties being admirable, and Bullen finally winning by four chalks. The winner is ready to play anybody the same style of game at the same alley for from $25 to $100 a side. Thos. McCarthy was referee.

OLD PLAYBILL.—The following is a copy of the first playbill which announced the opening of the first theatre that was erected in Drury lane, England. It is curious, not only in showing the increase of the prices of admission since that period, but the different times at which dramatic representations commenced. It should be observed that no farces were performed in those days:—"By his Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the New Theatre in Drvry lane. This day, being Thvrsday, April 8, 1663, will be acted a comedy, called THE HVMOVROVS LIEVTENANT. The King, Wintersel; Demetrive, Mr. Hart; Selevivs, Mr. Byrt; Leontivs, Major Mahon; Lievtenant, Mr. Clyn; Celia, Mrs. Marshall. The play will begin at three o'clock exactly. Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Upper Gallery, 1s."

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The Narragansett Park Meeting.

The first grand horse fair gotten up under the auspices of the Narragansett Park Association was held at Providence, R. I., last week, commencing on the 13th inst., and continuing until the 15th, inclusive. The gathering of equines was quite extensive, representing some of the best stock in the country, and the assemblage of spectators to witness the trials of speed was large and brilliant. We give brief descriptions of the more important contests, which is all space will admit of our doing. The principal race on the opening day was a stallion trot for a purse of $2,500, to be divided between the three first in. There were five entries, but Fearnaught and Bashaw, Jr., did not appear. Rhode Island was a strong favorite, pools being sold on the morning of the race as follows:—

	First Pool.	Second Pool.	Third Pool.
Rhode Island	$1,000	$500	$425
Wilkes	630	450	355
Draco Prince	260	215	109
	$1,890	$1,165	$889

A number of useless attempts were made, when a pretty good send-off was finally obtained, Draco reaching the quarter pole a length to the good and was the same distance ahead at the half in 1:10¾. Rhode Island tried hard to reach him, but without avail, Prince winning the heat by three lengths. In the next heat Draco, as before, took the lead, and at the half mile pole was a good length ahead of Wilkes, in 1:08, but here he dropped away, and Wilkes went ahead and won by three lengths. The two succeeding heats are easily described, Draco taking the lead in the third and keeping it until entering the straight quarter, when he was deprived of it by Wilkes, who won easily; in the fourth and last heat Wilkes led from the start, and won by a couple of lengths. Summary:—

NARRAGANSETT PARK.—First Grand Horse Fair, Tuesday, Oct. 13. Purse $2,500; open to all trotting stallions—$1,650 to first, $600 to second and $250 to third horse—mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Wm. Borst named br s Geo. Wilkes	3	1	1	1
Dan Mace named br s Rhode Island	2	3	2	2
J. J. Bowen named bl s Draco Prince	1	2	3	dis

TIME.

	Quarter.	Half.	Three Quarters.	Mile.
First Heat	0:35	1:10¾	1:49	2:24¾
Second Heat	0:34¼	1:08	1:45¼	2:22
Third Heat	0:35½	1:10¾	1:47½	2:24¾
Fourth Heat	0:36	1:12¼	1:50¼	2:25

On Thursday, 15th inst., the principal event of the fair, open to all horses, for a purse of $2,500, was contested, but the disagreeable weather prevented the attendance of many who purposed being present, although there was a pretty strong representation of turfites, who care not for rain or chilly wind. There were seven entries, but of these five only came to the scratch, viz.:—Lady Thorn, George Wilkes, George Palmer, Lucy and Rhode Island, Bashaw, Jr., and Fearnaught being withdrawn. Lady Thorn was the favorite, and Wilkes, having attained quite a reputation by his performance on Tuesday, was the second choice in betting. It was not known until a late hour that Rhode Island would appear in the race, and consequently he was not put up for sale in the pools, many of which sold at the following rates:—

	First Pool.	Second Pool.	Third Pool.
Thorn	$450	$400	$500
Wilkes	300	260	335
Palmer	175	90	150
Lucy	110	85	125
	$1,035	$835	$1,100

FIRST HEAT.—Wilkes shot ahead at the start and led Lucy a length at the quarter pole, Thorn third, and Palmer fourth. Lucy commenced to close rapidly with Wilkes while making the upper turn and at the three-quarter pole was well up with him. A warm rush now ensued, and Lucy came down splendidly, shaking Wilkes and going to the front. Thorn's speed was, as usual, shown to the best advantage on the homestretch, and she, too, left Wilkes behind. Her endeavors to reach Lucy proved unsuccessful, however, and she lost the heat by a nose in 2:22¼.

SECOND HEAT.—Palmer got the best of the send-off, but was quickly passed by Lucy, who at the half-mile pole was three good lengths ahead. Thorn was unsuccessful in an effort to close the gap and the roan mare dashed under the wire an easy winner in 2:22¼.

THIRD HEAT.—A good start was obtained, Lucy taking the lead, but being deprived of it by Rhode Island at the first turn the latter led by a length at the quarter pole, but was shortly afterward passed by Wilkes and Thorn, Lucy having left her feet and dropped to the fourth position. The Lady subsequently out-footed Wilkes and won cleverly in 2:25.

FOURTH HEAT.—After the second heat the betting ruled at odds on Lucy, but it now changed in favor of Thorn again. A fair start was had after several attempts, and for three quarters of the distance the lady and Palmer made an exciting race, but the former finally won in 2:24¼.

FIFTH HEAT.—This was a very interesting heat. An excellent start was secured, and at the turn Lucy was a length in advance, Thorn and Rhode Island, who were on even terms, being in close pursuit. Lady Thorn took the second place on the backstrait, but Lucy continued to hold the lead to the half mile pole in 1:12¼. The horses came together at the three quarter pole, and between the entire field an exciting race occurred to the score. Thorn finally succeeded in beating Lucy out by a head and shoulders in 2:25. Summary:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 15.—Purse $2,500—$1,650 to first, $600 to second and $250 to third horse—open to all horses; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. Pfifer named b m Lady Thorn	2	2	1	1	1
Budd Doble named r m Lucy	1	1	4	2	2
W. Borst named br s George Wilkes	3	4	2	3	3
Dan Mace named br s Rhode Island	4	3	3	4	4
Chas. Champlin named br h George Palmer	5	5	5	5	5

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	0:35¼	1:11½	2:22¼
Second Heat	0:35	1:10½	2:22¼
Third Heat	0:36	1:12½	2:25
Fourth Heat	0:36½	1:12	2:24¼
Fifth Heat	0:36	1:12¼	2:25

SPORT AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—The principal event of the three days' horse fair at Doty's Park, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was a trot for a purse of $1,000, between Wm. Lovett's American Girl, J. J. Hornbeck's Wm. H. Taylor, T. Field's Panic and John Dean's Prince. It was commenced on the 8th inst., Taylor winning the first two heats in 2:30 and American Girl the third in 2:32, when, in consequence of darkness, it was postponed until the day following, Taylor was largely the favorite on the second day, and considerable speculation took place. A good start was effected, American Girl trotting squarely, and winning the heat in 2:30, amid much excitement. Taylor took the lead at the start in the next heat and trotted finely, going to the quarter pole three or four lengths in the advance. Shortly after passing that point American Girl made a break, when her backers gave up all hopes of her winning the race. As soon as she caught, however, she exhibited remarkable trotting. She fairly flew past the half mile pole, and was trotting about a twenty gait. In an instant her friends noticed the movement and the greatest excitement followed. Down to the three-quarter pole she threatened lapping her competitor at that point and then challenged him for the lead. Coming up the slight grade on the homestretch the mare trotted at fearful speed, rushing away from the horse and beating him across the score by a length and a half, and winning the heat in 2:25.

TROT AT ROCHESTER.—A trot for an outfit—hood, blanket, etc., took place at Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th inst., between horses belonging to Ed Purcell and S. D. Walbridge. Four heats were trotted. Walbridge's mare taking the first, third and fourth and the race, the second being "dead." Time, 2:49; 2:51; 2:47¼.

A PROMISING FOUR YEAR OLD TROTTER.—The past week has been productive of quite a sensation on the trotting turf. On Wednesday, the 14th, a match for $250 a side, mile heats, in harness, was announced to come off on the Seacaucus Course, N. J., between a bay gelding, four years old, sired by Major Winfield, (the sire of Commodore Vanderbilt's Mountain Boy), and named by Dr. Cook; and a brown stallion, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian (the sire of Major Winfield), also four years old, and named by P. Lozier. A good day and good track was specified, and the day proving wet and unfavorable, but few people went over to the course, for it was generally supposed a postponement would take place. The match, however, came off, and, to the surprise of those present, the bay gelding trotted the first heat in 2:33 and the second in 2:34, without a break or skip, and won in the easiest possible manner, distancing the stallion in the second heat. This is the fastest time on record for a four year old, and was timed by several experienced trotting men, and is, consequently, perfectly reliable. He trotted the first half mile in the first heat in 1:15, and could easily have come home in 2:30. Although the owner of the colt, who is a farmer named Bogart, residing between Hackensack and Newark, was aware that he could trot in 2:30, he only backed him for $50. He had only been regularly worked for two weeks previous to the race. Before the match he offered to sell him for $2,500; afterwards the price asked was $10,000, and $7,000 was refused for him on the day of the race. A match is on the tapis between this colt and a four year old belonging to Col. S. D. Bruce, for $500 a side, to come off this fall.

RACE MEETING AT SEACAUCUS, N. J.—The proprietor of the Seacaucus Race Course, Col. McDaniel, purposes giving two days' racing, to come off on Thursday and Saturday, October 29th and 31st. His programme of sport, as at present arranged, contemplates three races on each day. On Thursday, the first day, the opening contest will be a hurdle race of two miles over eight hurdles, welter weights up, for a purse of $400. The second race will be one of mile heats, followed by a dash of one mile. On the second day, a handicap hurdle race, two miles and eight hurdles, for a $400 purse, will inaugurate the sport. A two mile heat race follows, and then a hack race, gentlemen riders, for a cup of the value of $100. As this meeting will be the winding up of the racing season, and as several of the stables that took part in the Jerome Park meeting have promised to be on hand and run, we have no doubt the project will be successful. The course is at a convenient distance from New York and easily accessible by both rail and road, and as the Colonel, who is highly popular among turfmen, will have the sole management of the meeting, we trust that he will carry it to a successful issue.

ENGLISH TURF.

Newmarket Second October Meeting.

THE CESAREWITCH STAKES.

We gave, by telegraph, the result of the different races at the above important meeting in England and below we present a detailed account of the contest for the principal event run for on October 6th.

THE CESAREWITCH STAKES, a free handicap of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, with 300 added; winners extra; second to receive 50 sovs; Cesarewitch Course (2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards). 73 subs.

Major Pemberton's ch c Cecil, by Plum Pudding—Selina, by De Clare, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb (car. 5st 13lb) ... Wyatt 1

Baron Rothschild's b c Restitution, by King Tom—Rest's dam, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb ... Morris 2

Count F. de Lagrange's b c Nelusko, by Monarque—Margaret, 3 yrs, 7st ... Butler 3

Twenty-four others started. The lot got away in excellent order, but directly they had settled down to the work Our Mary Ann, taking advantage of her light weight, rushed to the fore, her object being to secure a good place for The Special, but although she soon had a command of at least four lengths, the pace was not strong. Cecil, The Special, Donaldbain, Warrington, Guy of Warwick, and The Spy in compact order succeeded, and just behind these came Marquis of Carabas, Tormentor, and Mercury, the bright colors of Blue Gown, who got off on level terms with his horses, but was immediately steadied, being observable at the head of the ruck, the most prominent in which were Choral, Blueskin, Stradbroke, and Pietro, at the tail of affairs coming Planet, Nelusco, Restitution, Beeswing, Aurifera, and Rurie, the latter of whom was hopelessly tailed off in the first quarter of a mile. As they ran towards Choke Jade, the command of Mr. Day's filly was decreased, Cecil, Special, and Guy of Warwick closing upon her as they streamed through the Ditch Gap. When they had got fairly from beyond the precincts of the Ditch, Stradbroke took advantage of an opening in the front rank, and drew up to the quarters of Warrington, who was lying in the immediate wake of The Special and Cecil, Our Mary Ann still holding the lead but her advantage was not more than a length. Guy of Warwick, Donaldbain, and Marquis of Carabas were now the most conspicuous of the remainder, Lady Raglan being discernible, in company with Planet, in the immediate wake of Blue Gown, Restitution and Nelusko gradually threading their way from the ruck, in which were Dalby and Pietro. Crossing the flat towards the starting post of the Rowley Mile, a rapid tailing commenced, Choral retiring suddenly, and the pace was beginning to tell on Tormentor and Marquis of Carabas, whose retirement allowed Blueskin and The Spy, who had been racing head and head in the centre of the ruck from the Ditch, to take more prominent positions, and their example was immediately afterwards followed by Restitution and Nelusko, so that the front rank when they got to the Rowley Mile Post had undergone some considerable change. Our Mary Ann had shot her bolt at the point indicated, and The Spy and Blueskin raced past her; but the pair were side by side on the right, Mr. Day's filly lying in their wake, and just in advance of Cecil, The Special, Warrington, Blueskin, Nelusko, and Restitution—Stradbroke and Donaldbain having beaten a retreat—so that Blue Gown was as prominent as anything in the second division. As they approached the Bushes, Nelusko was going so strong and well that he pulled away at his bridle, and raced past The Spy and Blueskin; but Butler steadying him, the pair were again left in command of the field, which was gradually fining down. Blue Gown, just before reaching the Bushes, strode out of the ruck, shewing prominently on the right, and he looked so well that shouts were raised in his favor; but the weight told its tale, and the Derby winner gradually compounded, and being eased by Wells when pursuit was hopeless, fell away into the rear. At the Bushes, Blueskin cannoned against The Spy, and at the same moment Cecil passed the pair and took a slight lead; but many mistook the colors for those of The Special—though widely different—and the success of Mr. Day's horse was proclaimed by a loud shout; but Mail Train's half brother had been in trouble long before that time, and Spy, Blueskin and Warrington being in difficulties as they descended the Bushes Hill, the issue was left to Cecil, who was wide on the right, Nelusko and Restitution in the centre. The Baron's colt, in the Abingdon Mile Bottom, headed Nelusko, and looked as if he were going to cut down Cecil; but though he managed to shake off Nelusko, he tired dreadfully under the weight at the finish, though he answered Morris' calls with undeniable gameness. Wyatt riding Cecil with exemplary patience, however, forged gradually ahead, and won cleverly by a length; Restitution finishing four lengths in front of Nelusko, who was some distance in advance of The Spy, fourth. Warrington was fifth, not more than a head before Blueskin, sixth, Guy of Warwick coming next. Then, at a wide interval, came Marquis of Carabas, eighth, Tormentor ninth, Mr. Johnstone's pair—Mercury and Donaldbain—finishing tenth and eleventh. Our Mary Ann, Pietro and The Special, together, were next; a cluster of horses comprising Ecarte, Lady Raglan, Paul Jones, Choral, Stradbroke, and the Irish Queen filly pulling up in a body; Aurifera, Dalby, Beeswing, and Planet succeeding; the last of all being Blue Gown, who walked in, having been judiciously eased when pursuit was hopeless. Time as taken by *Benson's Cronograph*, 4 min. 12¼ sec. Nett value of the stakes, £1,490.

The Newmarket October Meeting.

THE CESAREWITCH WINNER AND HIS OWNER—A TRAINER IN TROUBLE—EXPULSION OF A MEMBER OF TATTERSALLS FROM THE CLUB—SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY AND THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE—DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED STALLION NEWMINSTER.

Elsewhere will be found a full report of the race for the Cesarewitch stakes at Newmarket. As we announced in last week's CLIPPER, this great autumn handicap was won by the three year old colt Cecil, by Plum Pudding (a son of Sweetmeat) out of Selina by DeClare, carrying 80lbs, and beating a field of twenty-six horses. Cecil is owned by Mr. Frederick Swindells, one of the cleverest and most successful trotting men on the English turf. "Lord Freddy," as he is familiarly called by his bookmaking associates of "the ring," has been for many years one of the largest and most influential betting commissioners on the turf, and was so thoroughly posted on the condition and doings of horses engaged in a great race, that whenever he opened fire against a favorite at Tattersalls or in the ring, its chance of winning was from that moment regarded as hopeless. He has been intimately connected with many of the most memorable racing *coups* of modern times, and especially in connection with this race—the Cesarewitch; for it was "Lord Freddy" who so successfully and shrewdly executed the betting commissions on the winners Catch-em-Alive, Dulcibella, Salpinctes, Weatherbound and others, when the money was "got on" so quietly that no suspicion was excited in the betting market, and from the long odds obtained against the different winners, varying from one hundred down to forty to one, an immense stake on each event was landed by the stable interested. By the victory of Cecil his owner and stable have thrown in for a tremendous stake, for he has been steadily but quietly backed for large sums at odds from 66 to 1, at which price he was first introduced into the market, down to 10 to 1; and when all the money was thus favorably invested and there was no longer any necessity for concealment, the fact of the horse having been tried so highly that he could not lose the race, was disclosed and the rush to back him was so great that he became first favorite, and his price at starting was only 5 to 1; thus affording splendid hedging for his original backers. As a two year old, Cecil last year won the Brighton Nursery Stakes, where, turned loose, he beat a very moderate field in a canter. Since that time, his real merits have been carefully concealed, for beyond carrying off a paltry £50 plate at an obscure meeting, he has never been started to win; thus effectually blinding the eyes of the veteran handicapper, Admiral Rous, as to his actual abilities as a racer. Many of the other horses, such as Blue Gown, Lady Raglan, Beeswing, Dalby, Nelusko, Warrington and Planet, have been backed to win this race for thousands of pounds, so that the bookmakers will probably not be such heavy sufferers after all. Blue Gown, the Derby winner, despite that he had to carry, as a three year old, the crushing weight of 123lbs., had a numerous and influential party of supporters, who fully anticipated seeing him repeat the performances of the victorious three year olds. Faugh a Ballagh, who, carrying 112lbs., won it in 1844; The Parson, with 107lbs., in 1845; and Julius, with 112lbs., last year. They were, however, doomed to disappointment.

Tom Jennings, the trainer of Count La Grange's French stable, who prepared the renowned Gladiateur for all his engagements, has recently got himself into trouble at Newmarket. It appears that Jennings has a strong antipathy to the class home-styled "touts," or horsewatchers, and meeting on the heath one of them, named Bray, in the employ of a racing nobleman, who bets very heavily on turf events, he accosted him with some offensive remarks, and the other responded in like terms. Jennings, who is a large, powerful man, weighing over 200lbs, at once rode up to the watcher, who only scales about 120lbs, and struck him heavily and repeatedly on the head with the butt end of his riding whip, smashing his hat, and injuring his skull to that extent that he now lies in a precarious condition. The affair is likely to terminate very unpleasantly for the passionate trainer of the French stable.

A scene recently occurred at the great betting rendezvous, the subscription club rooms at Tattersalls, which, notwithstanding the amount of business transacted, and the variety of conflicting interests, very rarely occurs there. It appears that a Mr. E. Heron Maxwell, a member of Tattersalls, had some outstanding disputed bet with another well known and respected member, Mr. John Gideon, who, it will be remembered, was a staunch friend and backer of the late English champion, Tom Sayers. Mr. Maxwell claimed that Mr. Gideon laid him £50 to £40 against Van Amburgh for the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood, last year. Mr. Gideon having no record of such bet, denied having made it, and as is the practice in such cases, the matter was referred to the Committee of Tattersalls. When the time for the hearing of the case came on, Mr. Gideon, who is known to have large and frequent transactions on the French turf, was absent at Fontainbleau, but had, meanwhile, forwarded his betting book to the Committee. The decision of that body was given recently, and was in favor of Mr. Maxwell. Immediately the decision was given Mr. Gideon paid the £50 to Mr. Maxwell, who immediately after assaulted Mr. Gideon in an outrageous manner, striking him on the face repeatedly and using the coarsest and most abusive language. The matter was at once brought before the committee, who were still sitting, and who were composed of Lord Vivian, Colonel Higgins, Colonel Forester and Mr. George Payne, all turfmen of acknowledged high position and influence, and they gave the following judgment:—That "in consequence of the grossly improper conduct of Mr. E. H. Maxwell in assaulting Mr. Gideon in the Subscription Room, they were of opinion that Mr. Maxwell was no longer a fit person to be a member of the room, and that he was thereby expelled."

The race next in importance to the Cesarewitch at the Newmarket Second October Meeting is that for the Middle Park Plate of 1,000 sovereigns, given by the eminent race horse breeder, Mr. Blenkiron, and to which is added a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 forfeit, for two year olds. This is the richest stake for two year olds on the English turf, and this year approached in value the Derby itself, being worth £4,500. There were one hundred and eighty subscribers and twenty-one starters, and the race was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's colt, Pero Gomez, by Beadsman, out of Salamanca, Scottish Queen being second, and Pretender third. Sir Joseph won this race last year with Green Sleeve, his second string, Rosicrucian, being only beaten a neck, while the favorite, Lady Elisabeth, was not even placed. Pero Gomez had never run before, but the stable knew him to be a clinker, for they had tried him highly, and backed him so strongly that he started at 3 to 1 only against him. Before the race Sir Joseph Hawley backed Pero Gomez for next year's Derby, to win him £50,000; most of the money having been got on at 30 to 1, he now has splendid hedging for that race. Mr. Merry's famous two year old Belladrum, who has been for some time first favorite, both for this race and the Derby, did not start, for, having a penalty of 10 lbs. extra to carry, his owner, in view of his many valuable engagements, thought it impolitic to run him.

Newminster, the famous stallion, died at Rawcliffe Paddocks on the 2d inst., in his 24th year. He was by Touchstone, out of the renowned mare Beeswing, and his greatest performance was his winning the St. Leger in 1851. As a sire his stock was unequalled for speed and stamina. He got two Derby winners, Musjid and Hermit, and one St. Leger winner, Lord Clifden.

Sporting Squibs.

— Which can raise the biggest ear of corn is being tried by Bath, Nicholas and Bourbon Counties, Ky. Nicholas has it so far, having one with 1,456 grains; Bath, 1,378; Bourbon, 1,124.

— A champion rat catcher is one of the *distingue* of Montreal, C. E.

— 'Osses are sold at Gipp's Land, Australia, at ten pence each. The Gipsies evidently have unparalleled equine-imity.

— A Parisian actress, M'lle Leonie Leblanc, is reported to have lost 30,000 francs at roulette, at Baden; and Prince George, of Prussia, to have won 60,000.

— The Russian Princess Gulitsen is a bold swimstress, and does her mile easily, accompanied by a black dog.

— Pool selling and single bets, involving large amounts, were numerous at the Astor House on the 13th, on the elections which took place on that day.

— A horse show took place at White Plains, N. Y., on the 14th and 15th inst.

— Duels appear to be getting in vogue again. One took place recently in Moiland; also one in Virginia, with cavalry sabres.

— A heavy weight died in Boston, recently, named Dr. F. F. Spring. He was 47 years old, and his avoirdupois was 550lbs.

— Veterinary surgeons are scarce, there being only one to every million of cattle; at least so says Prof. A. Large.

— Who will take up Fawcett's challenge for his stallion to race any other on this continent for from $5,000 to $10,000 a side?

— A singing match has recently taken place in Havre between 150 orpheonist societies, numbering, 6,000 singers. If it was for individual prizes it must have been difficult to decide who won them.

— A porcine quadruped has lately been born in Kentucky having three ears.

— A jackass of a fellow has been making dimes at fairs by letting people lift him by the ears at ten cents per trial, he giving a quarter if they succeeded.

— A large gray eagle has been flying around and over Lake Bombasine, Vermont. It has a bell around its neck.

— Seven years ago a pond near Lakeville, Mass., contained neither pickerel nor black bass. This season several tons of them have been taken from it.

— The Russian schoolboys have 255 holidays each year.

— A moose was captured at St. Mary's, N. S., recently, weighing 800lbs., with antlers spreading nine feet.

— Petrified crocodiles have been unearthed in Kansas 126 feet long.

— Two thousand specimens of Alaska birds are *en route* for the museums here. They have beautiful plumage.

— The premium for the best ten lbs. of butter at the New York State Fair at Parma was awarded to Miss Clark, only thirteen years old.

— The feminine anglers, the Countess of Sandwich, Lady Caroline Lennox, and Lady Florence Lennox, recently caught six salmon, the largest weighing 23lbs.

— Orson Coon, of Wells, Vt., who has been blind for a number of years, recently husked sixty-three and one-half bushels of corn in one day. He also threshed one hundred and twenty bushels of oats in three days.

— To get skates and sleighs and other winter fixings ready would seem to be in order, as we have already had snow and ice, the latter a quarter of an inch thick on the 18th.

— John Morrissey is reported to have won a large sum of money on the late Pennsylvania election.

POPPING FOR A SLUG.—A pigeon shooting contest for a fifty dollar "slug," at twenty birds each, twenty-one yards rise, was shot at the Seventeen Mile House, Cal., on August 30th, ten dollars entrance. There were seven contestants, Perkins winning by killing nineteen out of the twenty.

AQUATICS.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE

FOR THE

FOUR-OARED CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA AND $3,000.

All the Money Now Posted.

A REGATTA TO TAKE PLACE ON THE SAME DAY.

On Wednesday afternoon, 21st inst., the celebrated American four-oared crew, composed of Josh, Hank, Charley and Gil Ward, now the recognised champions of the country, are to encounter the acknowledged leading quartet of the British provinces, R. Fulton, E. E. Ross, Sam'l Hutton and George Price—who obtained such a brilliant reputation, and gained for themselves the title of "The Paris Crew" by their victories over opposing crack English and French crews on the Seine during the Exposition of last year—in a six mile race at Springfield, Mass., for the championship and three thousand dollars in green paper. It has long been the one great desire of the aquatic public to see these representative crews opposed to each other, as was manifest from the strenuous exertions made at various times during last and the present season to bring about a match between them, and, as a natural consequence, the engagement now so close upon consummation has given rise to intense interest in boating circles throughout the States and Provinces—an interest which manifests itself in the eagerness with which the match is discussed, the slightest information regarding the men and their preliminary performances devoured, and the heavy monetary speculation already indulged in in regard to the result. This wide-spread interest is likewise partaken of by our sport-loving cousins beyond the Atlantic, who are conversant with the record of each crew, and have had their attention drawn to the present match very closely by the possibility of the victorious crew being matched against a picked four from Albion's Isle. The signs of the times warrant the assertion that a gathering of the admirers of rowing pastimes far in excess of that which ever previously lined the course at Springfield will assemble there on Wednesday, delegations from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Newburgh, Pittsburgh, Portland and the various towns throughout the New England States, going to swell the population of the firearm manufacturing district.

Both crews repaired to the scene of the contest last week, the Wards arriving there, in company with Tim Donohue, of Newburgh, and McIntyre, of Cornwall, at 5 o'clock P. M. on the 13th instant, having with them their shell, in which they pulled down stream to the residence of Mr. Goldthwaite, on the brow of the hill skirting the Longmeadow road, the same place where they were quartered last year. We understand they have had a new bottom placed on their boat, practising meanwhile in the James M. Thompson, loaned them by a local club. The St. John's men arrived the day following, and, after taking dinner at the Massasoit House, proceeded to their headquarters at the residence of Charles White, West Springfield. They brought with them a shell in which to practice, but intend rowing in a new boat, built expressly for them by Charles Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I., whose reputation as a constructor of racing craft is a sufficient guarantee of the first class character of the boat in which they will pull for the enviable position at issue. Impressed with the importance of the struggle the contestants have labored hard and assiduously to attain to the very acme of condition, and from the reports which reach us we are convinced that they have succeeded, or will succeed, in their endeavor.

The meet for tabling the final instalment of five hundred dollars a side and selecting a referee was held at the CLIPPER office on Saturday morning, 17th inst., when the money was promptly forthcoming, Sheriff Harden, of St. John, posting for the provincial crew, and Charley Moore depositing the requisite amount on behalf of the Wards. There was an extensive gathering of sporting men to watch the proceedings, among whom were Ed. Fitzgerald, Chas. A. Peverelly, Cal. Letterman, Henry Munn, Jas. McCloud, Alderman Elliott, John Biglin, Jack Eckerson, Donohue, and half a dozen others, including several gentlemen from New Brunswick, whose names we did not learn. After the ceremony of posting had been gone through with, the most interesting feature of the meeting was taken up, Elliott and the gentleman who staked the money for the strangers acting as their spokesmen, while Moore and Fitzgerald looked after the interests of the Cornwallians. Captain John T. Gardner, Harbor Master of Boston, was named by the sheriff, but was objected to by the opposite side upon the ground that he was personally unknown to them. They, in turn, presented the name of Stephen Roberts, but he proved equally objectionable to the other side, who also refused the proposition, made after considerable discussion had taken place, to decide by the toss of a cent which of the gentlemen mentioned should be selected to fill the responsible office. William Blakie, of Boston, was then suggested as a proper person, but while nobody denied his competency to act in a position which he has so often filled satisfactorily, other reasons were advanced by the Ward representatives for his rejection. Robert Culkin, a prominent resident of the metropolis, was then named by Moore, but was not approved of by the St. John's man, who also refused to accept a New Yorker, intimating that no one would be agreed upon who resided in this section, saying that they were confident the New York party would not accept anybody who came from New Brunswick. To this Fitzgerald responded that he would be willing to take any one in St. John with whom he was acquainted, and who he believed had no money bet on the race, and mentioned Mr. Craft. Mr. Elliott, in behalf of the St. John men, proposed the editor of the CLIPPER for referee, to which Mr. Moore, for the Wards, readily agreed, but Mr. Queen declined the office, and Mr. Moore then named Jimmy Hamill, but he was also rejected. A prolonged argument ensued, in which Fitzgerald and Biglin figured prominently, and which resulted in their coming no nearer to an agreement than before.

Finally, after an hour and a half had been cut to waste and another offer to toss, made by Moore, had been declined, as also a proposal on the part of the St. Johners to leave the selection to the Springfield club, Elliott proposed to hold a second meeting and choose a referee at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 20th inst., at the Massasoit House, Springfield, which Charley reluctantly agreed to, and the crowd adjourned. There is, we think, no doubt of the selection being made at the time stated, and it is probably quite as well that he was not chosen on Saturday, as it will prevent the suspicion of his having been subjected to "influence" by the winning party, should any nice questions arise for him to decide upon. The citizens of Springfield have, we understand, made arrangements for a regatta, consisting of a wherry and a four-oared race, to take place upon the same day, which will add to the interest of the occasion. Mekeel will be on hand, and it is not improbable that an off hand match may be made between him and Brown, as we are informed his backers are willing to put up on him in a race for a purse with the Portlander. If the latter is agreeable a good race may be made up, as a snug sum could, we think, be raised, for the sake of sport in this direction. Let it be made, by all means. The "What Cheer" crew, of Boston, is expected to participate with the Union Club, of Springfield, in the four-oared race.

The speculation upon the event is about on even terms, though some of the more enthusiastic partisans of either crew offer slight odds upon their favorites. Of course the Wards have the call here, as their opponents have in the provinces and the extreme eastern section of the country. It is admitted by all that a very tight race will take place, providing both crews are well, as there is no reason to doubt but that they will be. We hear reports of wonderful time said to have been made by the St. John men lately, and if they are correct it is an assured fact that the Wards will have to pull harder than they ever before did to carry away the palm; if they do so they may well be looked upon as nigh invincible. We hope that the race will prove a true test of the relative prowess of the oarsmen and not be open to the slightest suspicion of foul dealing. The local races have been gotten up through the exertions of John O'Neil, a well known oarsman of Springfield. The four oared race for $100, open to all, will precede the event of the day, and the scull race, which is for a purse of $50, will follow the six miler.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—Henry Kelley and James Renforth had, at last advices, staked £50 a side for their match for the championship of the Thames and £200 a side, on Tuesday, Nov. 17, and were to put down a further sum of £50 a side on Friday, Oct. 23. Kelley is fast getting off his superfluous flesh, and his doings are eagerly watched from the towing path every day, while Renforth on his part is the cynosure of curious eyes on the Tyne, where he takes his practice under the care of James Taylor. Both men are reported well and very confident.

In reply to Sadler's challenge, Kelley has drawn up articles which he and Mr. Bush have signed, to row from Putney to Mortlake, for £200 a side, on Tuesday, Dec. 1, the referee to be the starter, and two boats to be moored. As Kelley has thus promptly replied to Sadler's cartel, it was expected that the latter would lose no time in completing the necessary arrangements for the match.

HARVARD SCRATCH RACE.—The second race of the present season between scratch four-oared crews of Harvard College took place over the Charles river course, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, 10th inst. Three boats contested, as follows:—Captain Jinks—W. H. Simmons (stroke), T. Parsons, G. I. Jones, W. S. Whitwell, R. M. Lawrence, H. M. Howe (bow); designating mark, ace of spades. Jibbenainosay—R. C. Watson (stroke), G. Willis, H. W. Putnam, G. Bass, F. O. Lyman, E. M. Low (bow); designating mark, ace of clubs. Kerfoozelum—McBirney (stroke), J. L. Silsbee, S. W. Rice, W. M. Sargeant, H. Richards, N. G. Read (bow); designating color, ace of diamonds. The prizes were two setts of pewter cups, which were awarded to the two first named crews. No reliable time given for the two miles rowed.

A BOLD CHALLENGE.—John W. Kniffen, of Yonkers, N. Y., publishes a card in which he states that he will back Thomas Fearon, the winner of the late three mile race, with Ed. Smith, to row three miles over the same course, water favorable, in twenty-two and a half minutes, within two weeks from signing; the match to be for $500 a side. As 22:27, made by Hamill, is the quickest time in which this distance has ever been pulled in this country, the *defi* is a bold one, indeed. Will Tom stand such a wager?

A RACE FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.—A sculler's match for £50 a side was decided on the Thames course, from Putney to Mortlake, on October 6th, between W. Biffen, of Hammersmith, and J. Griffiths, of Wandsworth. The former won after a close race up to the Dung Wharf, when Griffith, who had rowed himself out, stopped altogether

THE YONKERS COURSE.—It having been asserted that the one and a half mile point marked out by M. K. Cozzens for the Palisade and Vesper Boat Clubs, of Yonkers, is short, Mr. C. proposes to deposit $100 with the treasurer of the Palisade Club, to go to the benefit of the club if it prove incorrect. The party proposing to prove it too short to make a like deposit, either receiving back their money on a just decision being rendered in his favor.

ON A VISIT.—Robert C. Elliott, a well known aquatic sport of the City of Smoke, as likewise a prominent member of the fire department, is at present on a visit to the metropolis, combining pleasure with business.

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN TROUBLE.

John Allen, his wife, and five of his boarders, four of whom were women, were on Saturday, 17th, brought before Justice Dowling, at the Tombs Police Court, on the charge of Benjamin Swan, who averred that he slept in Allen's house on Friday night, and was robbed then and there of $15. He designated Margaret Ware as the thief, and she was committed. A complaint was then made by Capt. Thorne, of the Fourth Ward Police, against Allen, for keeping a disorderly house, whereupon the following conversation ensued:—

Justice Dowling—What have you to say, Allen?

Allen—Well, your honor, I have only to say that during the past six weeks prayer meetings have been held constantly in my house, and I have not used it for any other business.

Justice—What do you say to the charge of robbery against the woman?

Allen—I was not at home last night, and can say nothing about it. The Captain of Police does not want to have me into prison, I know, for I have always been good friends with him. Do you, Captain?

Captain—I have nothing to say about it.

Allen—I will promise not to have anything to do with political matters, if I am let go.

Justice—Do you mean to say that political matters have anything to do with this case?

Allen—I don't mean to say anything at all about that; I will promise not to have anything to do with politics if I am let go.

Justice—Do you mean to say that this charge is "put up?"

Allen—I don't say anything at all about it; but I tell you what, your honor, I will promise not to vote at all if I am let go. I will go and tell the Captain which way I am going to vote if I do.

Justice—Yes, go and tell him.

Allen—Only for the kindness of the police I never could have kept my place for so many years. They have always been my friends. (Laughter.)

Allen was then held in $300 bail to answer at the Special Sessions.

Daniel Creedon, a Water street lodging house keeper, became his bondsman.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.—A New Hampshire man told a story about a flock of rooks nine miles long, so thick that you could not see the sun through it. "Don't believe it," was the reply. "Wal," said the narrator, "you're a stranger, and I don't want to quarrel with you. So to please you I'll take off a quarter of a mile from the thinnest part."

PEDESTRIANISM.

BILL LANG CHALLENGES HARDING.

HE WILL RUN HIM ANY DISTANCE FROM HALF A MILE UPWARDS.

The statement in our last issue of the arrival of Wm. Lang alias the "Crowcatcher," the celebrated English pedestrian, who is credited with having run one mile, in a dead heat with Richards, in the unequalled time of 4 minutes 17¼ seconds, turns out to have been correct, though Richards did not accompany him. Since his arrival Lang has been sojourning at the Exchange Hotel, in Philadelphia, where his cups and belts have been on public exhibition, and where he has been visited by many of the sports of Quakerdom. As will be observed by the following challenge, he is desirous of trying the mettle of W. E. Harding, according to the terms proposed by the latter in the *defi* sent to England last spring, barring expenses, which are not required. The New Yorker has, 'tis true, announced his retirement, but nevertheless, for the honor of the country as well as his own reputation, the public will certainly expect him to come to terms with the British champion upon the reasonable conditions proposed in the subjoined card. The people of New York have never yet had the opportunity to witness a true test of Harding's reported wonderful powers of locomotion, and if he can make such time as has been stated he cannot offer a plausible excuse for joining issues with Lang, and thereby, *perhaps*, silence the grave doubts expressed concerning the reliability of the extraordinary time given for some of his races beyond the border:—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16, '68.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—Your announcement of my arrival by the City of Paris is correct, and not wishing to idle my time away I am prepared to make a match with Wm. E. Harding, who styles himself "Champion of America," and who issued a challenge to run me and allow me £100 for expenses while I was in England. As I am here I don't require any expenses, but wish to try the speed and endurance of the celebrated Champion of the United States, for his own sum, from one half mile upwards. A letter addressed to John Bradbury, Exchange Hotel, 114 Gothic street, this city, will find me. The race to take place a month from the first deposit. Yours, respectfully, WM. LANG, Champion of England.

SEVEN MILES BY TOPLEY.—The English long distance champion, George Topley, walked seven and one half miles inside the hour at Paterson, N. J., on the 12th inst., a meagre assemblage being present on the occasion. The time given for each mile was as follows:—

First	7:45	Fifth	7:46
Second	7:45	Sixth	7:48
Third	8:00	Seventh	7:40
Fourth	7:43	Half	3:35

CHAMPION ONE HUNDRED YARDS RACE.—We understand that E. D. Davis received a telegram from a gentleman residing in the west last week, offering to match the Plow Boy, of California, to run him a 125 yards race in Missouri, for $1,000. The New Yorker in response stated that he would agree to run in the west, providing the match was made for $2,000, or he would run in the neighborhood of the metropolis for $1,000.

Davis called at our office just before going to press, and showed us a telegram received from his backer in Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 19th inst., stating that $500 forfeit was posted for a match at said distance, for $1,000 a side, to take place in the west. No time was mentioned in the dispatch, but Davis informs us that it will be decided about five weeks from date.

LANG AND YOUNG DEERFOOT MATCHED.—Bill Lang, the recently arrived English pedestrian, has been matched to run a three mile race, for $500 a side, 'tis said, with Tom McNeeley, *alias* "Deerfoot," of Philadelphia. Both peds are in training for the event, which from the reputation gained by Lang on the other side, will be invested with much interest.

TEN MILE RACE IN SCOTLAND.—On the 3d inst., the Stonefield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, were visited by from 700 to 800 spectators, to witness a race of ten miles between those well known long distance Scottish peds, Park, of Glasgow, and Turner, of Holytown. The terms of the match were, Park to allow Turner 200 yards in ten miles, for £20 aside. On the word being given, both men started off, Turner completing the first mile in 4 min. 38 sec., and Park in 5 min. 7¼ sec. The Holytown man kept his distance in front through the first two miles, but, in the course of the third, Park made considerable headway, and at the close he had lessened the gap to some eighty yards. At the end of the sixth mile no more than forty yards separated the men, and this was gradually lessened by Park, until, when some seven miles and three-quarters of the journey had been completed, he headed his opponent opposite Stonefield Hotel. This advantage Turner, however, was not long in disputing, having, when the pair came into the front stretch of the course, once more taken the foremost place, and leading, when the lap was completed, by some five yards. During the next half mile, the men passed and repassed each other repeatedly, but in the thirty-fourth lap, Turner, who had been for some time in difficulties, stopped and allowed Park to finish alone, he making the distance in 56 minutes 19¼ seconds.

MICKEY FREE'S FINAL PROPOSITION.—The irrepressible pedalist, Mickey Free, visited our office one day last week, and desired us to proclaim to the public at large that he is ready to make a match to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, with Golden, Miles, Furguson, of Albany, or any man in the United States, for one thousand dollars; to walk on the meadows of Jersey City. He says he will find lumber, and pay for enclosing the ground. This is Mickey's last challenge, after being a pedestrian for the last thirty years. Mickey can be found at the *Journal* office, Jersey City, at any time.

MOSES WESLEY, of North Adams, Mass., is accredited with walking twenty-five miles, on the 10th inst., on the Hoosic Valley Fair grounds, in 4 hours and 27 minutes, the wager being that he could not accomplish said distance in four hours and a half.

CRICKET.

INDIANAPOLIS vs. UNION.

The Union Club, of Cincinnati, made a trip to Indianapolis on Saturday, the 3d, and played the club there. They were minus the services of four or five of the eleven, who were absent with the Cincinnati base ball club on its tour. Notwithstanding, they won without the loss of a wicket in the second innings, Winslow and Kemper, two of the most reliable bats in the club, making the required 19, and a few more for good measure. Kemper did some fine bowling for a "colt," Harry Wright and How, the regular bowlers being absent. Winslow batted finely for 60 in the first innings, while Weaver and Cartwright, on the Hoosier side, also distinguished themselves at the willow. We add the score:—

INDIANAPOLIS.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Dean b Kemper	0	c Crooks b Wheeldon	3
Weaver b Kemper	11	c Crooks b Wheeldon	4
McGaw b Kemper	2	b Kemper	0
Cartwright b Wheeldon	2	c Crooks b Wheeldon	16
Sproul c H. Harvey b Wheeldon	3	c Kemper b Harvey	32
Stirk b Kemper	0	b Kemper	7
Smith c Kemper b Wheeldon	0	b Kemper	7
Rogers l b w, b Wheeldon	0	b Wheeldon	11
Garratt b Kemper	1	not out	4
Thompson run out	6	run out	0
McVey not out	0	b Kemper	0
Byes	5	Byes, 10; leg byes, 3; wides, 3	16
Total	25	Total	100

UNION.—First Innings.

Winslow b McGaw	60	Ellard c Weaver b Dean	1
Wheeldon b McGaw	1	Packham not out	6
Storer b Sproul	6	H. Harvey b Dean	0
Kemper c and b Dean	10	Byes, 3; wides, 3	6
S. Harvey c McGraw b Weaver	3		
Crooks b McGraw	12		
Grant b Dean	1	Total	106

Umpires—Messrs. Pierson and Leavitt.

In the second innings the Union scored—Winslow not out, 12; Kemper not out, 11—total, 23.

CRICKET AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

The officers of the 2d U. S. Infantry, stationed at Louisville, Ky., after a few weeks' practice, played their first match against the Kentucky Cricket Club on the 9th inst., with the following result:—

KENTUCKY CLUB.—First Innings.

Cood b Taylor	9	J. T. Allen c and b Taylor	17
Sheratan l b w, b Taylor	58	Butler b Taylor	0
Pearson b Boyle	1	Sues b Boyle	0
Ives b Taylor	21	Huntoon b Taylor	7
Truman not out	3	Byes, 13; leg byes, 2; wide, 1	16
Goddard b Boyle	1		
Kaye c Burke b Taylor	1	Total	134

SECOND INFANTRY CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Boyle c Baker b Sheratan	1	l b w, b Sheridan	1
Woodruff b Cood	0	b Cood	6
Taylor not out	7	b Sheratan	8
Maize b Sheratan	0	b Sheratan	0
Fenwick c Goddard b Cood	1	c Butler b Cood	3
Long c Goddard b Sheratan	0	b Cood	0
Mitchell c Butler b Cood	0	not out	0
Dunton b Sheratan	7	b Sheratan	0
Burke b Sheratan	0	b Cood	0
Graves run out	2	l b w, b Cood	1
Badger b Sheratan	1	c Goddard b Cood	1
Bye, 1; leg byes, 7; wide, 1	9	Leg byes, 4; wides, 3	7
Total	28	Total	27

THE LAST MATCH OF THE PROFESSIONALS.

The English professionals made their final appearance last week, their opponents being a selected Twenty-two of English and American cricketers. The match came off on the St. George Ground, and although the attractions of a fine band of music were added, the attendance was limited to a few hundred spectators on each day. Play was commenced on the 13th with the Twenty-two at the bat. They were disposed of for 70, George Wright's 12 being the only double figures. On the 14th it rained, but in the afternoon the Eleven commenced their innings. But little progress was made, however, the ground being dead and the ball slippery. The Eleven resumed play on the 15th, and concluded their innings for the totals of 143. On the 16th a scrub game of base ball was arranged between nine of the Eleven and a nine selected from St. George and captained by George Wright. After a game of five innings the Englishmen came out ahead, scoring 17 to 10. The following is a summary of the cricket match, by which it will be seen that the Eleven were successful in one innings:—

TWENTY-TWO.

Sorley c Freeman b Willsher	1	Hudson b Willsher	0
Cashman run out	3	Cadwallader c Griffiths b Freeman	1
Rogerson c Willsher b Freeman	0	Lee run out	9
Mortimer c Shaw b Willsher	3	C. Newhall b Willsher	0
Hammond b Willsher	1	Earnshaw run out	4
Gibbes b Willsher	0	Bowman b Freeman	0
Pearson b Willsher	1	Morrison not out	9
D. Newhall c Griffiths b Freeman	9	Braucker b Freeman	1
Baird b Willsher	1	Post b Willsher	1
G. Wright c Willsher b Freeman	12	Cross absent	0
Eastwood b Willsher	3	Byes, 10; leg bye, 1	11
Byron c Griffiths b Willsher	0	Total	70

ELEVEN.

Jupp c G. Wright b Norley	2	Griffith c Eastwood b C. Newhall	15
Charlwood c D. Newhall b Norley	4	Pooley c Norley	0
Rowbotham b C. Newhall	8	Tarrant b Norley	33
Lillywhite b Norley	8	Shaw not out	15
Freeman b G. Wright	13	Byes, 12; leg bye, 1; wides, 4	17
Willsher b G. Wright	6		
Smith b Norley	32	Total	143

Umpires—Messrs. Higham and Humphrey. Scorers—Messrs. Ludlow and Sayre.

CRICKET IN MONTREAL, C. E.—A match was played there on Oct. 9th between the Montreal and St. Johns and Waterloo clubs, which the latter won by nine wickets. Grand total of runs, 78 and 79.

BENEFIT OF NORLEY AND WRIGHT.—The 22d and 23d have been set apart for a benefit at the St. George Ground, Hudson City, to the veteran Sam Wright and Fred. Norley, the well known professional. To add interest to the affair, the twelve English professionals will take part in the match, six on a side.

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.—An amusing incident occurred the other evening, which is worth relating, as it is too good to be lost. The New York Athletic Club held a meeting on Wednesday evening, 15th inst., at the Knickerbocker Cottage, on Sixth avenue. After the meeting had adjourned, and the members were about retiring, a well known itinerant magician came in and requested the boys to remain and witness his performances. After he had gone through a variety of excellent tricks, and had shown some feats of strength, he offered to bet drinks for the party that he had the largest arm in the crowd, at the same time rolling up his shirt sleeve, and bending his arm till the biceps were pretty well extended. The bet, of course, was immediately accepted, and the Frenchman requested to feel of Dave Dorrian's arm, then Van Wyck's, Russell's, Curtis' and Beaumeyer's. When he got as far as the latter he expressed himself satisfied, acknowledging that he had been deceived by appearances for once in his life, and taking up his hat, took his departure, leaving the boys highly amused at his astonishment.

THERE have been *potato* riots in Ireland and *Murphy* riots in England. The same remedy has been applied in each case—*peelers* have been sent for.

"RING THE BELL SOFTLY."

It is well known that the late Adah Isaacs Menken was a poetess as well as an ardent lover of poetry. She was also a good singer, although this accomplishment was one which she seldom indulged in when in public. An intimate friend of hers in America sent her the popular songs as they appeared in this country, and, among them, the touching ballad of "Ring the Bell Softly." In acknowledging the receipt of the latter, she wrote:—"How inexpressibly beautiful is the sentiment of this song, and what an eloquent simplicity of language! It embodies the religion of life and death. I have wept over it again and again, and never has a poem touched my heart-strings more deeply." Poor Adah! How well the lines apply to your own passing away to the Summer Land. The following are the lines of the song. They were written by Dexter Smith, of Boston:—

"Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright, golden shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

"Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light.
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,
Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!

"Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest—
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!
Ring the bell *softly*, there's crape on the door!"

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 27.—Kentucky Hall.

There was, probably, no section of the city which a few years since contained in proportion to the density of its population fewer public houses than the Ninth Ward. Possibly this phenomenon could be partially accounted for from the fact that a vast majority of the inhabitants were native born, and consequently inherited a goodly share of that puritanical prejudice which forbid a man making an exhibition of himself at a tavern unless under mitigating circumstances and within prescribed hours. Not that the descendants of the Puritans or the ancient Knickerbockers were confirmed disciples of the teetotal society, or any other anti-liquor movement, for there never were races of beings more given to good drinks and plenty of it, than our forefathers of both Yankee and Hollandish origin. In fact, a teetotaller half a century back would have been regarded as a veritable curiosity, for hospitality was then the characteristic of our society, and hospitality carried with it the demolition of a potion of pure Jamaica, of a tankard of ale, or at the least of a glass of some rare imported wine.

The cardinal ornament of the domicile of a well to do family, within my memory, was certain to be an elaborately carved mahogany side board, which invariably occupied the more prominent place in the dining room or parlor. It was at least six feet in length and near upon five in height, divided at the bottom in sixteen partitions, and garnished with deep drawers, into the recesses of which were deposited the square case bottles, ornamented on the top with gilt filigree work, containing choice Scheidam, Dantzic brandy or other wholesome beverages, which our immediate progenitors never failed to keep well filled for their own accommodation and that of their neighbors or visitors. On the top of the side board, stood, marshalled in military array, numerous pot bellied decanters, bearing around their necks silver labels inscribed with the name of their respective contents, and in their front was arrayed the collection of household drinking ware, ornamented punch bowls, massive metal tankards, cut glass tumblers and other vessels designed to hold, in greater or lesser quantities, liquids for the extinction of thirst in human bipeds.

Let no man believe that all this expensive paraphernalia was intended for show, merely—quite the reverse; in those practical days show was a secondary object in household decoration. It was designed for daily use and used strictly in accordance with its design. No visitor was allowed to depart from the threshold of a New York mansion, however short the duration of the visit, without having partaken of refreshments, and to refuse the proffered entertainment was regarded as an insult to the generous host. And if it occurred near meal-time an extra plate was ever at the service of the stranger or the wayfarer, even if he should be personally unknown. No porter delivered a parcel, or errand boy a message, no mechanic did a stroke of work without receiving, as a gratuity, a well filled mug of foaming beer. And then in the evening, when the burghers sat on the broad wooden benches, erected beneath the portico in front of the house's entrance, discussing politics and the affairs of the nation amid puffs of smoke emitted from pipes with stems a yard in length, the congregation of wiseacres could not break up without disposing of at least a couple of jorums of spiced rum. It mattered little if the master of the household was absent, the same hospitable routine was observed by the housewife, from whose hands came the bowl, and to whose especial care was committed the honors of the domicile and the observance of usages, now unhappily extinct.

The Old Ninth, a quiet, tranquil ward, particularly devoted to church worship, concomitant prayer meetings and singing school arrangements, however, boasted a sufficiency of public houses for the convenience of those of the population, who, from inclination or habit, had courage adequate to brave popular opinion, which, be it known, regarded with no favorable eye non-attendant church members and visitors at public places of amusement—bar-rooms especially. As for theatricals and such-like sinful entertainments, the great mass of Ninth Warders, fallen beneath the influence of the Bedford Street Methodist Church, with its love feasts and spasmodic revivals, whose shadow expanded like that of an immense umbrella over the entire expanse of the Village, they were held in utter abhorrence, and so strong was the sentiment that no adventurous manager, save of a strolling band of minstrels, has ever ventured to pitch his camp within those consecrated limits. There were some five or six public houses of a good repute and magnitude scattered through the Ninth, and as is the case in every part of the world each found a distinctive class of patrons, for, as we all know, "birds of a feather congregate together." There was, moreover, the "Subterranean" class of taverns, frequented mainly by roughs, volunteer firemen, butcher boys and a casual public, but these, regarded as mere drinking shops without any distinctive character, do not come beneath my notice. The chief hotel of the Ninth had been the "Northern Exchange," long the headquarters of the Whig party, located on the Oakley property in Bleecker street, which for a time flourished while Charley Oakley, an extensive landed proprietor, contributed pecuniary assistance to it and to the party to whose interests it had been devoted. But as the political notions of this party were held in no great esteem by the Ninth Warders, the Exchange fluctuated in fortune until, as a final resort, it was placed in charge of Bill Poole, who changed its title to the Bleecker Street House, and there organized his "Lundy's Lane Club," designed to forward the election of Gen. Scott. A powerful rival springing up in the "Adriatic," newly established by Wally Mason, recently returned from California, the sports and fast men who usually hung around the Exchange, transferred themselves bodily to the new establishment, whose elaborate decorations and convenient conversation chambers presented far greater attractions for the festive crowd than the gloomy and antiquated halls of the ancient hostelry, whose glory like that of the party patronizing it was decidedly on the wane.

"Kentucky Hall" was decidedly the popular resort of the Old Ninth, as well on account of its location—in Perry street, but a few doors from Hudson—as of the somewhat eccentric character of mine host, who superintended it. Ike Smith—as he was generally styled by his patrons, ex-Alderman Isaac B. Smith as he was known to the mass of the neighborhood and the generality of the public reading Sunday journals—was in fact somewhat of a notability after a peculiar fashion. Personally, he was a good-natured, humorsome individual, who had contrived to gain a fair amount of notoriety upon a very small amount of intellectual capital, for Ike was a shrewd, cunning and diplomatic observer of human weakness, and, having but one purpose before his eyes—that of advancing his individual interests—he cultivated the arts of cajolery to be used towards his superiors, and of domination to be employed towards those he conceived to be his inferiors. He was a splendid type of the ward politician of that period, when the mysteries of caucuses, of nominating conventions, of primary elections, were not understood by the masses operated upon by the wily strategems of party wire-pullers. And it was through exercise of his talents in this line that Isaac B., having an excusable preference for his individual exaltation, wormed himself into the position of assistant Alderman, and thereby laid the corner stone of his future greatness, for he lived upon his title of courtesy ever after, conscientiously dropping the word assistant.

The ex-Alderman boasted likewise a literary reputation; not that he—like titular editors of popular weeklies—ever concocted a dozen paragraphs in ordinary English, but then his name and title appeared at the end of several communications, published in the newspapers, which the true author, for reasons best known to himself, thought proper to repudiate. Although these articles created a sensation, the ex-Alderman was not as successful as my friend, the Hon. Nicholas Seagrist, the "Sage of Bloomingdale," in reaping a political advancement on the strength of his literary abilities. Nick, as the Honorable Seagrist is universally designated, had been selected by a political writer of experience as the father of his published opinions, and possessing a virtue the ex-Alderman discarded, that of keeping his mouth shut, impressed his neighbors with a belief in his being the veritable originator of the opinions attributed to him to such a degree that he was successively raised from a private citizen to an aldermancy, and from that dignity to a seat in the Assembly, in which legislative body Nick won imperishable laurels by preserving his discreet taciturnity during one of its longest and most stormy sessions.

Kentucky Hall, under Smith's administration, was the relic of an old country mansion, whose ample rooms had been transformed into billiard, drinking and dancing saloons of ample dimensions. Originally designed for assemblages of the Clay adherents, it had imperceptibly grown to be the rendezvous of politicians of both parties, but of Democratic partisans chiefly; consequently the hall became a resort of notabilities seeking to divine the everchanging current of local politics, for beneath the wily ex-Alderman's sagacious sway all was fish coming to his net.

The habitual visitors to Ike's hostelry embraced men of all ages and of divers positions in social life, for there you could jostle against the fat and pompous land proprietor, the subservient office seeker, the sturdy master mechanic, the gentleman of leisure and the fast young man scare out of his teens. During periods of an exciting canvass other worthies dropped in either to fraternize with the leaders of the Democracy who, in deference to the ex-Alderman's presumptive knowledge of the ropes, had selected his house as a place of especial congregation, or to seek to influence the few straggling voters necessary to turn the scale in a contested election. Upon these occasions the bar-room of Ike assumed the peculiarities of a miniature Babel, with wrangling, discussions and debates of every description, and it was only after the election of some of the crowd by the more sturdy of the regular patrons that peace and order was restored and the old hall assumed its ordinary features.

There were casual guests whose appearance was welcomed with undisguised satisfaction by the coterie claiming the hall almost as their individual property. Strange as it may seem the more prominent among these were Bill Harrington, esteemed by the New Yorkers as a rough of the first water. Although accustomed to travel on his muscle and generally accompanied by one or two mates of a similar description, Harrington was personally an inoffensive man, whose errors originated in an overweaning desire to create mirth, even if accomplished by violent means. His indiscretions were those of his class, who, taking advantage of the defenceless condition of the city, as regards police rule, indulged in acts of violence and riot and went unpunished simply because the victims of their outrages were held in subjection through fear of retaliatory measures from men tolerated through perversion of general sentiment. At that time New York boasted certain seasons of riotous carnival, when indulgence in rough enjoyments were comparatively legitimatized. Sundry notions of skylarking and rude amusements had been borrowed from the example of some of the British aristocracy, who, under the guidance of the Marquis of Waterford, were accustomed to render night hideous in the great metropolis by violation of decorum and of the rights of property. With us, especially about Christmas time, we had the Calathumpians, who, in imitation of the Mohawks, proceeded in strong hands, producing discordant noises on all sorts of appropriated utensils, disfiguring building fronts, transposing sign boards, wrenching off knockers and doing other feats of a similar illegal and annoying character. Bill Harrington, a man of herculean stature, of coarse manners and of no education, and once a pugilist, naturally drifted into such a riotous career from lack of other amusement, yet personally he was decorous and law abiding—in fact, possessing a rude chivalry which counterbalanced in a measure the roughness and apparent maliciousness of his public demonstrations, and oftentimes tempted him to acts of disinterested charity.

Occasionally, but very rarely, Bill Poole would visit the hall; but, as we all know, no man is a prophet in his own country. Although Poole bore the reputation of a bruiser in other sections of the city, in the Ninth, with the exception of disorders on the riverside originating in private disputes, this somewhat celebrated character always deported himself unexceptionably. Possibly it was on account of his nativity in the region, but certain it is that, so far from being dreaded, he was personally popular with all classes; while the roughs, or under strata of society, bunkers in engine houses, or dwellers in unoccupied dwellings, regarded him in the light of a saint. It was on this account that Poole selected the Christopher street dock as the scene of his rough-and-tumble fight with Morrissey, who very unwisely accepted a challenge to place himself in the lion's mouth. The battle was a forgone conclusion from the moment that the location was determined, and our present Congressman has every reason to congratulate himself with having escaped from the *melee* with his life. Another cause for Poole's popularity was his undisguised adherence to Know-Nothingism, and the demonstration at his funeral partook more of a political than mourning character.

Then again would come among the denizens of the Hall that enigmatical eccentricity Mike Walsh, who would wile away evening after evening with narrating his personal adventures and practical jokes, related with that peculiar manner and ludicrous emphasis which he, and he only, could bestow. The abilities of Walsh have ever been underrated, for notwithstanding their habitual abuse to serve incomprehensible purposes, they could be recognized as of superior order. The life of Mike Walsh was thoroughly wasted; for, had he applied himself in mature years to the cultivation of his talents with the same assiduity with which he commenced his career, he might have been recognized as the American Cobbett, whom he greatly resembled in all salient points, literary as well as political; but as it was, Walsh, hypochondriacally regarding himself as friendless, houseless and homeless, gave himself up to excesses, which, unsuited to his personal eccentricities, destroyed the reputation as well as the ambition of the man.

The person who appeared to possess the greatest moral influence over Walsh—if I except George Steers, the eminent ship builder—was a master mechanic of the Ninth, Munson, surnamed "the boat builder," after the primitive manner with old New Yorkers, who invariably coupled a man's calling with his proper name. Under the influence of this individual, who was a tall, iron muscled man with a strange countenance, whose features appeared incapable of expressing internal emotions, Mike could be moulded as if made of potter's clay—a strange instance, in which the exercise of a latent moral force could accomplish that which was obstinately opposed when appealed to through reason. But Munson, although an obscure one, was a remarkable man, who, placed under other circumstances, would assuredly have shone to advantage.

One of the most notorious of the ex-alderman's patrons, whose appearance in the Hall was ever hailed by an honest outburst of exultation, was a genius by the name of Nelson Brewer, a butcher of the neighborhood, who had created himself master of the revels when any affair of conviviality or jollity was projected. With target companies he was an invaluable guest, with picnics an inseparable adjunct, and with moonlight excursions the very pith and marrow of the merry festival. Nelse displayed a disposition for frolic, ingenious and inventive, comporting exactly with the inclinations of the company, rude, it is true, to those of an excessively polite organization, yet withal hearty and mirth-provoking. It must be remembered that the girls of the Village, albeit they were in good standing in the Methodist Church, were not the prudish, artificial creations of modern fashion, but hale, hearty, round visaged, rosy cheeked lassies, who, when they went upon a pleasure party to vary the monotony of their daily toil—for most of the girls of that ilk were dressmakers, milliners, vestmakers or some sort of needle women—dived into the merits of the occasion with a hearty good will, without mincing matters, while they bordered upon propriety.

And there was Sherman Brownell, the patriarch of the Village, a hale, portly man of surprising demeanor, yet kind, affable and hearty, the very type of an old fashioned man of the people, without whose presence a base ball match—for we had base ball in those primitive days—or a target excursion would be a disagreeable blank. Mr. Brownell was a universal favorite wherever he appeared, as his repeated election to posts of honor emphatically demonstrated. He had been Register of the city, and died a Police Justice, whose decisions were tempered with equity instead of being construed according to the strict letter of the law—decisions emanating from the heart rather than the statute book—errors which originated in an unfeigned desire for clemency and reformation.

As every collection of people must have a butt, and the patrons of Kentucky Hall embraced numerous wags and humorists, there was one happily supplied them in the person of Counsellor Coles, a small sized, nervous, self-conceited lawyer of dubious practice, not very old, but prematurely grey. It was shrewdly suspected that the counsellor was in the main much less fool than knave, for the ludicrous figure he was oftentimes tempted to display by the wags of the village served to put money in his pocket by increasing the number of his clients, drawn mainly from the operative class, who, when in the turbid waters of the law, seized upon the first lawyer coming handy, as a drowning man catches at a straw. The counsellor was egotistical and ambitious, with a few more failings than ordinarily fall to the lot of common mortals; so, by tickling his vanity and feeding his ambition, the jokers of the Hall converted the counsellor into a temporary Mr. Merriman for their especial amusement. They caused him to run foot races in the depth of winter with imaginary opponents, to dispose of medicated liquors for the benefit of his health, and to accept nominations for which he had no chance.

Kentucky Hall will be remembered by the ancient denizens of the Ninth on account of the many uses to which the building had been temporarily devoted by its enterprising proprietor, who managed to reconcile contradictory elements to such a degree that few if any of the villagers have not at some time participated in entertainments generated within his fertile brain.

Although originally designed for the use of the Whigs, Kentucky Hall slipped into the occupation of the democracy, at least it was there, when, beneath the energetic influence of William D. Kennedy, the democracy regained an ascendancy over the Ninth, that the prominent clubs held their meetings. But Ike, who was a shrewd and practical philosopher, soon found that political organizations were unprofitable customers. They hired his rooms, and sneered at him when he demanded rent; they drank his liquors and smoked his segars, referring the bill to a standing committee, the members of which were invisible to his sight, and finally they left on his hands a brass band of angry Germans who refused to leave the premises until their bill for patriotic music had been duly settled—a threat which, if carried into effect, would have left the musicians stationary at that point up to this present date. Nevertheless this affront proved the culminating point with the ex-alderman's forbearance, so he washed his hands of the democracy and put his mansion to better and more profitable uses.

It was here that Parker established one of his branch dancing academies, wherein the juveniles of the village were duly instructed in the forms of the first position and the elder damsels in the mysteries of the quadrille; for Parker, being one of the oldest of the Terpsichorean school, regarded the waltz as an infidel creation, unworthy of Christian patronage. Hence in Kentucky Hall on Sunday afternoons the budding talent of the neighborhood was congregated to take incipient steps, to the sound of a solitary violin, while upon one or more evenings young ladies, with attendant cavaliers, assembled beneath Parker's surveillance to complete the polish of his instructive course. Then the rattle of a tambourine, joined with the notes of the fiddle, as Parker called out the figures of the dance, at the same time watching aberrations of the pedal extremities. Then the hall shone as a bower of beauty, while light feet and still lighter hearts shuffled over the chalked floors.

Who, whose memory can run thirty years back, does not remember Parker, the dancing master, and his three lovely daughters, christened, no not christened but named, after three of the heathen muses, belles whose praises have been rung in many an acrostic and sung in many a line of verse? Parker, the rival of Charraud, of Conway, of the immaculate Trust, now known to us as Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, of medicated soap celebrity, flourished at Tammany Hall, where, as preceptor of the art and master of ceremonies, he popularized dancing and invented quadrilles for the million. But Fortune, fickle dame, smiled but for a time on Parker's earnest endeavors, particularly after the god-children of the Muses had been carried off in matrimonial chains. New professors of the dance, with more complicated steps, usurped his position, until finally at Kentucky Hall he closed his career of pedal usefulness.

It was chiefly then upon target companies that the ex-Alderman turned his eye of business, and during the prevalence of the parading epidemic, which grew violent immediately anterior to election times, not a day passed without the spacious rooms of Kentucky Hall resounding to the tramp of armed men and shrill notes of fife and drum. Next to Brownell, who could present a prize better than Alderman Isaac B. Smith? There was a pathos in his tone, an eloquence in his voice, an earnestness in his style, especially when he shed tears, which touched the heart of the juvenile recipient, astounded as well by the brilliancy of his achievement as by the paternal solicitude his action had generated.

These target excursions doubtlessly originated in a desire for a day's amusement without the cost of joining a uniformed militia company. The Citizens' Guard, the oldest of them, being composed of exempt militiamen, was undoubtedly designed for that purpose, but subsequent organizations, preying on the vanity of individuals, and aspirations of politicians, found it pleasant as well as profitable to indulge in this martial propensity, as they found dupes enough to defray expenses and others to furnish prizes.

The jokers of Kentucky Hall devised a play, which for the moment effectually killed off volunteer guardsmen in that locality. They announced an excursion of the Townsmen's Guard, a purely democratic organization limited to a hundred members, who, upon paying a fee of fifty cents, would be entitled to come in any clothing they thought convenient, and compete for the prizes, the dinner and other rations being supplied gratuitously. In the bar-room of Kentucky Hall were displayed the prizes to be contended for: full three hundred pieces of silver ware, goblets, pitchers, castors, salvers and what not. The eminent politicians of the district were visited and solicited to contribute to this stupendous undertaking. All responded with amazing alacrity, as the elections were drawing near and the Townsmen threatened to be a power in the land. One contributed some hundred dollars to purchase a flag, another donated a fifty, and so on, until the coffers of the company were overflowing with contributed coin. A brace of stalwart darkies were hired to carry the prizes, secured by party colored ribbons to long poles, the better to be inspected by an admiring multitude. No better advertising media could have been devised, for with characteristic garrulity, the negro spread the news that for fifty cents each man could pocket at least three valuable prizes. This hint was sufficient and the roll filled up.

The day for parade arrived, and the Townsmen, headed by an immense band, departed for Hoboken, presenting a unique appearance, for they went forth in bob-tails, long tails, and even shirt sleeves. They shot for the prizes and dined heartily from off an excellent dinner. The hour for distribution of the prizes arrived, when lo! it was discovered that every bit of silver ware, as well as those in the secret, had taken flight back to the city. Here was a fix, augmented by the fact that the dinner remained unpaid for and the band obstreperous for their money. The Guardsmen took to a precipitate retreat, leaving the invited guests in pawn for their bills, and with this glorious ebullition of rage and threatened vengeance closed the target campaign at Kentucky Hall

HANDEL MADE EASY.—Whilst Dibdin was pedestrianising in Cornwall, he chanced to meet a village choir, going one Sunday morning from their own village to a neighboring parish, to assist their brethren of the pitch pipe in the performance of a "Roy-tory," as it was denominated by them, in honor of their new vicar. "My good friend," said Dibdin to the Violoncello, a thin, lanky tailor of the village of Trevery. "My good friend, whose composition do you sing?" "Handel, sir, of course—nothing like Handel," replied the owner of the big baritone, rather supereiliously. "Indeed," remarked Charles, "do you not find him rather difficult?" "Oh dear! no sir, not now—practice does much." "Yes," replied Dibdin, "practice does much, but knowledge more." "Why you see, sir," continued the violoncello, "we did find him rather hard at first, but you see we altered him."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF REASONS FOR GETTING MARRIED.—A man gets married from ambition, from blindness, from cunning, from devotion, from ebriety, from folly, from giddiness, from heroism, from idiocy, from jauntiness, from kindness, from love, from malice, from nonchalance, from obstinacy, from pigheadedness, from quarrelsomeness, from raggedness, from spite, from toadyism, from utilitarianism, from virtue, from want, from (unknown quantity) youth, from zanyism. There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a four-post bedstead, and of another man who got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale, and wanted a wife to give it to.

"LOST."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Going with the stranger—going in the night!
Looking like a spectre in the pale moonlight;
Crouching in the shadow of the garden wall,
Leaving all who love her—father, mother, all!

Past the trees which rustled softly in the wind,
Breathing sad reproaches to her guilty mind;
Past the curtained window of her mother's room,
With a dim foreshadowing of her coming doom.

When the voice which won her from her childhood's home,
And the hand that led her from its haunts to roam,
Both shall coldly spurn her—leaving her to die,
Or, worse, to live forever with maddening memory.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 24th. C. C.

ON POCKET-PICKING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DIOGENES.

The æsthetics of thiefdom! "Good heavens!" exclaims some exalted limb of humanity, "can there indeed be romance and idealism attached to such a nefarious pursuit?"

God, who is Judge of all of us, only knows, and society, which has declared war eternal against their pilfering brethren, never takes the pains to inquire whether there be truth in the rumor that there is a spice of poetry in a neatly picked pocket or a lyric in a gouty gold time piece subtracted from a patrician's fob. There is no doubt, however, that there must be, to its devotees, a fascination in their unlawful artisanism and a pleasure at its profits as deep, probably, as that experienced by a carpenter over a neat bit of wood work, or a blacksmith at a nag well shod. I shall not, however my feelings may prompt me, abuse this class, and will merely attribute their failings to that very common commodity—an easy conscience. This is a convenience too many of us are blessed with, and acts too often and too leniently as the conservator of our morals. And again, human nature is seldom strong, and I have yet to fall across the first human being whose conscience could not be quieted by the morphiate of an empty stomach. Ah, you! my silver plated friend, you who all serene have wandered through life with placid brow, whose greatest sorrow has been an overdose of pepper on your steak, and who deems a wakeful night with a bad tooth or a noisy child a foretaste of hell, whose sum total in his bank account stretches far away into the mist of figures, you so profuse in your abuse of everything naughty and so vindicative in the punishment of the unrighteous, on my faith I know ye, and a mighty small rub of bad fortune would relieve you of your shining coat and show the dull, worthless pewter beneath. So, neighbor, when you drivel and blurt at a practical proof of a brother's fall in the world, just try and console yourself with this reflection, that it is hunger not malice, gastric not choler, that stole your pocket book. It is a hard assertion to make, but still it contains an immense speck of truth; we want less preaching and more practical benevolence. When brawny men go begging for work with open hands, and know not where to turn their faces, it is hard charity to give them only a tract or a prayer, and that it is that sends them "on the town." But that's enough from the chaplain.

Your professional thief is indeed (apart from his "taking" ways) a model man. He is necessarily temperate, and yet seldom flashy in his dress; quiet in his demeanor and little given to wind jabbering, plucky through everything and true to his "moll." The fraternity is exceedingly well ordered in its workings, and a certain sense of honor, which is one of the sacred articles of their creed in its strict observance, acts greatly to the detriment of the constabulary.

There is a pickpocket I know by sight who engineers a gang on the Third avenue cars. He is very aristocratic in his appearance, dresses fashionably, has a complexion delicate as a girl's, and sports a diamond ring. I once lost a silver watch and I could almost make an oath that it was his "mob" that put me through. By knowing this individual I have watched the whole operation, and it is done thusly. Three of the gentry get on the car at certain intervals as if by perfect accident, and give not the slightest token of recognition. They surround the car doors and are soon reinforced by an individual dressed as a laborer and apparently under the influence of liquor. When a gentleman gets in the vehicle, they immediately, assisted by the surgings of their drunken (?) friend, place him in position; this accomplice must be an excellent actor and take in the situation at a glance, and with these qualifications he has little trouble of fixing the victim, who is fleeced with little difficulty by the light-fingered artists of the troupe.

This is the pride of the pocket picker's art, and it is really wonderful the amount of nice judgment with which they perform the operation. This, I assert, that if they ever get you into "position," no matter how sharp and clever you may deem yourself, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred *they cannot be detected*. I once thought I was smart and sharp as a steel trap, and moreover a nice young man for a tea party, but the time I lost my watch I was compelled to alter my "cognizance of my own qualifications," as it was taken from my fob, which was tightened by a heavy feed of bivalves, and was sheltered by my vest, coat and overcoat, which were all closely buttoned.

I afterwards saw a "mob" of some three or four at work on a car, late one evening. The platform was much crowded and I knew that there would be an outcry before the car got up town. The usual drunken man's place was taken by a nervous, fidgety boy, who probably had, like Oliver Twist, only attained an apprenticeship. There was a gentleman who got out, and I could almost swear they went through every pocket his clothing could boast. They then skirmished for an Irishman, who rather innocently asked the youth if he were troubled with the itch. After a sudden movement had been made, resembling a flash of lightning more than anything else I can think of, the boy went forward to the front of the car and the other gentry quietly dropped off. The conductor asked McGinnis for his fare, and after reconnoitering he swore that his pocket had been picked. He solaced himself with the remark that there wasn't much in them and scraped up a sixpence to satisfy the incredulous railroad man. I remarked to a gentleman that was beside me, that I had witnessed the whole operation, whereupon he expressed indignant surprise that I did not expose them. I referred this cavalier to the conductor, who informed him that these gentlemen were heavily armed, and in all probability my discretion was the better part of any valor that could be exhibited on the occasion, as these pickpockets make very decided objection to being exposed.

An old friend of mine, a member of Twelve engine that used to was in double three street, was very gallus in his sanguinary hued shirt and a woman hanging on his arm. He was once getting out of a car, when three "fakirs," smelling the heavy gold chain that traversed his broad bosom, immediately laid a "plant" for him. But T., who had been somewhere in his life, immediately thrust his bunch of pine knots in one of their faces, and exclaimed with a fireman's emphasis, "The first dirty see-ucker that handles that chain will get his two eyes shoved out at one poke." He passed through unmolested.

The following is vouched for by a friend of mine, who had ocular proof of the occurrence, and may be taken for what it is worth:—A lady once riding in a Broadway stage had the bad fortune to have her pocketbook taken from her pocket. The stage was well filled, and six persons were seated on each side, and all were apparently respectable people. On her right sat a quiet, demure lady, with her hands quietly resting in her lap, one holding a reticule and the other a handkerchief. So she could not have been the offender. Her other neighbor was a very nice looking gentleman, who was deep in the revelations of the afternoon paper. At once certain that she had been robbed, yet even in the flurry that her loss occasioned, she felt squeamish about accusing an innocent person. So she bided her time, and soon spying a policeman she hailed him, and decided to submit her case to him. He attended her summons, and as she told her story his eyes rested quietly on the methodistical lady. "She has got your pocketbook, madam," said the ace of clubs; "come out here, Kate." Kate obeyed, and the officer showed the passengers that the innocent looking hands that lay on her lap were mere "dummies," and served as an excellent mask, while her real digits were vigorously at work. The pocketbook was recovered, and, as the lady declined making a complaint, Madame Kate walked quietly away, much to the disgust of he of the locust.

Another lady not so cool, and inclined to be positive by nature, having missed her porte-monaie, openly proclaimed her loss in the public vehicle in which she happened to be riding. She was requested to state her suspicions by a gentleman. "I believe this man has got it," she replied, pointing to a very genteel looking individual who was sitting beside her, "and," she continued, "I would like to have him detained." A policeman was called, and, despite Monsieur's protestations, he was lugged to the station house and brought up for examination.

"Why, Mr. W——," exclaimed the captain of the blue coats, "how is this?"

"I am here," replied Mr. W., with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "on a charge of pocket picking."

"All a mistake," said the police captain, and the prisoner, who was a wealthy merchant residing on Murray Hill, was discharged from custody. He showed his appreciation of a good joke by telling the affair himself, and a piquancy was added to the relation by the fact that the lady had, to her great mortification, discovered her porte-monaie, tangled in the meshes of her lace shawl, when she returned home.

John Robinson, the circus man, was once relieved of some four thousand dollars by a light-fingered gentleman, who was doubtless satisfied with his day's work. Further than that, he surprised the "Yankee," who supposed himself proof against such a proceeding.

A lady (also in a "buss") having detected a youth taking her pocketbook from its receptacle, with considerable spirit seized hold of the offender; but he managed to break from her and run off. A gentleman, jumping up as the was about to make an outcry, exclaimed, "Madame, I admire your courage and am determined to see this thing through," started off in pursuit of the rogue. She made no further movement, and it was only when they jogged around the corner at a dog trot that she became aware that they were accomplices, and it was then too late to do anything more.

Crowds have a peculiar antipathy against pick pockets, and I have frequently seen them beaten almost to death at large public gatherings.

I have hardly a friend or acquaintance that has not been fleeced by these thieves, and some have suffered as often as four times. They are ubiquitous, and are to be found at the theatres, races, ball matches, political gatherings, but their great fields are the crowded omnibuses and horse cars. Some of them attain enormous wealth, and as a class they are exceedingly temperate in the use of liquor and tobacco. Their greatest vice is gambling, and much of their pilferings go literally "by the board."

As Simon Pure exponents of the art the New York operators beat all creation. In Paris they, of a necessity, do it fancifully, and are exceedingly dexterous in the use of fine steel hooks and magnets; but the Gothamites use only nature's tools, and it becomes with them a mere matter of digital dexterity.

Pocket picking is the rhyme of a prig's existence. A burglar must of necessity be coarse handed and a ruffian. The confidence man is got up in rude splendor to dazzle moral eyes, and often drops his respectability. The highwayman is a reproach to thiefcraft. But the pick-pocket is a gentleman in almost every essential—white handed, moustached and whiskered, well dressed and well deported, and at once the admiration of his brethren and sisters in crime. He operates the lightest, cleverest and best paying branch of the profession.

Let us hope, like true Christians, that the future humanity will not drive "on the town" men who are capable of doing so much. For I assert that the pick pocket is a genius, even though it be in a questionable way, and his calling requires not only temperance and freedom from bungling, but also refinement of disposition and a strict, constant application to business, which is necessary to keep in correct trim the lessons of a long apprenticeship.

"BREAKING THE BANK" AT BADEN-BADEN.—The Paris *Figaro* reports the success of a certain M. Edgar de la Charme, who for a number of days together, never left the gaming-room at Baden-Baden without carrying off the sum of twenty-four thousand francs. The *Figaro* gives the following account of the close of his campaign:—The day before yesterday M. de la Charme, reflecting that there must be an end even to the greatest run of luck, locked his portmanteau, paid his bill and took the road to the railway station, accompanied by some of his friends. On reaching the wicket he found it closed; there was still three-quarters of an hour to pass before the departure of the train. "I will go and play my parting game," he exclaimed, and turning to the coachman, bade him drive to the Kersaal. His friends surrounded him and held him back; he should not go; he would lose all his winnings. But he was resolute and soon reached the Casino, where his traveling dress caused a stir of satisfaction among the *croupiers*. He sat down at the *trente et quarante*, broke the bank in twenty minutes, got into his cab again, and, seeing the inspector of the tables walking to and fro under the arcade, he said to him in a tone of exquisite politeness, "I could not think of going away without leaving you my P. P. C."

IT WON'T WASH.—It is a great mistake to term the lower orders "the great unwashed." Ask the opinion of any member of the police force, and you will be surprised to hear how often he is shown, even by the poorest of the poor, a "clean pair of heels."

HOW PUNCH A LA NEW YORK DISAGREED WITH A COUNTRY STOMACH.

A TRUE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HAMILTON.

Some years ago, when I was compelled by business to spend some time in a country tavern in the backwoods part of the State, I saw a little affair of fists terminate much to my satisfaction.

There was a young fellow staying at the same tavern who had come west to shoot. A few days after my arrival, my landlord gave a ball. To it I went, not to dance, for my dancing days were over, but to look on, and to it, to dance, came the young New Yorker. He was as lightfooted as a deer, and, besides, wore "store clothes," so he speedily became the beau of the ball, and thereby excited the ire of the local Brummels.

They are a primitive people out that way, and have a primitive manner of disposing of what does not please them.

So the New York man was suddenly surprised by the approach of the biggest buck of the herd, who said, not blandly but authoritatively:—

"Look here, you—you must git out of here."

"Do *what*?"

"Git out of here, mighty quick too."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, if you *will* play so mighty darned green, it's just here. We aint going to have you cutting us out with our gals 'cause of your cussed store clothes and city shines, so you've got to git."

"*Oh!* that's it, is it?" said the stranger, all traces of puzzleization vanishing from his countenance, which immediately became remarkably cheerful. "You'll put me out if I don't go?"

"That's just what we will."

"All right! Now, just understand *this*. *You* think I'm alone. I've got *seven* good friends in this pocket, and I'll put a ball through any man that tries to 'doublebank' me as quick as I'd shoot a skunk."

And with that he marched up to the prettiest girl in the room, and was presently hugging her in a round dance.

The vigilance committee consulted. The man evidently meant what he said. There was no one to bell the cat. But their countenances suddenly cleared up at a suggestion made by some one, and they separated.

One man walked up to the stranger, and, laying his hand on his arm, said, "I arrest you in the name of the law." The New Yorker shook off his grasp, stepped quickly to the wall, put his back against it and his hand in his pocket, and then said:—

"Who are you?"

"I'm deputy sheriff of the county, and I arrest you for carrying concealed weapons."

"Call the landlord and don't come any nearer just yet, if you know what's wholesome."

I slipped out and called mine host:—"Landlord, is this man a deputy sheriff?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. So that cock won't fight, my friend. Think over some other dodge." And the twice victorious strode toward the women, while the vigilance committee could not but laugh at their discomfiture.

In a few minutes the young fellow came down into the barroom, where the landlord and I were alone.

"That big fellow's the bully about here, isn't he? I thought so. How does he fight—fair, or gouging and that style?"

"No, sir," said the landlord, proudly, "we don't gouge here. It's a stand up fair fight *we* does. If there's a clinch, as soon's a man's down there's a let up and begin agin. We 'bominate that southern scratchin', chawin', rough and tumble."

"That's all I want to know. Send for that long alligator."

When he came, the eastern fellow said:—

"I hear you're the best man hereabouts, and I want you to give me a damned good threshing, to teach me to leave a ballroom next time when I'm told."

The countryman, puzzled, growled out something about "that shootin' iron," but Young New York assured him that he meant legitimate business.

"Here, landlord," he said, "take that axe handle, and if you see me scratching or hair-pulling or gouging, just knock me on the head; and do the same to this gentleman if you catch him doing anything of the kind. Now then, call in your friends to see me licked, shuck yourself and stack your rags."

So saying, he took off his coat, vest and shirt, and fastened his handkerchief about his waist.

There were about twenty men present, and the door was locked to keep the battle from the women's knowledge, just as the men stood up.

Heenan and Coburn about illustrate the disparity of size between them; but the New Yorker stripped big, like Tom Sayers.

The countryman made a rush for the stranger without any guard, but his antagonist, throwing himself into an easy position, with what seemed to the bucolic spectators, merely a straightening out of his left arm, sent the bumpkin to "grass," which was represented by the bar-room floor, on which the bump of the head was very audible.

Thus terminated the first round.

The village champion took a little whiskey to nerve him, whereat New York smiled. Then he came at his antagonist wildly, got a clinch, put on the hug and down they went; but just as they were falling, the stranger made a quick movement, turned the countryman and fell heavily upon him, which ended the second round.

When the villager got his wind he put down his head and seemed to be going to butt the stranger through the wall. This position, however, gave a fine opportunity for a terrific upper cut, followed by a crusher on the right temple, and the discomfited rustic, turning round and round, fell against the counter with his head and then dropped heavily to the floor.

Either from fear or shock he was deaf to the call of time, and so the fight was ended.

Most of the lookers on had been whipped more or less by the vanquished gentleman, consequently they experienced exquisite though quiet satisfaction at his defeat, and the New Yorker became a hero, and would speedily have become an intoxicated one, if he had accepted all the invitations to libate that were thrust upon him.

"'Pears to me, stranger," said one man, "'pears to me that if I could handle my fists so well as you does, I wouldn't carry that there seven shooter."

"My dear fellow," laughed the city man, turning his pocket inside out, "*I had nothing there but the key of my room!*"

Altogether the whole affair was an admirable exhibition of the manner in which presence of mind and pluck will get a man out of a tight place, and also of the convenience of being posted in the noble art of self defence.

WAR SKETCHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE DECREPIT HERO.

"There was a Dutchman in our company, boys, and this Dutchman wanted a furlough. You see I waste no time, but come at once to the point. This is how he planned to work it; for furloughs were not granted without cause.

"He wrote to his sister at home, and asked her to invent some startling tale to show his officers, and convince them that it was necessary for him to go home.

"His sister in return, replied, suggesting that he might go and tell his captain that his grandmother was lying at the point of death, and that her last expressed wish was to see him before she finally collapsed. Be sure, of course, that she did not use this elegant language, which is purely my own.

"Now, unfortunately, Gottlieb (which will answer for his name), mistook the purport of the epistle, for the young man was by no means a genius, and his classics had been so far neglected that he had to get a companion to read and write his letters for him. He thought that his sister was informing him that his grandmother was dying.

"The poor fellow, who was a tender hearted cove, forthwith burst into tears, and came down to the company headquarters, letter in hand, and bitterly lamenting the demise of the old lady. The letter was handed to the captain to read, who, of course, instantly saw through the projected ruse, and laughing heartily at Gottlieb's error, bluntly ordered him back to duty.

"The misused German came back to quarters, shaking his head in great indignation, and when some of the boys attempted to console him, he said with intense emphasis and a little profanity:—

"'By dam! De next times mine grandmutter dies I goes home anyhow!'"

"Very good," said the hero's audience, approvingly; "Let's have another."

"This shall be of the thrilling description," the decrepit said, and went on.

"Prepare to have your young blood frozen and each particular hair to stand on end, like bristles on the porky swine! Do you know what a snake is?"

Of course we did; the question was very silly.

"And you've heard that some kinds are as big as walnut trees?"

We had; and we were getting interested.

"Very good," said the hero, solemnly. "But did you ever hear of any of that kind in the mountains of Virginia.

Certainly not; though one had been killed recently in Tennessee; but that was supposed to have escaped from some menagerie.

"Well, listen:—One evening myself and three fellow heroes were sent down to relieve a picket, which was posted on a little side path, under the umbrageous shades of the boundless forest. Our guard was soon thrown out in advance, and then my thoughtless companions seated themselves by the blazing camp fire, to indulge an innocent passion for 'seven up.'

"Light hearted lads! They had none of the cares and responsibilities of office to weigh down their spirits! But I was the corporal!! To my sagacity had they been entrusted, and a sense of the awful duties that devolved upon me prevented me from sharing their revels.

"I seated myself away from the fire. It was a lovely evening. The bright and fair young moon was peeping quietly down through the leafy canopy—"

We dispensed with the moon part unanimously in pretty emphatic language. We inquired about the serpent.

"To be sure," said the Hero. "Well, I had seated myself upon what I supposed to be a log or branch of a tree, some four or five inches in diameter and fifteen or twenty feet in length. What made this presumption the more natural was that a large tree had fallen near by, and its shattered limbs were strewn thickly about."

"But did it not move when you took your seat?" we asked, getting interested.

"Well, I recollect that it did seem to give down slightly, but I thought nothing of that at the time, because a branch might have done the same under the circumstances. To be sure, I felt a sort of clammy dampness in the neighborhood of——"

"Yes! yes!" We were very quick to understand.

"But, then, you know that might have been the result of age in a tree or the evening dew. So I suspicioned nothing uncommon, and after sitting for an hour or so I lay down near by and went to sleep."

Here, much to our surprise, the Decrepit stopped as though he had finished.

"How long did you sleep?" we asked, after a pause.

"Except that I took my turn on watch, until morning."

"And did it stay right there all the time?"

"Yes. It never moved at all."

"Well, what next?" we inquired.

"Next," said the Hero, "next, let me see. Why, we ate our breakfast."

"And then?" The crisis must now be at hand.

"Well, we staid there till sundown, and then a relief guard came out from camp."

"But what became of the snake?" we asked, impatiently.

"What snake?"

"Why, the snake you sat on, mistaking it for a log."

"Oh!" cried the Decrepit, with intense innocence, "*that was a log!*"

After such a shameful sell as that it was unanimously resolved to crush the Decrepit unless he told us something genuine. So with a feeble remonstrance, the hero went on.

"Old Captain W——, of ours, was a sterling fellow, brave, honest and capable, and in truth, possessed of but one prominent fault, and that was a love for *Buttermilk*. And his affection for this beverage was certainly strong, if not wise. I remember once when we were riding away down in the bowels of the Confederacy, W—— rode up to a farm house to gratify this passion.

"In answer to his knock, there came to the door a young lady who seemed to have a truly southern idea of northern soldiers, for when she saw that her visitor was a Yankee officer, she clasped her hands in affright, and saluted the astonished captain with the following volley:—

"'Oh, sir! you have come on your mission of ruin, and we are resigned. Take the property and destroy it. Burn the house if you will—take ALL, *but spare my honor!*'

"The captain gazed at the young woman with open mouth for a moment, and then managing to recover a little breath, he made an impatient gesture, and gave her this memorable reply:

"'D—n your honor, madam, *I came after buttermilk!*'"

We let the hero rest after that.

Welling's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, constipation, with flatulency, headache, languor and all weaknesses of the digestive organs; pleasant to the taste and convenient to carry. Sold by the druggists. 26-tfx

THE LEGACY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "TERRY."

A lady lightly, sweetly fingered o'er
"*The Legacy*," (a favorite song by Moore,)
Emily sat reclining by,
So Johnny Green could plainly espy
A finely fashion'd limb; said she,
"Johnny, do you admire '*The Legacy*?'"
"Oh yes," he answer'd, full of glee,
"Fair maid, I do admire *the leg I see!*"

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 3.—The Sunday Press.

Next to the wonderful revolution accomplished in journalism by the cheap press, the singular growth and general influence of the Sunday newspapers presents a subject for interesting consideration. At the period of their inauguration these journals were mere gossiping sheets of limited circulation, neither claiming to possess nor possessing other influences over the community than those rightly belonging to gazettes of light literature, of theatrical criticism, of ordinary town gossip, or of humorous anecdote—ephemeral journals, employing but few editors, compositors or reporters. We now see them ably edited newspapers, extensively circulated and employing a goodly number of editors and reporters, and wielding an unshaken influence over the various classes of our motley society, as well from their admitted editorial ability as from the literary labor bestowed upon them.

The first idea of a Sunday journal appears to have originated, some thirty-five years ago, with a gentleman named Samuel Jenks Smith, who about that time started his *Sunday Morning News*, a paper filled with well selected fugitive matter, humorous stories, sprightly editorials and good dramatic criticisms. During its brief existence it proved popular, but not remunerative, owing to the limited means for its circulation and the strong prejudices entertained by the religious, and then preponderating, class of the community, who for many years afterwards used every endeavor to suppress the Sunday newspapers and the vending and hawking of them on the public streets. To this end the more Puritanical of the religionists invoked the assistance of the civil authorities in arresting, seizing and imprisoning any one engaged in the sale of Sunday papers, be they publishers, agents or newsboys. While fearing to incur the personal anger of the publishers, who would undoubtedly invoke retributory damages from the court at law, and equally timorous of the influence of the news agents, the evangelical hypocrites on more than one occasion procured the incarceration of newsboys, from whom in those days the vast majority of the Sunday journals were purchased on the streets, until the common sense of the community revolted against the visitation of punishment upon these harmless sub-agents, who, amid snow and storm, trudged through thoroughfares and by-ways to earn a paltry pittance. Even as late as the establishment of the metropolitan police, among its earlier orders was one for the arrest of newsboys crying papers on the Sabbath on the streets. The political power of the Sunday press, by that time, had made itself felt, hence, upon visitation of a deputation of the more prominent of the editors of Sunday journals, the Commissioners perceived, from a purely selfish stand point, the necessity of revoking an order which, if persisted in, would have awakened the retributive animosity of influential men.

The race of newsboys, as they existed during the earlier years of the Sunday press, has entirely died out. They were boys of every age and drawn from every social grade, who, dependent upon their own resources for a livelihood, turned to the vending of newspapers as the readiest means of honestly gaining a living, with a small capital, and they were rarely disappointed in that expectation. As their ages varied from twelve to seventeen years, they perceived the necessity of creating a species of freemasonry, whereby the weak should be protected against the strong; so, with intuitive genius, they formed themselves into clans, appointing the most stalwart among their fellows to be their kings; and never did regal potentates execute the trust reposed in them with greater austerity or equity, for those semi-feudal dignitaries settled all differences and disputes arising among their retainers. Their one code was the law of the fist; and woe to any rebelling against their authority, or offending against their implacable decrees.

There was another paper, likewise deceased, bearing the title of *Sunday Morning News*, the property of Warren Draper and Samuel Barnet, evidently modeled on the principle of Jenks Smith's sheet, to which it bore a remarkable typographic resemblance. Draper had been a reporter to the daily press, greatly given to dramatic affairs, of which he possessed an unusual amount of knowledge; hence, when the *News* ceased publication he assumed the post of treasurer to the Chatham Theatre, while under the management of Duverna.

The oldest of the now existing Sunday journals is the *Atlas*, although at the present moment it is published upon Saturday, by reason of a decision of the Supreme Court that advertisements touching legal matters cannot be regarded as legal when published upon Sundays, which, in legal parlance, is styled a *dies non*. The *Sunday Leader*, when created into a Corporation organ, followed this example; while the *Courier* beats the devil around the bush by publishing two editions, relying upon the Sunday one for the majority of its sales.

The *Atlas* was created by an Englishman named Frederick West, the late Hon. Anson Herrick and John J. Ropes, the first-named assuming the editorial direction, while the other two, being practical printers, attended to the mechanical and business departments. Mr. West had been a theatrical critic, and therefore was adjudged a most competent person to edit a Sunday sheet at that period. Mr. West, however, failed to manage affairs to the satisfaction of his partners, who purchased out his interest and conducted matters upon a different basis, perceiving that without some political element in the paper it never could be made as influential or as lucrative as their ambition desired. So Herrick and Ropes went boldly into the world of politics, and soon after their starting the *Aurora*, a daily adjunct, found themselves in good lucrative positions, well nourished by drippings from the public till. But as wealth and honors dawned upon them the partners quarreled, and parted with mutual recriminations, Anson Herrick (the *Aurora* having died a natural death at the expiration of John Tyler's term of office), reserving to himself the *Atlas* as his share of the property.

The *Atlas*, under the editorship of Herrick, who conjoined with S. S. Southworth, better known as John Smith of Arkansas, a veteran political writer, was converted into an ultra democratic sheet, the organ of the many petty cliques and clubs of our city democracy. Anson, or the deacon, as he was generally called by his associates, could never plead the ingratitude of republics, as through his lucubrations in the *Atlas* he secured the lucrative post of Navy Agent, and was elected subsequently Representative in Congress.

The second oldest existing Sunday journal is the *Mercury*, which was originally a small sheet published in Ann street, and entitled the *Sunday Visitor*, edited by Samuel Nichols and Elbridge G. Paige, better known as Dow, Jr., the popularity of whose burlesque and grotesque sermons so augmented the circulation of the little sheet as first published, that it was enlarged beyond the size of its competitor, the *Atlas*, and furnished with a fancifully engraved figure of a flying Mercury, in whose honor the name of the paper was changed. Beneath the vignette was the legend:

"And sees the top of Atlas as she flies."—*Dryden*.

Mr. Nichols had previously been the theatrical critic of the *Star and Times*, a vigorous and caustic cynic, whose witticisms and comments were much dreaded by the dramatic profession. Personally, however, he was much esteemed and respected, being a man of some erudition and of great conversational ability. His editorials in the *Mercury* were sharp and tersely written, and, altogether, his industry and attention to business made the paper the best of its class. Nichols' co-editor was the reverse of him in every particular, being a rapid, humorous writer, turning off paragraphs and puns by the small measure, while as a poet his famous "machine poetry" fully equals the wittiest lines of Thomas Ingoldsby. Personally, Dow, Jr., was a good natured, careless man, preferring a drive behind a fast horse to the society of human bipeds. For some reason best known to himself Mr. Page suddenly dissolved his connection with the *Mercury* and departed for California, in which State he recently died in abject penury.

The proprietary share of Mr. Page was purchased by Augustus H. Krauth, a practical printer, and shortly after, upon the death of Mr. Nichols, accidentally killed upon the Second avenue railroad, the remaining share was purchased by William Cauldwell, at present a State Senator, and S. S. Southworth, who both left the *Atlas* for the purpose of editing the *Mercury*. Under Southworth's management the political element was introduced and preserved until after the death of Mr. Krauth. The interest of this deceased gentleman was transferred to a Mr. Whitney, who in his capacity of co-editor caused the insertion of some article into the paper in direct opposition to Southworth's political views and protest, whereupon that veteran editor quarreled with his colleagues, and for a pecuniary consideration, after some litigation, was induced to retire from the copartnership.

The *Sunday Times* was called into existence by a printer named Bonner, committing its editorship to John M. Moore, of "Watch Returns" fame, who conducted the task faithfully. Major Noah having, about the same time, started a journal entitled *Noah's Weekly Messenger*, and Mr. Bonner desirous of entering upon other business and of selling his paper to Messrs. Deacon and Howard, the two concerns were amalgamated, and Mr. Moore transferred the editorship to his experienced elder. The political friends of the venerable politician and the older citizens, remembering his long and genial career among them, coming to the Major's aid, the paper assumed a firm footing at the start, whence its circulation slowly and surely augmented until death deprived it of the veteran editor's experience and prestige. Since that period it has been edited by John Stephenson Du Solle, formerly of the Philadelphia *Spirit of the Times*, who follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor in turning out a good family paper. The specialties of the *Sunday Times* may be designated as a column of "answers to correspondents," well written theatrical criticisms and a gossiping London letter.

The *Sunday Courier* was commenced by James L. Smith, who still remains as pilot at its helm. It has boasted a variety of associate editors, among them Charles F. Briggs, the editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, Mr. Bangs, once of the *Plebeian*, and Thomas Dunn English, well known as a poet, essayist, romance writer and critic. Its contributors have always been first class writers, such as Buckingham, Durivage and William North, the unfortunate suicide, and author of "Slave of the Lamp," whose communications partook of a character above the level of mere newspaper writing. The *Courier* at one season boasted a very large circulation attained through publication of a serial romance of the American Revolution, written by Buckingham, and entitled "Harry Burnham; or, the Young Continental," a work both of genius and merit. The Masonic column of the *Courier* is edited by Fitzgerald Tisdale, Past Master of St. Johns', Lodge No. 1.

The *Sunday Dispatch* first saw the light under the auspices of William Burns and Amor J. Williamson, aided by a few other members of the local press, who contributed both financially and otherwise to its firm establishment, as neither of its ostensible proprietors were men of adequate means to accomplish the projected design individually. Mr Burns had been a reporter upon several city papers, and acted as the leading editor of the new journal, while Mr. Williamson attended to its financial affairs. By the publication of some sensational novels the *Dispatch* attained a rapid circulation, materially aided by the influence of James H. Welsh, since police justice, but at that time officiating as its police reporter, who, upon his election, was succeeded by Robert D. Holmes, since Grand Master of Masons. After the death of Mr. Burns the paper became evidently the property of a joint stock association, as many persons claimed a proprietary interest in it, among others Charles Burckhardt, who contributed the musical criticisms, and Oscar F. Ostman, formerly of the *Atlas*. From its outset the *Dispatch* was a decidedly political sheet, advocating in the first instance Silver Grey Whig doctrines, then swaying around to Know Nothingism, under which influence Mr. Williamson was elected alderman, and finally enunciating Republicanism, beneath the banner of which Williamson twice ineffectually essayed the obtaining of a seat in congress. To compensate, however, for his defeats, the party conferred upon him the position of Tax Commissioner, which he enjoyed from the first organization of the board to the hour of his death. The main literary feature of the paper was for many years an *olla podrida* of humorous and light reading, very ingeniously compiled by Mr. Francis S. Smith, the "Tenpin Boy" of the *Old Spirit of the Times* and of the *Sunday Era*, at present one of the proprietors of the *New York Weekly* and of the *Literary Album*, and the author of many local romances. Almost from its initial number the *Dispatch*, although the youngest in the field, endeavored to be at the head of the Sunday Press, and certainly left untried no means to accomplish that object

In addition to those Sunday journals now existing among us, there have been several which, despite the admitted ability for their editors and the superiority of their literary contents, enjoyed but an ephemeral existence. A cause can be attributed to the demise of some from the fact that the news agents—intermediaries between the newspaper proprietors and the newsboys and dealers—acted upon by the influence of papers of large circulation, refused to supply their customers with the journals in the way prescribed, which were consequently deprived of a market. This evil has since been remedied by the consolidation of the news agents into general companies, backed by large capitals, whose motto being profit, have no hesitation in disposing of any paper which will sell.

In the earlier days of Sunday journalism there appeared a very neat little sheet entitled the *Sunday Knickerbocker*, edited by Mr. Enoch E. Camp, at that time in some way connected with the *Herald*. Although sprightly in tone and decidedly well written, replete with the current gossip of the day and containing features not possessed by its contemporaries, the publication ceased after the issue of a few numbers. Mr. Camp afterwards became one of the editors of the *National Police Gazette*, and contributed mainly to effect the large circulation of which that journal could boast during a brief period of existence.

The *Sunday Bulletin* was the product of the printers' strike against the *Sun*. Several of the journeymen working on that paper declining to conform in the *True Sun* movement, placed themselves at the service of the seceding editor of the old *Sun*, who had sympathized with the Typographical Union, and with his editorial aid designed to establish upon the principle of co-operation a Sunday newspaper of a quality superior to any then in existence. In this ambitious design, however, they were disappointed, for, able and interesting as was the *Bulletin*, it failed, like many other emanations from practical working men, mainly through lack of monetary capital, without which labor were in vain.

Mr. West, after leaving the *Atlas*, re-entered the field of journalism by resuscitating the *Sunday Morning News*, conjoining with him Thomas R. Whitney, a prominent leader of the native Americans, upon whom the paper mainly relied for support. Upon the decease of West the publication ceased, as Mr. Whitney commenced the publication of a magazine, the *Republic*, one of the precursors of the Know Nothing excitement, during which period the editor entered the political arena and was elected successively State Senator and Representative in Congress, in both positions exhibiting himself an orator of no mean ability. Upon the decay of the Order of True Americans, of which Mr. Whitney had constituted himself autocrat, the ex-congressman again resumed the pen in various subordinate capacities.

The *Age* was a Sunday paper projected by Thaddeus W. Meghan, a well known contributor to the press and formerly connected with the theatrical business. The pecuniary nerves of the undertaking were supplied by a Mr. Halsey, indirectly connected with the Chatham Theatre, while the heavy editorial work was to be performed by Mr. Benjamin Constable, a literary gentleman of reputation at that time. The *Age* was chiefly designed as a theatrical paper, and would have reached a goodly circulation had not Mr. Halsey withdrawn from the enterprise.

The Era, during its two years' existence, was edited by Thomas Picton, Henry William Herbert and Joseph Pierce Bradbury, assisted by some of the most eminent contributors of the *Spirit of the Times*, of which Mr. Picton had been an associate editor. It eschewed party politics and depended solely upon its own merits for its success; a radical error, as experience demonstrated, for after trying to cater for the public taste for over two years, Mr. Picton abandoned the further publication of *The Era* to commence that of the *Leader*, a paper in the interests of the iron and other metal founders, and designed to revive the doctrine of protection to American industry by high tariffs. *The Leader* passed shortly after into other hands, under whose management it ceased to exist. Mr. Picton subsequently published *The Sachem*, as the organ of the United Americans, undoubtedly one of the ablest and most talented weekly journals ever published in the United States, as it embraced among its contributors such writers as William North, G. G. Foster, the Baroness des Marguerittes, Seymour Redpath (the biographer of old John Brown), Albert Pike, while the editorials were written mainly by Picton, Herbert and Dr. Bachelder, a gentleman of remarkable literary attainments.

THE RING.

TESTIMONIAL TO NED O'BALDWIN.

A sparring exhibition for the special benefit, pecuniarily, of the Irish Giant, Ned O'Baldwin, was advertised to eventuate at the Broadway Opera House on Saturday evening, 10th instant, and the announcement proved sufficient to attract a delegation of the better class of the sporting element strong enough to fill the establishment, which taking into consideration the number of tickets disposed of outside, all at a dollar a head, was very good for the Man of Waterford. In addition to all the more prominent luminaries of the fistic and sporting world, and lights of lesser magnitude, resident in the metropolis and vicinity, the assemblage embraced a good-sized sprinkling of those who seldom dabble in such matters—men of influence on 'Change and versed in all the mysteries of buying and selling stocks—who had been attracted by a desire to have a look at the Hibernian Colossus of whom they had heard so oft, but had never yet seen. Those who had gone there, expecting a good evening's sport for the double price of admission paid were doomed to disappointment, however, for the sparring was far less in quantity, if not in quality, than we ever remember to have seen at an exhibition for any one of the least note in this city. Why it was so we do not exactly know, but are certain it was not from lack of material, as there were plenty of boxers on hand. At last, as a starter, Uncle William introduced a little hunchback, young in years but old in knowledge of the way of the world, who in a shrill voice sang "Captain Jinks," in a manner to draw forth much applause. About twenty minutes wait ensued before Tovee was able to pair a couple for a bout with the gloves, the candidates for popular favor being the irrepressible "Hoboken Clipper," without his customary amount of "summat soothin'" on board, and Young Rivers, about the same height but not weighing as much by considerable as the equine trimmer. Those who remembered the slashing set to between Rivers and Saunders, some months since, prepared to see something worth gazing at, and they were in nowise disappointed The Clipper, from the success which had attended him in previous encounters, wherein he generally managed by his superior endurance, if not skill, to obtain the upper hand, bore a confident expression upon his peculiar visage, which plainly said: "see me warm this rooster." There was a lurking smile in the corner of 'tother chap's mouth, however, and a knowing look in his eye, the meaning of which some in the crowd knew, and which all others, including the Hobokenite, found out ere the box was over, and which rather upset the Clipper's calculations. As usual the moment they were within distance the latter made a dash, endeavoring to force his opponent down, but for his temerity he received as good as he sent, if not more so, in the shape of several resounding thumps plump in the face. Thus they rattled away in a ding-dong manner all over the stage, Rivers cleverly at times eluding danger by his greater agility and the Clipper following him up, the round being finally ended by a clinch, and after a prolonged struggle the Hoboken boy was thrown. The latter was more cautious in the next bout, feeling convinced that he had caught a tartar, and this round, more than ever, settled that conviction upon his mind; it was hard, rapid slogging from the word, Rivers showing himself to be decidedly the best man at all points and distilling the ruby from his antagonist's lip; he frequently stopped the latter's rushes by clean hits on the dial, well put in, and was often "not there when wanted." They finally locked and Clipper endeavored to chuck him over the ropes, but Rivers was too smart for him, forcing him back and after wrestling all over the stage they came down together, Rivers, who had cut his ear by running in contact with the wall as they fell, turning his rival over as they touched the floor, amid uproarious applause. They were up and at it again in an instant, but now Clipper got all the worst of it, and was at last splendidly thrown square on his back, his heel striking the wall as he went down, about the height of his shoulder, and cutting out the plaster clear. Both were now puffing like locomotives and in the third and last bout they had to ease up a little for breath. The real hard work in which they had indulged had greatly exhausted them and the final bout wasn't so lively by half as those preceding; Rivers was, however, the strongest of the twain, and, as before, had the best of the round. It was one of the most exciting set-to we ever looked at; both men did well and were awarded the praise which was their due. They will be a splendid card for future exhibitions, and we hope to see them try each other's mettle many a time and oft. A couple of kids next mounted the boards and bored the audience for the space of fifteen minutes by their attempts at boxing. When persons pay their money to see a sparring show they do not wish to see children set-to, and it is high time that the practice of allowing them upon the stage was put a stop to, for it has done much to disgust former patrons of such exhibitions and prevent them attending. Some may say 'tis well enough to let them go on to fill up, but we know that the larger majority of the spectators would rather do without boxing altogether than look at the art illustrated by boys scarcely in their teens. The hint deserves attention. Barney Aaron and a square-built lad, whose name was given out as Young Lambert, a new face, about four times the size of Barney, followed; but after a couple of rounds, in which Aaron fairly bewildered his opponent by a hailstorm of blows, with scarcely one in return, Lambert's nose bled so profusely that he was compelled to cry quits, his face being as red as a boiled lobster. A wait of nearly three-quarters of an hour ensued, Tovee being unable to get anybody to face the music until at the end of that time, when everybody was inwardly and outwardly cursing somebody or other's eyes at the delay. Young Larkins, a rail-like specimen of humanity, and Young Connolly, "who had sparred for O'Baldwin in Liverpool," short and thick set, were placed *vis a vis*. The bout didn't amount to much, from the fact that Larkins kept well out of harm's way, which, being so much the lighter man, he could readily do, though they had it warm now and then, when Connolly rushed and succeeded in cornering his opponent, which, however, he was manly enough not often to do, to his credit be it said. Charley Diamond now stated that owing to business having called Bill Clark out of town, he could not appear for the wind-up with the Giant, as had been announced, but in his stead Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, had volunteered to draw on the mits, which statement was greeted with loud demonstrations of approbation. Uncle Tovee then returned thanks on behalf of O'Baldwin, and introduced the pair to the audience. The disparity in appearance—Johnny, though by no means a dwarf, being short compared with his elongated antagonist, and his stout person and Aldermanic looking paunch contrasting ludicrously with the comparatively spare body of Nedward—caused a burst of laughter, in which they indulged so much themselves that for some moments they could not commence operations. O'Baldwin's appearance was closely scanned, and it was the universal remark that he was in nothing like proper condition to engage in a contest within the ropes, his flesh, especially that of his face, looking as "soft" as when he first landed upon our shores. The circumstance did not gain for him any credit, to say the least, in the minds of the spectators, many of whom appeared disposed to doubt that he had ever done an hour's training since the match was made. The set-to, where the advantage was all upon one side, can easily be described. O'Baldwin's immense height, length of arm and nether appendages proved generally insurmountable advantages, but Johnny succeeded in delivering pretty often not only on the chest, but likewise upon the face and head, including a couple of "those right handers;" he stuck to his work bravely, and in the closing round, when they indulged in a rattling rally, he received great applause. There is no doubt that it was the liveliest set-to which O'Baldwin has ever had since he came to this country, and Dwyer deserves much praise for the manner in which he performed the job he undertook. This terminated the show, but it was thought that something of a more serious nature would occur ere the hall was cleared, as some words of a rather aggravating nature passed between the "Hoboken Clipper" and Petey Donohue, between whom, we believe, there is an old grudge, and a rough-and-tumble appeared imminent, but through the interference of friends, who had a due regard for consequences, it was stopped.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS DEFEATS TOM SCATTERGOOD

IN 40 ROUNDS, LASTING 50 MINUTES.

On the 29th of September the above British feather weights fought at 8st. 3lb. for a tenner a side at the old "trysting" spot, Fiddler's Ferry, near Warrington, Eng. The match originated through a quarrel as to their relative merits, when it was determined to resort to nature's weapons and decide the question. The biography of the men is as follows:—A. Chambers stands 5ft. 3½in. in height, 21 years of age, and took his walks abroad from his own hostelrie, the Sportsman's Arms, Salford. His colors were a neat silk bandanna, white ground, and broad mauve border. Defeated A. Webber, £4 a side, 20r., 35min., Mode Wheel; beat Ned Evans, of Ardwick, £25 a side, 8st. 6lb., 44r., 1h. 30min., Flouch, near Hoyle Head Bridge, Nov. 8th, 1865; beat Jem Prior, of Salford, £25 a side, 8st. 6lb., 13r., 20min., Flouch, Feb. 6th, 1866; fought Jem Brady, £25 a side, 8st. 4lb., 29r., 1h. 20min., Newburgh, near Southport, Aug. 7th, 1866, when the police interfered; renewed the fight the following day at Chat Moss, when Chambers was compelled to cry a "go" after contending 63 rounds, 3h. 15min.; drew with Dick Goodwin, £25 a side, 8st. 4lb., 105r., 2h. 20min., Acton, Cheshire, Feb. 19th, 1867; drew with Jem Finch (Shaw's Novice), for a £15 purse, 1h. 42m. 63r., London district, May 21, 1867, Chambers receiving £11 and Finch £4; fought Harry Kimberly, £25 a side, 8st. 6lb., 32r., 1h. 23min., Woodhead Tunnel, when Chambers received a *douceur* of £15 to draw the stakes. Tom Scattergood has seen twenty summers, and stands

5ft. 4in. in altitude. He underwent a careful preparation at the Holly Tree Inn, Cheshire, under Tom Smith, and sported for his flag a bandanna of magenta ground, with black and white stripes. Beat Young Cawson, beat "Dancer," fought Joe Grindley of Hulme, £10 a side, catch weight, 12r., 27min., Saddleworth, when the police interfered; the referee ordered them to meet again the same day at Potrscroft to renew the fight, but Grindley did not appear, and the stakes were awarded to Scattergood; beat George Barton (alias Young Cheer), £10 a side, catch weight, 1h. 40min., Fidler's Ferry, June 10, 1867. Little delay took place, Chambers soon throwing his cap into the ring, followed closely by Scattergood. Chambers won the toss for corners, and placed his opponent with his face to the rain, which came down in torrents. The betting was limited at three to one on Arthur, who was seconded by George Probert and a Salford pug, Alf Owen and Ben Garrington attending to Scattergood. The usual preliminaries being completed the men advanced to the scratch at 12.30 exactly for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On doffing their flannels both showed in excellent condition, and dispensing with the usual sparring at once, got to work. Scattergood was the first to lead off on the ribs very savagely, for which he received a hot-un on the jaw, and getting together, they rattled away with both hands until they came to grass side by side.

2. First blood claimed and allowed for Chambers from a button hole over his opponent's left optic. Both quick and eager for business, let fly simultaneously, when Scattergood fell accidentally.

3. Both responded as nimbly as lamplighters, and were wonderfully confident. Chambers, getting close, planted heavily on his man on the body, receiving on the dial. They again got together, and countered smartly on the mug, when they closed, and fought to the ropes, and fell together.

4. Chambers tried his right viciously, but was short, when they punched away, without stopping for repairs, all over the ring, till they fell from sheer exhaustion.

5. Both came up blowing from the fast fighting in the previous rounds. Fighting, however, appeared to be the order of the day, Arthur fighting his man down at the ropes.

6. Getting close, Chambers got home on the left ogle, receiving on the body, when they clutched each other for the fall, and fell together.

7. Arthur visited the tater trap, for which he was countered on the jaw. They then closed, and a severe struggle ensued at the ropes, when they went to grass.

8. Some merry exchanges on the nut and ribs resulted in a smart rally and struggle for the throw, Scattergood getting down at the finish to avoid unpleasant consequences.

9. Chambers, who was the strongest of the two, let his man have no comfort, but at once dashed at him, and the pair fought with both hands all over the ring, till Scattergood fell from weakness.

10. The favorite, quick and eager, sent out his left at the jaw, and received a return on the body, when they broke away. Getting close again they countered heavily, till Arthur sent his man to grass heavily.

11. Scattergood displayed some punishment on the left side of his head, whilst Chambers looked none the worse. Exchanges on the body followed in rapid succession till Scattergood fell from weakness.

12 to 40 and last. It is needless to recapitulate the doings in all these rounds, as the fighting was but of one description. Scattergood was fairly out fought, besides which he fell weak, and was unable to make any apparent impression on the iron frame of Chambers, whose only object appeared to be to knock poor Scattergood completely "out." This he at length succeeded in doing, as in the last bout he drew his man, and then cross countered him with a terrific right hander on the jaw, which placed Scattergood completely *hors de combat*, and he being unable to respond to the call of time, Chambers was declared the winner, after fighting fifty minutes. The quick and determined fighting of both men rendered any display of science perfectly out of the question. The object of each appeared to be as to who could inflict the greatest amount of punishment in the shortest time. It was patent from the first round that Chambers was too much for his opponent, of whom it is only fair to say that he strove as far as human nature would allow to achieve a victory. The loser is by no means disgraced, for in Chambers he found an antagonist not easily to be shaken off, and who is also likely to prove a troublesome customer to any one of his own weight.

A SIXTY-FIVE ROUND BATTLE

BETWEEN

FRANK WILSON ALIAS "THE MOUSE," AND DICK GOODWIN.

On Tuesday, 29th ult., at the old battle ground, Fiddler's Ferry, in the Manchester (England) District, Frank Wilson, of Birmingham, generally known as "the Mouse," and Dick Goodwin, *alias* "Spring-Heeled Dick," of Manchester, met to box each other without the gloves at 7st. 12lb, for £25 a side. Goodwin was the first to throw his cap into the ring, speedily followed by Wilson, who was esquired by Probert and a friend, while Dick's well-being was looked after by Bill Ferguson and Stodart, the post of referee being filled by old Harry Davies, of Manchester. The betting was 12 to 10 on Wilson, but as the fight proceeded 2 to 1 on him could easily be obtained.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—Precisely at half-past ten the combatants faced each other, both looking confident, but to our thinking Goodwin was not in such condition as we have seen him on previous occasions. In point of *pose* nothing was left to be desired, both men standing well, and presenting admirable guards. Frank was the first to "open the ball" by getting on Goodwin's face, and ringing on some rapid counters. Dick subsequently aimed a hot 'un at the body, but was short, Frank being more successful in return, and getting well on Dick's left eye. Fibbing at the ropes followed, when both broke away, but only to close again, and after rapid exchanges they went down side by side.

2. At the call of time both came quickly to the scratch, and closed. Some good in-fighting then took place, and, at the end of the round, first blood was claimed for Mouse from Dick's left ear. Both down.

3. Immediately after getting into position they closed, when Dick got well on the back of Mouse's body with his right, and repeating the dose several times, evidently had the best of the round until they fell, when Mouse was under.

4. Dick led off with the right on his favorite spot, when they fought to the ropes, and both fell, Dick under.

5. Up to this time the fighting had been very rapid. Dick aimed with his right at Morris' face, but got on the neck instead, when a close took place, and both fell in Frank's corner.

6. On toeing the mark they immediately rushed to a close and fibbed away right merrily, both receiving an equal share of the punishment. In endeavoring to get the fall Dick was successful, and fell heavily on Mouse.

7. Goodwin was slow at the call of time, and after a few exchanges of no importance a close took place, Frank throwing Dick at the ropes, and laying on his body in such a manner that an appeal was made to the referee, whose reply was "Fight away."

8. Dick, immediately his hands were up, got well on Mouse's body with the right, which produced some sparring for wind, when Frank put a stinger on Dick's body, and the latter slipped down.

9. Scarcely had they got into position when Frank put the hug on, thus making the bout an uninteresting one, and both went down.

10.—This round, in point of fighting, was the best of the lot, some well meant cross counter hitting being the order of the day, both men fighting with a will for supremacy. At the conclusion they went to grass side by side. 11, 12 and 13 were counterparts of 10, Mouse, however, having the advantage.

14.—Dick slow to time, and, seeing no advantage to be gained by any other method, he got the hug on and screwed Frank down at the ropes. This caused an appeal to be made, and the referee cautioned Goodwin. Nothing of any importance took place until the 20th round, when Dick exhibited signs of distress, his left eye also going. He, however, rallied and got well on Mouse's face, some severe counters on the face ensuing, Mouse dropping on his knees.

21 and 22.—Scarcely had they faced each other when rapid exchanges were made, and they closed and fell together.

23.—In answer to time both men were ready, but Dick's right eye appeared very badly cut, and was bleeding. Frank let off, getting well on the face, and causing Dick to feel "abroad," Mouse hitting him where he liked. Both his eyes were nearly closed, and Frank fought him to the ropes, where they closed and both fell. It would be a pure waste of space to attempt to enter into details of each round, and it will therefore be sufficient to say that from a very early part of the encounter Wilson evidently held the trump card in his hand. In all they fought sixty-five rounds, the time occupied being one hour and forty-two minutes.—*Sportsman*.

A WORD ABOUT BOXING SHOWS.

THE RATE OF PRICES CHARGED.

We have of late heard many complaints made by those who have been accustomed to patronize sparring entertainments regarding the high tariff imposed at exhibitions given by some of those members of the pugilistic fraternity who, simply because they have acquired a greater notoriety than their fellow boxers, seek to take advantage of the desire of the public to see them perform by fixing the rates of admission at a figure altogether too steep. Fifty cents per head, or that sum for general admission and double it for "reserved seats," is sufficient in all conscience for any one to pay for the privilege of witnessing a fistic exhibition, no matter by whom it may be given, and decidedly *too* much for many which have taken place within the past year. Boxing exhibitions are by no means as interesting, nor as well patronized, now as they were even a twelvemonth ago, a result partly attributable to the exorbitant price demanded for admission and partly from the fact that the stage during the greater portion of the evening is occupied by youngsters who should be under the coverlid, and whose presence seems only to disgust those who like good boxing, and don't wish to pay for seeing anything else. Of course this latter objectionable feature is due to the absence of "first class men" or their disinclination to spar; but it must be remembered that they belong to "the masses," are imbued with like democratic ideas, and therefore avoid rendering any assistance which might tend to popularize higher prices. We are confident from observation that the beneficiaires would find themselves better off by adhering to the popular rates in these times, when money is not too plentiful, and the entertainments would prove far more worthy of patronage. In conclusion, we present and commend to the attention of the fraternity the following letter, received from one of the many so situated:—

NEW YORK, October 13th, 1868.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—Will you be so kind as to say a word in behalf of the working man in regard to the high tariff charged at sparring exhibitions. I never miss going to one when I can do so, for I enjoy the sport very much, and I intended to be present at the O'Baldwin exhibition on Saturday night. I was told the admission was only fifty cents before I started, but when I arrived at the door, Mr. Larkin said he wanted a dollar. I told him I had only a half a dollar with me; he said he had "turned away hundreds at that price." I, of course, had to go home again. At that time (nearly nine o'clock) there were only about 200 persons present, as far as I could learn from people coming out. I found about a dozen men on the stoop feeling very indignant at the exorbitant demand. Now, Mr. Editor, would it not, in your opinion, become more popular at fifty cents than one dollar, and that it should be made an exclusive thing for those who can afford to pay the larger sum. I think Mr. O'Baldwin would have added a little more to his coffers if he had posted a shrewd man at the door, one that wouldn't have "turned away hundreds" at fifty cents a head. Hoping that you will ask them to lower their tariff, so as to give all a chance to see the show, I remain, yours truly, A LOVER OF BOXING.

INTERRUPTED MILL.—The authorities are apparently determined to check, as far as possible, all future attempts to bring off prize fights in the Leeds district, Eng., as was evidenced by their looking sharply after one that was fixed for Sept. 14th. The meet was at Roundhay, four miles from Leeds, the combatants being Tom Steel, a brewer, and John Derry, a flax spinner, both of Holbeck, for £5 a side. They fought about twenty-three minutes, without any apparent advantage to either of them, when the police stopped them. A move was made to a well known spot named Mary Macree's, but the police kept on the trail, and on Steel putting in an appearance he was apprehended. The following (Tuesday) morning he was brought up charged in the usual way, and finally bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, himself in £25, and two sureties in £10 each, and liberated.

ORME AFTER DWYER AGAIN.—A fresh challenge from Con Orem to Jimmy Dwyer appears in the Salt Lake *Reporter* of the 3d inst., wherein Orem states that, feeling dissatisfied with the termination of their last fight (which, it will be recollected, was not fought out, the original stakes being drawn) he had traveled five hundred miles expressly to secure another meeting with Dwyer, who he hoped would speedily cover the $50 deposited in the Miners' National Bank. As Jimmy is said not to be averse to a second meeting in the circle, another match will doubtless be arranged.

UDALL OVERCOMES SHERRATT.—On the 23d ult., a milling encounter for a small stake took place in the Hallefields, Eng., in close proximity to the town, between Ned Udall and Joe Sherratt. They fought for thirty-one minutes, during which time twelve rounds were got through. Udall proved the winner, punishing his opponent severely in the face, the victor receiving his share on the body. Udall was vastly superior in science to his opponent.

BARNEY AARON is announced to give an exhibition at Springfield, Mass., on the 20th inst.

GOOD FIGHT FOR A SMALL STAKE.—R. Batchelor and W. Hyde, both professionals, of Paddington, Eng., had a quarrel, so they agreed to settle their difference by a fair contest at catch-weight, Hyde, who fancied himself the most, staking £8 to £5. There was no announcement made, the deposits were regularly put down, and the whole of the money being duly posted, they met Sept. 15th down the "briny"—a late start, a long contest and a missed train causing the lovers of the sport to be somewhat late in reaching town. Both men went into training and were in fair condition. Hyde is the heavier man, being 9st weight, and 5ft 2in high. Batchelor is only 7st 8lb, but is two inches taller than his opponent. Jem Tyson and Mike Cocklin appeared for Hyde, two relatives for Batchelor, and there was a most efficient referee. The best of order and regularity prevailed, and when they toed the mark it seemed 100 to 1 on Hyde. Batchelor, however, stood well over his man, and rattled in with a will, and did all the fighting, gaining first blood in the fifth round, when Hyde made it "trick and tie" in the same bout by knocking Batchelor down with a stinging right-hander. There was no particular science displayed, Hyde depending upon his throwing powers, and occasionally hugging his man. Hyde often landed on the body, while Batchelor repeatedly visited his opponent's left eye and ear. It is not necessary to go into the ninety rounds which were fought—occupying two hours and forty-three minutes—suffice it to say that Hyde, although game, was out-fought at all points, that in the last round he was sent to grass by a regular smasher on the left ear, whereupon his seconds gave in for him, and Batchelor was declared the winner, after contending for the time named above.

BASE BALL.

MUTUAL vs. ATHLETIC.

The Athletic Club of Philadelphia arrived in town on the 14th, to play the return games of their matches with the Mutuals and Eckfords. On the same afternoon, at the Union Grounds, they met the crack club of New York, and in a game of six innings were defeated, by the score of 25 to 15. The Mutuals had out the same nine with which they were victorious over the Atlantics, and played, for all the world, just such a batting and fielding game as they did on that occasion. The Athletics were without the services of Wilkins, their short stop, and neither batted nor fielded up to the standard of which they are capable. Hayhurst was substituted for Wilkins, and while by no means filling Ike's place, it is but justice to say that he did very well under the circumstances. The weather was decidedly unpropitious, a slight rain having fallen in the morning. This did not affect the ground to any great extent, but it left the atmosphere raw and chilly, and made the spectators—of which, by the way, there were but a few hundreds present—wish they had brought their overcoats.

It was quite late when the game commenced, the Athletics not arriving on the ground till after 3 o'clock. Mr. John Chapman, of the Atlantic Club, was chosen umpire, and at 3.20, the ball was set in motion. The Mutuals, having won the choice, took the field.

Reach opened proceedings with a safe grounder through the infield; McBride had a narrow escape for his base, but was forced out at second on Radcliffe's hit, Reach getting home; Radcliffe stole to third and came in on Hayhurst's stroke, who was fielded out at first by Mills; Fisler made his base on a safe grounder, but was left by Sensenderfer, who, hitting to Swandel, was thrown out at first, closing the innings for two runs......Hunt, the first striker for the Mutuals, sent the ball along the ground to first base, where Fisler nipped it, and Charley retired; Devyr popped up an easy fly, which Reach took care of; Wolters should have been third out, but Berry gave him a life. McMahon, Swandel, Mills, Dockney and Flanly afterwards hit safely for their bases, and all scored, but the latter, when Hunt again went out, Radcliffe attending to him on a foul bound—six runs.

Foran opened the second innings by a beauty through the infield; Cuthbert hit to right short, and was fielded out by Flanly and Mills; Berry fouled out; Reach hit safely for his base, and Foran came home; McBride's strike to left field sent Reach home and gave Dick second; Radcliffe helped him to score by a daisy cutter between short and second; Rad stole to second and went to third on a passed ball, where he was left by Hayhurst, who sent a fly to the infield, which Devyr captured—three runs.....Devyr fouled out to Radcliffe, Wolters hit to right short, just where no one was posted; McMahon sent a fly to left field, which Cuthbert grabbed; Swandel sent Wolters to second by a grounder past third base; Mills, by a daisy cutter through the infield, sent them both home and took second; Dockney's hit to right field, which was badly handled and wildly thrown, sent him round the bases to home; Dockney also took third, and in attempting to steal home on Foran, who held the ball too long, was nicely put out at home base by Radcliffe, closing the innings for three runs and leaving the score 9 to 5, with the Mutuals still ahead.

Fisler's weak hit to Wolters put him out at first; Sensenderfer also retired in a jiffy, Flanly throwing him out; Foran took his base on three called balls, stole to second and home on Cuthbert's grounder between short and second; Cuthbert stole to second and went to third on a passed ball, from whence he stole in on Wolters and Jewett, amid applause; just in time, as Berry fouled out sharp from the bat, nicely taken by Jewett......Jewett, a little too anxious, fouled out; Flanly took his base on a sharp hit past second, took another base on a passed ball, and to third on Hunt's hit to Reach, who fielded the latter out—two out again and no runs; Devyr's stroke between first and second gave him his base; Wolters hurried him home and went to second on a long hit to left-centre field; McMahon hit still further in the same direction and made a clean home run [*great applause*]. Swandel to base on called balls; Mills hit to left centre field and went to third, Swandel coming in; Dockney put a stop to further run getting, as he popped up an easy one for Reach and went out—five runs, and the score 14 to 7.

Reach opened the fourth innings by giving Flanly a chance to throw him out at first, which George accepted. McBride hit a fair ball down to his feet, which bounded off at right angles and Dick went to second, where he was left, as Radcliffe and Hayhurst fouled out—the former to Swandel, who ran for it quite a distance and picked it up with his famous "south paw," and the latter to Jewett—the first whitewash, and considerable applause......Jewett, again too anxious to make a long stroke, hit weakly to Reach and retired; Flanly, in better luck, sent a daisy cutter through the short field and went to second on a passed ball; Hunt sent him home and held first on a sharp hit to right field; Devyr fouled out; Hunt stole second and had a narrow escape, as Reach appealed for judgment. Wolters also hit to right field, and Hunt home; McMahon sent the ball whizzing past third like a rifle shot and went to second, Wolters coming home; Swandel gave Hayhurst a chance to throw him out at first, and the innings closed for two runs, with McMahon and Wolters left and the score 16 to 7.

Fisler, first to the bat in the fifth innings, opened play by a sharp grounder past third base, which gave him his second; Sensenderfer fouled out; Foran hit for a clean home run, carrying his ball out to left centre [applause]; Cuthbert hit to right centre, but the ball being quickly handled, the latter was kept at first; went to second on passed ball. Berry was fielded out at first by Swandel, Cuthbert going to third; Reach sent him home by a high hit to left centre, stole second and went to third on a muff of Wolters'; McBride's stroke to left field, near the foul post, gave him second, and enabled Reach to get home. Dick to third on a passed ball; Radcliffe sent a short fly to right field, and made second; Hayhurst third out for the fourth time, with McBride and Radcliffe left. Five runs....Mills sent his ball along the ground to Fisler and took a back seat; Dockney's daisy cutter past second gave him one base; went to second on a passed ball; Jewett, imitating Mills, gave Fisler an easy chance to field him out, Dockney going to third; Flanly hit to right field and Dockney came home; went to second on passed ball and home on Hunt's stroke to right field. Foran threw the ball in to cut off Flanly at home base, and Radcliffe let it pass, and Hunt came home; Devyr also forced the ball to the right field, went to second on passed ball, where he was left by Wolters, who hit to Reach and went out at first. The score now stood 19 to 12 on even innings, and as it was getting dark the Athletics had but one more innings to close up the gap and win the game.

They went resolutely to work, and but for one or two close decisions might have made quite a difference in the score. Fisler, first to the bat, made another one of his masterly strokes to left field, which carried him to second; Sensenderfer hit to Devyr, but Foran let the ball go by him; Fisler stole to third and Sensy to second; Foran, after being missed on a foul by Jewett, hit safely to left field, sending in Fisler and Sensenderfer and taking second; Foran tried to steal third, but the ball was nicely thrown by Jewett, and held by Swandel, who touched the runner; not till after he had made his base, however, but the umpire gave him out. Cuthbert's left field stroke gave him a base, and he took third on Berry's hit to the same place; Reach hit to Devyr, who threw to Flanly to cut off Berry, but the umpire did not see it; Berry, in trying to steal to third, was handsomely put out by Jewett and Swandel; McBride sent a grounder to third base, but Swandel did not get the ball in time; Radcliffe fouled out—three runs and two on bases. McMahon's daisy cutter by third base gave him his second, stole third and came home on Swandel's high hit just beyond third; Mills took his base on called balls, and Swandel to third; both home on Radcliffe's wild throw to third to cut Swandel off; Dockney made a slashing hit to right centre, and Sensenderfer and Foran both going for the ball, they collided, and Dock. went to third, and home on passed ball; Jewett hit a short fly to Reach, but Al. failed to hold it; Flanly hit to Fisler and went out; Hunt hit high to centre field, and Sensy made a pretty catch of it; Devyr made first on a grounder to right field; Wolters hit down to his feet, and Radcliffe threw the ball wildly to Fisler, and Devyr came home and the striker went to third, where he was left by McMahon fouling out—five runs, and the score 25 to 15.

It was now quite dark, and the umpire called the game.

Like the contest of the 12th with the Atlantics, the result was a surprise to both nines. The Mutuals certainly played a superior game, their batting being first class, while their fielding was tip top. The base playing of Mills, Flanly and Swandel was perfect; Jewett is the only catcher the club has got, as any one with half an eye can see. The Athletics were evidently not in trim to play a winning game; Wilkins' presence would have given confidence to the rest of the nine; Fisler and Reach are the only ones on the infield deserving of praise. The outfielders did not have much to do, and with the exception of Foran, they acquitted themselves creditably.

The full score of the game is given below:—

ATHLETIC.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Reach, 2d b	1	3	1	0	C. Hunt, c f	4	2	0	2
McBride, p	1	2	2	1	Devyr, s s	5	2	1	0
Radcliffe, c	2	1	2	0	Wolters, p	1	3	1	2
Hayhurst, s s	4	0	0	0	McMahon, l f	2	3	1	0
Fisler, 1st b	1	2	1	0	Swandel, 3d b	1	4	0	0
Sensenderfer, c f	3	1	0	0	Mills, 1st b	1	3	1	1
Foran, r f	1	3	0	0	Dockney, r f	2	3	0	0
Cuthbert, l f	1	3	0	2	Jewett, c	3	2	0	1
Berry, 3d b	4	0	0	0	Flanly, 2d b	1	3	1	0
Totals	18	15	6	3	Totals	18	25	25	6

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Athletic	2	3	2	0	5	3—15
Mutual	6	3	5	2	3	6—25

Umpire—Mr. Chapman, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Wright and McCarty. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes. Foul bound catches—Athletics, 3; Mutuals, 4. Outs on fouls—Athletics, 6; Mutuals, 5. Outs on bases—Athletics, 11; Mutuals, 9.

The Athletics were to have played the Eckfords on the 15th, but owing to some misunderstanding the game did not come off.

NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY vs. AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

On Tuesday, 13th inst., the nines composed of the employees of the above associations engaged in a game of ball at Hoboken, when the representatives of the new company were successful over the Nassau street players. We subjoin the score:—

N. Y. NEWS CO.	H.L.	R.	AMERICAN NEWS CO.	H.L.	R.
McGlinn, c	2	8	H. M. Bellows, c	1	6
Zimmerman, c f	4	7	Hamilton, p	1	4
Taxter, 2d b	4	7	Ballantyne, 2d b	4	2
Martin, l f	3	7	Lowder, 1st b	4	3
Scanlon, r f	3	8	"Peter" Bremisholt, 3d b	3	4
Bracken, s s	3	8	J. Bellows, s s	3	4
Westerfield, 3d b	3	6	Harvey, l f	3	5
Banaker, p	0	9	Hopper, r f	2	4
Coles, 1st b	5	8	Gregory, c f	1	6
Total		68	Total		38

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
N. Y. News Company	6	7	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]—68
American News Company	8	1	21	[illegible]	3	2	1—38

Umpire—Mr. Burke, of the National News Company. Scorers—C. Lancaster, for New York News Company, and Josiah Rhodes, for American News Company.

ANDROSCOGGIN VS. BOWDOIN.—The game for the State championship was played in Lewiston, Me., on Oct. 10th, with the appended result:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Androscoggin	3	3	4	4	1	3	3	5	5—31
Bowdoin	0	1	0	5	1	1	1	2	5—16

ANCHOR VS. CRESCENT.—These two Cincinnati clubs played on the latter's grounds on the 3d, the score by innings being:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Anchor	3	0	4	0	3	3	8	1—22
Crescent	3	4	0	2	2	0	1	0—11

THE EXCELSIOR AND TWILIGHT CLUBS, of Jackson, Mich. played their third game for the junior championship of the city on the 10th inst., the former winning by a tally of 54 to 30. The winners are now ready to have a try with any club in the State for the championship.

MUTUAL vs. UNION.

STILL ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE MUTUALS.

The return game between the Unions, of Morrisania, and the Mutuals, of New York, was announced for the 15th inst. at Union Park, Tremont. A special train had been advertised to leave at 1.30 for the ground, but on the arrival of the Mutuals at the depot they were met by the announcement that the Unions would not play, and had countermanded the order for the special train. As the Mutuals had not been consulted in the matter at all, they did not fancy the idea of the ex-champions putting the game off to suit their own convenience; so as all their players were on hand and a large number of their friends, a special train was chartered at the expense of the club, and about 2 o'clock the entire party were on their way to Tremont. When they arrived the only members of the Union nine on hand were Goldie, Pabor, Birdsall and Reynolds, and sooner than forfeit a ball it was pluckily determined to put forth as good a nine as could be found and play the game. So Secretary Sterry, Bellan (a good player) and Hamilton, formerly one of the nine of the Atlanta Club, of Tremont, were put in to fill up, and with seven men only the Unions prepared to do battle with the Mutuals. We should have stated before that the ground was not in the best condition, the rain of the previous night having rendered it almost unfit to play on. Still, although it was near 4 o'clock when the game was commenced, six innings were played, and very well played too. To criticise the playing under the circumstances would not be fair, as neither Wright, Shelley, Martin, Smith or Austin took part. It was a victory for the Mutuals, and will count in the series, but the friends of the club, and even the players themselves, would sooner have faced the full nine of the Unions on a fair field. In this connection we wish to remark on the singular way the officers of the Union Club have of doing business. It was well known to them on the 14th that the ground at Tremont would not be in the best possible condition for play, and instead of sending word by responsible parties of the fact to the Mutuals, and have the game put off to a fair day, it was not until the Mutuals and their friends had arrived at the depot that the attempt was made to do so; and even then the Mutuals were not consulted in the matter. The Mutuals are entitled to considerable credit for going to the expense of a special train and compelling the Unions to meet their engagement. If every club would do as much under the same circumstances, we should hear of fewer cases like theirs and the Athletic-Union affair. The score follows:—

MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Hunt, c f	2	1	1	0	Goldie, 1st b	3	1	0	0
Devyr, s s	3	1	0	0	Bellan, s s	3	1	0	1
Wolters, p	1	3	0	0	Pabor, p	2	1	1	1
McMahon, l f	2	1	1	0	Hamilton, c f	4	0	0	0
Swandel, 3d b	2	2	0	2	Birdsall, c	3	1	0	1
Mills, 1st b	1	3	0	1	Reynolds, r f	1	2	0	2
Dockney, r f	4	0	0	1	Sterry, r f	2	0	0	0
Jewett, c	1	2	1	0					
Flanly, 2d b	2	1	0	1					
Totals	18	14	3	5	Totals	18	6	1	5

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Mutual	4	2	1	6	1	0—14
Union	1	1	1	0	1	2—6

Out on bases—Mutual, 9; Union, 7. Foul bound catches—Jewett, 6; Birdsall, 4. Struck out—Devyr, 2; Swandel, 1. Outs on foul balls—Mutual, 5; Union, 7. Umpire—Mr. Piccott, of the Eckford Club. Scorers—Messrs. McCarthy and Lush. Time of game—One hour and twenty-five minutes.

"HAYMAKERS" vs. STAR, OF BROOKLYN.

On the 12th inst. the Stars made their appearance on the Van Rensselaer Park, Troy, to play their return match with the "Haymakers." This was probably the least important match of the season, and yet, but for the very uncomfortable condition of the weather, the game would have been witnessed by a large crowd. Only the most ardent admirers of the "noble game," however, could muster courage enough to face the chilling winds and sit shivering for two or three hours as they watched the progress of the game. Much of the interest usually attending these contests was lacking in the game in question, as all who go desire to witness a close game—one in which the opposing sides are pretty evenly matched. Instead of this the playing up to the close of the eighth innings was very much one-sided. The Unions were altogether too heavy for their light-waisted opponents, and allowed them to score but three runs during the first eight innings, while they batted very handsomely for 25 themselves. In the ninth innings the "Haymakers" were whitewashed, and by some careless playing and good batting the Stars succeeded in making 9 runs. The score follows:—

UNION.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	STAR.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Craver, c	1	5	1	0	Rogers, c f	4	1	1	6
Ward, 2d b	4	2	1	0	"Jackson," 3d b	4	2	0	1
Davis, c f	3	3	1	0	Cummings, p	2	3	1	0
Abrams, 1st b	3	2	1	0	Clyne, s s	1	2	5	1
Flynn, r f	4	2	0	1	Jewell, c	4	1	1	3
M. King, 3d b	2	4	0	0	Dollard, 2d b	2	1	2	0
Bearman, p	3	2	1	0	Booth, 1st b	4	1	1	2
S. King, l f	5	1	0	1	Johnson, l f	3	1	1	5
Bonker, s s	2	4	0	1	Worth, r f	3	0	1	1
Totals	27	25	3	5	Totals	27	12	17	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	1	0	5	2	0	8	8	1	0—25
Star	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	9—12

Umpire—T. A. Gaffeney, Union, of Cohoes. Scorers—Messrs. Hall and Scofield. Time of game—Two hours and fifty-five minutes.

KNICKERBOCKER vs. EXCELSIOR.

These veteran organizations play a series of friendly games each season, in which fun and good fellowship are more sought after than the mere honors of the game. The second of the series came off at the Elysian Fields on the 15th, and was but a repetition of the first as far as enjoyment was concerned. As will be seen by the names below, some of the old heads of the clubs took part. The score is given below:—

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.	KNICKERBOCKER.	H.L.	R.
Oliver, c f	1	3	Davis, p	2	3
Moore, c	2	2	Vail, s s	2	5
Rishards, 3d b	3	2	Hinsdale, 2d b	1	4
Phillips, r f	3	1	Barclay, l f	2	4
Chadwick, s s	1	3	Kissam, 3d b	1	5
Sweet, p	1	3	Slate, r f	3	3
Hicks, l f	2	2	Richter, c	1	4
Slater, r s	2	2	Purdy, 1st b	4	4
Holt, 1st b	1	3	Brown, c f	1	4
Markham, 2d b	1	3	Taylor, r s	2	3
Total		27	Total		36

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Excelsior	0	5	5	11	6—27
Knickerbocker	15	10	10	1	0—36

PRIZE GAME IN NEBRASKA.

A match for a handsome belt, valued at $50, was played during the late State Fair held at Nebraska City, N., between the Otoes, of said place, and the Gassman Club, of Talbot Hall. We give the score:—

OTOE.	H.L.	R.	GASSMAN.	H.L.	R.
Jones, p	2	7	Davis, l f	4	5
S. Hale, c	4	5	Woods, 1st b	2	4
Whittridge, s s	6	5	R. Bennet, 3d b	4	2
Evans, 1st b	3	4	H. Bennet, c	4	1
Minor, 3d b	1	8	Muchmore, s s	2	1
Kenney, 3 b	3	6	Brainard, r f	2	2
Sayers, l f	3	6	Nuckols, p	2	2
Miller, c f	3	4	Snell, l f	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. K. Hale, r f	5	5	Breaker, 2d b	3	2
Total		50	Total		20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Otoe	3	2	7	6	6	13	9	0	7—50
Gassman	3	4	10	1	5	3	2	0	3—20

Home runs—Otoes, 1; Gassman, 1. Flies caught—Otoe, 12; Gassman, 5. Umpire—R. H. Thomas. Scorers—D. B. McMechan and H. Hilp.

THE TENNESSEE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Nashville and Holeston Clubs recently played a match game for the championship of Tennessee, the score of which is below given:—

NASHVILLE.	H.L.	R.	HOLESTON.	H.L.	R.
Milliken, 3d b	4	3	T. Lane, c	1	3
Smith, c f	3	4	Lowery, p	3	1
Kelly, p	3	1	Williams, s s	3	1
Lee Moses, l f	5	1	Putnam, 1st b	3	2
Joe Moses, 1st b	3	3	Haven, 2d b	2	2
Bowsted, r f	4	3	Read, 3d b	2	3
Sullivan, c	1	3	Wm. Lane, l f	3	3
Johnson, 2d b	2	2	Wilber, c f	3	1
Rielly, s s	3	1	Richards, r f	3	0
Total		21	Total		18

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Nashville	2	1	3	0	2	1	0	2	11—21
Holeston	1	1	0	0	2	4	4	1	5—18

Umpire—John J. Lynch. Scorers—Messrs. J. R. Boyer and G. M. White. Flies caught—Nashville, 7; Holeston, 6. Time of game—One hour and fifty-five minutes.

RED STOCKINGS IN CLEVELAND.

The match between the Red Stockings and Railways at Cleveland, O., on the 10th inst., attracted to the grounds quite a crowd of spectators, who applauded impartially all the points of the game. Johnson, in the seventh innings, made a splendid home run, and Melton, in the fourth, made a catch that "brought down the house." The following is the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.	RAILWAY.	H.L.	R.
How, s s	7	3	Melton, r f	4	1
Waterman, 3d b	1	7	Hilliard, p	4	2
Johnson, r f	2	6	Crumbie, 2d b	3	1
Hatfield, l f	2	5	Doubleday, c	3	0
Wright, 2d b	0	6	Miles, 3d b	4	0
Brainerd, p	4	3	Phelan, s s	3	1
Kingsey, c f	5	3	Bradbeer, c f	0	2
Gould, 1st b	4	4	Lowe, 1st b	3	1
Allison, c	2	4	Quill, l f	3	0
Total		41	Total		8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Cincinnati	6	5	3	2	1	3	15	0	5—41
Railway	0	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	3—8

Fly catches—Phelan, 2; Crumbie, 1; Melton, 1; Doubleday, 1. Total—Railway, 5. Brainerd, 2; Allison, 1. Total—Cincinnati, 3. Foul bound catches—Doubleday, 5; Lowe, 1. Total—Railway, 6. Allison, 4; Waterman, 1. Total—Cincinnati, 5. Umpire—Mr. Burt, of Forest City Club, Cleveland, O. Scorers—For Cincinnati Club, Mr. Bascom; for Railway Club, Mr. Melton. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. CLEVELAND.

The second game of the series between the Cincinnati Club, of the Queen City, and the Forest City Club, of Cleveland, O., was played on the grounds of the association at the latter place on the 12th inst., quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen being in attendance. The result was a defeat for the F. C.'s, though the triumph of the "Red Stockings" was not as complete as had been anticipated. We append the score:—

CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.	FOREST CITY.	H.L.	R.
How, s s	4	4	White, c	2	2
Waterman, 3d b	5	3	Smith, s s	4	2
Johnson, r f	3	5	Riley, 1st b	3	2
Hatfield, l f	1	5	Burt, c f	3	1
Wright, 2d b	3	3	Herse, r f	3	1
Brainard, p	3	3	Brown, 3d b	3	1
Kingsey, c f	3	4	Sheffield, l f	3	2
Gould, 1st b	4	3	Hanna, 2d b	3	1
Allison, c	1	3	Branch, p	3	0
Total		33	Total		11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Cincinnati	15	6	0	4	3	0	3	2—33
Forest City	1	0	2	2	3	6	1	0—14

Fly catches—Hatfield, 1; Wright, 2; Brainard, 1; Gould, 1; Allison, 1—6; White, 1; Burt, 2; Herse, 2; Brown, 1; Hanna, 1—7. Umpire—F. J. Phelps, of the Detroit Club, of Detroit, Michigan. Scorers—Bascom and Rawson. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes.

LIVE OAK vs. GREAT WESTERN.

These two clubs, of Cincinnati, came together for their final game on the Union Grounds on the 3d. Each had won one game, and the match excited much attention from the fact that it was for the championship of the home talent, neither club having any professionals. There was a good assembly and the play generally was good.

LIVE OAK.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.	GT. WESTERN.	H.L.	R.	L.	F.
Skiff, 2d b	2	4	0	3	Baker, 3d b	1	3	0	2
Beckler, p	4	3	0	3	Holabird, 2d b	3	3	0	1
Winder, l f	2	3	1	0	Mussey, r f	5	1	0	1
Lowe, c	4	3	1	1	Sieborn, l f	4	2	0	2
De Lisle, 1st b	4	3	0	2	Baker, c	3	3	1	0
Bowman, 3d b	4	7	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mack, s s	1	6	0	1	Stiles, p	3	2	1	2
Welsch, c f	2	5	0	0	Blac[illegible], s s	3	3	0	3
Hyer, r f	4	3	0	0	Arnold, 1st b	3	1	1	1
Totals	27	30	3	10	Totals	27	19	4	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Live Oak	2	13	4	3	1	1	7	0	0—30
Great Western	3	4	0	5	1	1	2	2	1—19

Home runs—Mack, 1. Muffed balls—Live Oaks, 3; Great Westerns, 2. Passed balls—Live Oaks, 5; Great Westerns, 13. Umpire—Andy Leonard, Buckeye Club. Time of game—Three hours.

DECATUR VS. CLINTON.—A match game between the Central Club, of Decatur, Ill., and the Eureka Club, of Clinton, Ill., played August 21st at Decatur, resulted as follows:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eureka	4	8	6	1	4	12	5	14	0—55
Central	0	1	0	1	3	10	2	5	3—25

M. A. N. B. B. P.—The first annual meeting of the Massachusetts Association of National Base Ball Players will be held at the rooms of the Lowell Base Ball Club on Tuesday, November 10th, 1868, at 10 o'clock A. M.

BASE BALL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Championship.

LONE STAR vs. EXCELSIOR.

The first of a series of match games between the above named clubs took place on the Delechaise Grounds, Oct. 11th, in which the Excelsiors were victorious by a score of 29 to 24. Of the playing in general a few remarks may be made. Messrs. Cook and Tebault of the Stars played well; the pitching and catching of the Excelsiors was splendid, while the play of Levi was magnificent, he making some very difficult running fly catches, which called forth great applause. The return game will be played on the Delechaise Grounds on the 25th inst., and 3,000 people are expected to witness the game. The following is the score:—

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	R.	R.	F.	LONE STAR.	H.L.	R.	R.	F.
Kolp, c	2	4	3	2	Dunn, 3d b	1	5	5	1
Pettus, 2d b	1	5	5	0	Wilson, c f	3	3	4	1
Hennessey, 1st b	5	2	4	2	Tebault, c	2	4	4	2
Rodgers, l f	5	2	3	0	Cook, s s	5	3	2	1
Donovan, p	4	2	4	0	Amar, 1st b	2	4	3	1
Levi, s s	1	5	5	3	Bozant, 2d b	5	1	1	0
Hays, r f	3	3	4	0	Tracey, r f	4	1	2	0
Powell, c f	4	2	2	1	McEnerny, l f	3	2	3	1
Nolan, 3d b	2	4	3	1	Coste, p	5	1	1	1
Totals	27	29	33	9	Totals	27	24	25	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Lone Star	1	2	3	0	4	3	0	5	6—24
Excelsior	2	2	1	4	8	4	3	0	5—29

Umpire—Mr. M. H. Redon, R. E. Lee B. B. C. Scorers—Mr. B. Young, Lone Star; A. Benidict, Excelsior. Base play—Put out by Humphrey, 9; Pettus, 2; Levi, 2—total, 13; Assisted by Levi, 5; Donovan, 3; Pettus, 3; Nolan, 1. Lone Star—Put out by Amar, 8; Bozant, 2; Dunn, 3—total, 13. Assisted by Dunn, 5; Tebault, 4; Cook, 2; Bozant, 1. Out on fouls—Lone Star, 2; Excelsior, 6. Struck out—Lone Star—Tracy, 1; Bozant, 1; Coste, 1—total, 3. Double plays—Kolp, Donovan and Hennessey—total, 1, Excelsior. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

THE ST. LOUIS TOURNAMENT.

One of the features of the fair held last week under the auspices of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association, was a ball tourney, for which liberal prizes were offered for competition by clubs from all sections. Much disappointment, however, was experienced from the fact that but two outside clubs entered, viz.:—the Excelsior, of Chicago, and the Olympic, of Carondelet, a circumstance which had the effect of detracting greatly from the interest evinced in the matches. The tourney opened on the 5th, with a game between the Ætna and Dirigo Clubs, which terminated as below:—

ÆTNA.	H.L.	R.	DIRIGO.	H.L.	R.
Ryan, s s	4	4	Moffat, 2d b	3	2
Wheeler, r f	2	6	Little, s s	3	2
Savignac, 1st b	1	7	Gorman, c	3	2
Mack, 2d b	3	7	Nat Hazard, 1st b	5	3
Queenan, l f	2	6	Saxton, c f	5	3
Carroll, c f	3	4	Robison, r f	3	4
J. Kenny, p	5	2	Crowley, p	3	3
Tighe, 3d b	3	4	Stansberry, 3d b	3	4
T. Kenny, c	4	4	Ketchum, l f	3	3
Total		40	Total		29

Umpire—J. H. Smith. Scorers—Washburn for Dirigo, Roberts for Ætna. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

On the same day the match for the principal prize, $300, was played between the Empire and Resolute clubs, the latter scoring a triumph thuswise:—

RESOLUTE.	H.L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H.L.	R.
Riegel, l f	1	6	Wirth, 1st b	6	1
Killian, 3d b	3	4	Quinn, p	4	3
Carroll, 1st b	2	5	Spaulding, 3d b	3	4
O'Brien, c	4	3	Stevens, c f	4	3
Creamer, c f	4	3	Shockey, l f	1	5
Willard, s s	4	3	Barron, s s	3	1
Grace, 2d b	4	3	Murray, 2d b	3	3
White, r f	4	2	Schroeder, r f	2	3
Chambers, p	3	3	Fitzgibbons, c	1	2
Total		32	Total		27

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Resolute	1	1	5	2	4	5	2	8	4—32
Empire	6	0	3	0	2	5	3	3	5—27

Umpire—Fred Herring, of the Atlantic. Field captains—P. O'Brien and J. Shockey. Scorers—H. Barklage and J. Harrison.

Anent the game a local journal makes the following sensible remarks:—"Some trouble was experienced in getting an umpire to suit both parties, and the one eventually selected (Mr. Crowley, of the Dirigo B. B. C.) was unfortunate enough to give universal dissatisfaction, caused in great part by want of nerve. And right here we enter our protest against the system of chafing and worrying an umpire indulged in by both clubs. The umpire in a match is certainly entitled to gentlemanly treatment and should receive it, whether the players are pleased with his decisions or not. Umpires, like other people, are liable to make mistakes, and if Mr. Crowley was not correct at all times, he was certainly impartial. In the fourth innings the umpire was changed, Fred. Herring, of the Atlantic, taking the position. The change of positions by the Empires in the fifth innings certainly did not improve their chances for winning the game. Wirth, good baseman as he certainly is, does not fill the bill behind the bat, and to our mind Quinn pitches more effectively than Fitzgibbons."

The third match of the tournament promised well for the Olympics in the first two innings, they giving and receiving a whitewash, and scoring five runs to the Atlantics' three. The third and fourth, however, dampened their ardor somewhat, as they received their second whitewash on the third, and only scored two runs in the fourth, while the Atlantics made twelve runs in the two—leaving the totals at 15 to 7. The fifth innings was worse yet. The Atlantics got into a batting fever—very hot at that—and added sixteen to their score, following it up with two more blanks for their opponents. The remainder of the game was all onesided, the Atlantics running up their score to fifty-four, allowing the Olympics two more runs in the seventh innings, and blanking them successively in the eighth and ninth—six blanks and nine runs. The Atlantics displayed rare steadiness of nerve in their fielding, little excitement being manifested even at the most critical points of the game. Herring pitches an even, beautiful ball for the batter, depending (as he well may) on the good qualities of his basemen and fielders, and almost entirely ignoring the too common practice of throwing to base. Berry played extremely well behind the bat, missing no foul that came within reach, and taking some very difficult balls. In the third innings Cleveland and Jule Peterson made a good double play at fly and first, putting out Collins and Herbit, and in the ninth they reversed the performance, Jule retiring Collins on a beautiful running catch, and fielding to Cleveland at third in time to cut off Herbit. O'Keefe, as usual, played well at second, though too much sun in the eyes credited him with one or two muffs. The following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.
J. Peterson, 1st b	3	6	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	McKernon, r f	2	5
Herring, p	1	7	Hoffmeister, l f	2	0
John Peterson, s s	6	6	Herbit, p	1	1
Cleveland, 3d b	3	6	Collins, 1st b	1	2
Ettling, c f	3	7	Hogan, s s	3	1
Miller, r f	2	7	Pullum, 3d b	3	1
Berry, c	3	6	Gernigon, c f	3	0
W. Peterson, l f	2	6	Feston, 2d b	2	2
Total		54	Total		9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	3	0	6	6	16	4	8	9	2—54
Olympic	0	5	0	2	0	0	2	0	0—9

Umpire—T. Oran. Scorers—J. D. Tobin and J. Dehr.

A close game followed between the Union and St. Louis clubs, and was up to the fifth innings. After that the St. Louis boys had it all their own way. The score:—

UNION, JR.	H.L.	R.	ST. LOUIS.	H.L.	R.
E. Wolff, s s	2	5	Beahan, 2d b	3	6
Yeatman, l f	1	5	O'Brien, c	1	8
W. Wolff, c	1	5	W. Murray, l f	3	6
January, 1st b	4	3	Weber, 1st b	3	5
Maffit, c f	5	2	Fox, 3d b	4	4
Maxwell, 2d b	3	3	Foster, p	4	4
McCreery, r f	2	4	J. Murray, s s	5	8
Slaughter, 3d b	5	2	Kirby, r f	1	7
Barade, p	4	2	Kirk, c f	3	5
Total		31	Total		48

Umpire—J. Barron. Scorers—G. Householder and W. Austin.

ATLANTIC vs. PRINCETON.

The Atlantics visited Princeton, N. J., on the 10th inst., to meet the Princeton Club in a friendly game. The Brooklynites were minus Smith, Mills and Crane, but nevertheless played a good game. Following is the score:—

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	R.	PRINCETON.	H.L.	R.
Pearce	1	5	Rankin	3	1
Kenny	3	3	Buck	5	2
Start	3	2	Schenck	1	4
Chapman	3	2	Meller	2	3
McDonald	1	4	Eby	3	1
Ferguson	4	2	G. Ward	1	2
Zettlein	1	4	F. Ward	2	2
O'Flynn	2	3	Fox	4	0
Mumby	3	2	Oliphant	2	1
Total		27	Total		16

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Atlantic	1	9	0	4	5	2	6—27
Princeton	2	8	0	0	0	4	2—16

Umpire—Mr. Murphy, of the Columbia Club, of Bordentown. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Meller. Outs on fouls—Atlantic, 5 times; Princeton, 3 times. Time of game—Two hours.

OLYMPIC vs. ACME.

On the 7th inst., the attaches of the Olympic Theatre played their return game at Hoboken with the Acme Club, and defeated them by a score of 37 to 23, as will be seen by the following score:—

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	R.	ACME.	H.L.	R.
Stearns, c	2	5	Kelley, 2d b	5	2
Sanders, c f	5	2	Flannagan, l f	3	3
Penny, s s	5	3	Collins, 3d b	0	5
Neville, 2d b	2	5	Eagan, 1st b	3	2
Farley, 3d b	1	5	Marks, c	3	3
Hardenbrook, l f	3	5	Marlowe, r f	1	1
Corlan, r f	3	5	Voegle, p	3	2
Gutton, p	2	4	Griffin, s s	2	4
Wardell, 1st b	4	2	Green, c f	4	1
Total		37	Total		23

Flies caught—Stearns, 1; Pendy, 4; Neville, 2; Falley, 3; Hardenbrook, 1; Gutton, 1; Wardell, 2; total, 14. Kelley, 2; Flanagan, 1; Collins, 2; Marks, 2; Marlowe, 1; Voegle, 1; Green, 1; total, 10. Umpire—Mr. E. L. Gill, of the Active Club. Scorers—Messrs. Byron and Little. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

The home and home game will be played on the Olympic's ground, at Mount Morris, on the 13th. Game called at half-past one o'clock.

ACTORS AT THE BAT.

The first of a series of games between the Arch Street Theatre and the Walnut Street Theatre Clubs, of Philadelphia, came off on the 9th inst., on the Athletic Grounds, and resulted in a victory for the Arch by a score of 29 to 22. The following is the score:—

ARCH.	H.L.	R.	WALNUT.	H.L.	R.
H. Cresse, 2d b	3	3	Stull, s s	4	2
Ogburn, p	3	4	S. Chester, c	0	6
Reed, c	2	4	Snyder, l f	3	2
M. Cresse, s s	2	3	Piten, p	3	1
E. Voltz, 1st b	1	6	E. Marble, r f	5	1
Meagher, c f	3	4	Casey, 1st b	2	3
T. Cresse, 3d b	4	1	Emerson, c f	2	0
M. Snyder, l f	4	2	Hall, 2d b	3	2
Perry, r f	4	2	Alexander, 3d b	3	3
Total		30	Total		21

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	6th	6th	7th	8th
Arch	3	0	7	6	7	0	4	2—29
Walnut	2	8	5	3	0	2	1	1—22

Home run—Voltz, 1. Umpire—J. Foran, of the Athletic Club. Scorers—Owen Fawcett and N. Larney. Time of game—One hour and fifteen minutes.

Return game on Wednesday, Oct. 14th.

A JUNIOR GAME.

The Cincinnati Juniors played the Indianola Juniors on the Union Grounds, Cincinnati, on the 6th, the latter winning after a hard struggle. The boys fielded and batted finely. A visitor from St. Louis, who was looking at them, remarked that he thought they would give the leading senior clubs of that city a hard pull. The following is the score:—

INDIANOLA.	H.L.	R.	CINCINNATI.	H.L.	R.
Stoner, c	1	5	Marty, 2d b	3	2
Bell, r f	1	5	Jones, c	3	4
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Stuart, [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Twombly, 1st b	[illegible]	[illegible]	Roth, p	3	2
Flood, s s	3	3	Kemper, 3d b	3	2
Carlisle, l f	4	4	Rammelsberg, 1st b	4	2
Kalish, 3d b	4	3	Slocumb, l f	3	3
McAvoy, c f	2	4	Cameron, r f	3	3
Betts, 2d b	2	4	Daggett, s s	3	3
Total		31	Total		27

THE STARS, of Cambridge, N. Y., beat a picked nine from Washington County, at Salem, on the 9th inst. The game resulted as below:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Star	8	2	28	8	1—47
Picked Nine	2	0	5	18	2—25

ATLANTIC, JUNIOR.—On Saturday, 10th inst., the Atlantic, Jr., of Brooklyn, defeated the Albion (Junior) by a score of 46 to 31, in a game of eight innings. The Atlantic, Jr., has not been defeated this season, having played with all the first class junior clubs in Brooklyn, and would now like to extend a challenge to all junior clubs in New York and its vicinity.

A BAD BEAT.—The Washington Club, of Portchester, N. Y., played their first match game this season with a nine composed of students from Bryant, Stratton & Packard's College, on the 10th, defeating them as follows:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Washington	3	4	7	9	4	1	10	1	7—46
College Nine	1	3	2	2	0	5	0	0	0—13

KEYSTONE, OF READING, VS. FAIRPLAY, OF COLUMBIA, PA.—These clubs were antagonists in a game contested at the latter place on the 10th inst., the result of which was as below given:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Keystone	5	3	6	0	3	2	0	4	1—24
Fairplay	1	0	1	6	4	3	2	3	1—21

Umpire—A. C. Hipey. Scorers—A. J. Darrah and W. Blackson. Time of Game—Two hours and forty minutes.

BUCKEYE BALL PLAYERS.—A match game of ball was played at Middleport, O., on the 10th inst., between the Enterprise Club, of that place, and the Clumsy Feet, of Coalport. The result of the innings is given below:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Enterprise	17	8	7	5	13	19	6	9—84
Clumsy Feet	1	6	1	2	1	1	7	0—19

Home runs—L. S. Dickey, 1; N. Russel, 1. Umpire—T. Hoppis. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHAS. PORTER.—Solutions correct, and your appreciative note on Enig. 643 is well merited. If you have never seen our present enigma we commend it to your especial attention. The emendation of No. 3 is received; it shall very soon appear.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—We are exceedingly annoyed that your fine Problem, No. 643, should have appeared with those errors. We will repeat it next week as it should have been (if we can get it so). If you will put the letter P for your Pawns hereafter, as in the last diagram, it will materially lessen the chances of such errors in future.

GEO. GROVER, St. Catherines.—"Raid" away. Your pleasant epistle and the Problem dedicated to "Phania" were very gladly received. Accept her thanks for the remembrance. We are under great obligations indeed for the pains you have taken to copy and forward that lengthy English notice of "Brevity and Brilliancy."

BREVITY AND BRILLIANCY IN CHESS.—In a kind and lengthy notice of this work the editor of *The Chess World* writes the following interesting paragraph:—"It is, perhaps, difficult to understand at first sight how the terms 'brilliancy,' 'coruscations of chess wit,' dash, *elan*, and others which illustrate the genius of literature or of war, can apply to chess. Yet the essence and secret of both wit and war lie in the combinations—in swift, successful, and therefore brilliant, movements. And the startling surprises which result from these, and the admiration of the *esprit* which produces them, are sources of the exquisite pleasure we receive; and thus, while we honor Fabius our highest pœans are for Scipio." The same writer quotes at some length from the Introduction, copies Mr. Taylor's and Herr Nathan's gamelets, notices very fully "Miron's Problem tourney," and speaks of the work as having a "very happy title."

Enigma No. 646.

A masterpiece, repeated by request.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

at Q 3, K R 4, Q 7, K 4, Q R 4, Q Kt 3, Q B 2, K 3d, and a White Pawn at K B 3d.

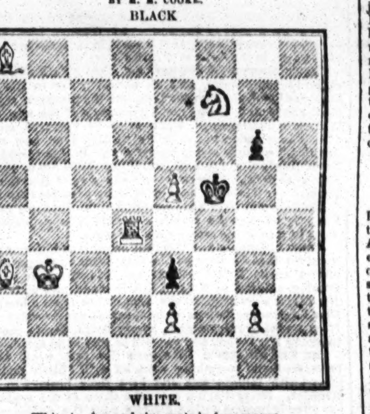
at Q 4, Q R 4, Q Kt 5, K 4, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 646.

BY M. M. COOKE.

BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 646.

Another *partie* in the match between Professor Anderssen and Herr J. H. Zukertort.—*Era.*

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Anderssen.	Defence, Zukertort.	Attack, Anderssen.	Defence, Zukertort.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..K R to Kt 3	Q to K R 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	19..P-Q Kt 3	Q R-Q sq (a)
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..Q B-R 3	K R-K sq
4..K Kt × P	Q Kt × Kt	21..Q R-K B sq	Q R-Q 3
5..Q × Q Kt	K Kt-K 2	22..Q R-his B sq	K R-Kt 3
6..K B-Q B 4	Kt-Kt 3	23..Q-Q sq	Q B-Q 2
7..Q-her 3	Q-K B 3	24..Kt-K B 3	P-K R 3
8..Castles	K B-Q 3	25..Q-K Kt 3	K B-K B 6 (b)
9..P-Q B 3	B-Q Kt 5	26..Q R-K sq (c)	P-Q 3
10..P-K B 4	K B-Kt 3 +	27..B P × P	K B × P
11..K-his R sq	Castles	28..Q-Q R 4 (d)	K B-B 6
12..P-K 5	Q-K B 4	29..R-Q sq	K R-K 3
13..K B-Q 3	Q-K 3	30..Kt-Kt 5 (e)	Kt-Q Kt 5
14..Q-K 4	P-K B 4	31..Q R × Kt (f)	Kt × K B
15..Q-K 2	P-Q 4	32..Q R × R	R × R
16..Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-K 3	33..Kt P × P	R P × Kt
17..K R-B 3	Q B-K 3	34..K R-his 3	P-K B × P, and

Herr Zukertort won the *partie*.

(a) He would, evidently, have lost his Queen had he taken K B P.
(b) A step very well taken.
(c) Herr Z. presents the following as the probable result had Prof. A. played now Kt to Kt 5th:—

26..Kt to Kt 5	R P × Kt	31..K R to his 8 +	Q B to Kt sq
27..B P × P	P-Q 4	32..K R × B +	K-his R 2
28..Q-R 4	Q-K Kt 3	33..R-K R 8 +	K-his 3
29..Q-R 8 +	K-his B 2	34..B × B P +, etc.	
30..Q × K R +	K × Q		

(d) Had he taken K R P now Defence would have responded with K B to his 7th.
(e) Strange that so well practiced and far seeing a player should have overlooked the counter plot his opponent had been organising.
(f) Taking the Queen would have done him no service, *e. g.*:—

31..Q Kt × Q	Kt to K B 7 +	34..K to his 2	K B × Q
32..K-his K Kt sq	Q R × R +	35..K × Q R	K B-K 2, etc.
33..K × K Kt	Q R-K 8 +		

Between Herren Neumann and Rosenthal, in Paris.

TWO KT'S DEFENCE.

Neumann.	Rosenthal.	Neumann.	Rosenthal.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	21..Q R × R	Q R to K sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	22..Q R × R +	K × Q R
3..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	23..K-his Kt 2	Q-K 5 +
4..P-Q 4	K P × P	24..Q-K B 3	K-his B sq
5..Castles	K B-K 2 (g)	25..Q × Q	K Kt × Q
6..K Kt × P	Castles	26..P-Q B 3	K-his 3
7..Q Kt-B 3	K B-B 4	27..B-Q B 2	Kt-Q B 4
8..K Kt-B 5 (h)	P-Q 3	28..K-his B 3	P-K B 3
9..Q B-Kt 5	Q Kt-K 4	29..K-his 3	K-Q 3
10..K B-Kt 3	P-Q B 3	30..P-K B 4	K Kt-Q 2
11..K-his R sq	Q B × Kt	31..P-K R 4	Kt-Kt 3
12..K P × B	P-Q 4	32..P-Q Kt 3	K Kt-Q 2
13..Q-her 2	Q-her 3	33..K B-Q 3	P-Q Kt 4
14..Q R-Q sq	K R-K sq	34..B-Q R 2	P-Q R 4
15..P-K R 3	K B-Kt 3	35..P-Q R 3	Kt-Kt 5
16..K R-K sq	B-B 2 (i)	36..B-Q 3	K-Q B 4
17..Q B-B 4	Q-her 2	37..P-Q Kt 4 +	R P × P
18..Q B × K	K B × B	38..R P × P +	K-Q 3
19..P-K Kt 4	B × Q Kt	39..K-Q 4, and the game was abandoned as a draw.	
20..Q × K B	K R × R +		

(g) He would gain nothing by taking the Pawn.
(h) In another game before us, at the same opening, Herr Neumann played Q B to K 3d, the next few moves being:—

8..Q B to K 3	Q Kt × Kt	13..Q R to K sq	Q B to Q 2
9..Q B × Kt	K B × B	14..P-K 5	Kt-K sq (1)
10..Q × K B	P-Q 3	15..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-home
11..P-K B 4	Q B-K 3	16..K B-Q 3	P-Q B 3
12..K B-K 2	Q-K 2	17..Q Kt-K 3	Q-her Kt 3,

and this was answered by Q to K 4th, and the *partie* was ultimately drawn.
(1) Taking the Pawn would have been dangerous.
(i) Threatening the attacking move, Kt to Q B 5th.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

B. W. BRONX.—One of your positions appears; the other is not up to the mark. Try again.

Game No. 28.—Vol. XVI.

Between Wilton and Scotty.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Wilton.	White. Scotty.	Black. Wilton.	White. Scotty.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	14..12 to 16	21 to 19(c)
2..15 22	25 18	15..16 23	20 16
3..8 11	29 25	16..11 20	18 4
4..4 8	24 20	17..23 27	31 24
5..10 15	25 22	18..20 27	28 24
6..12 16	21 17	19..27 31	24 20
7..8 12	17 13	20..10 14	20 16
8..7 10	28 24(a)	21..31 27	16 11
9..9 14	18 9	22..27 23	22 18
10..5 14	23 18(b)	23..14 17	18 14
11..14 23	26 19	24..23 18	14 9
12..16 23	27 18	25..1 5. Drawn.*	
13..3 8	32 28		

* The termination is given as an end-game this week.
(a) 27 to 24 appears to be stronger play. (b) Drummond calls this a losing move. (c) Better than 31 to 26.

Solution of Position No. 52.—Vol. XVI.

BY R. W. WILSON.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 11	8 to 14	3..20 to 9, and draw the game.	
2..24 20	8 15		

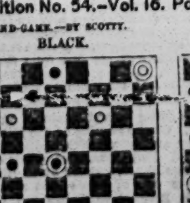
Solution of Position No. 53.—Vol. XVI.

BY. J. FROST.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..2 to 7	13 to 22	4..12 to 8	4 to 11
2..21 17	22 13	5..7 14, and draws.	
3..27 24	28 19		

Position No. 54.—Vol. 16. Position No. 55.—Vol. 16.

END-GAME.—BY SCOTTY. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

BY B. W. BRONX. BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When the weary sufferer tosses upon his fevered pillow, let him use these Pills, which, by expelling the causes which obstruct his rest, will make him enjoy refreshing sleep.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

AN HERMAPHRODITE AS THE BRIDE.

A marriage of the most remarkable kind took place at Louisville, Ky., recently. The *Courier* says of it that "when the banns were published, probably, there were not more than two persons in the world, and the bridegroom not one of them, who knew of its peculiar features. Both bride and bridegroom were residents of this city; the former a girl of 17, and the latter a young mechanic with very fair prospects for the future, and some little cash in bank. The wedding was celebrated in the usual manner, and the young couple started for a northern city on their honeymoon trip. They were not long gone, however, for at the end of two days they were back in Louisville, and the young husband, who had hitherto been noted for his temperate habits, took to drinking, and in a day or two afterwards suddenly disappeared. Rumor said he had gone to California, but at any rate he left his wife with her friends here. After returning from Indianapolis he made a strange statement to an intimate friend, in which he alleged that his wife, though to all appearances a young girl, was of neither sex, and that she was to him a most incomprehensible being, with whom he could never live happily. He seemed greatly troubled, and asked advice as to what course he ought to pursue under the circumstances. The next heard of him by his friend he had left the city. The deserted bride seems to be entirely unconscious of being in any way different from any other human being, and could never have experienced the passion of love, though the husband carried on his suit a year. She looks to be a beautiful young girl, though not very well developed, and there is nothing masculine or unusual in her features. Her parents, it is said, have kept her very close at home, and in her school days she was not allowed to mingle with her schoolmates, her teachers having received particular instructions before she entered the schools which she attended. The mother is thought to have been the only person acquainted with her peculiarities up to the time of the marriage.

AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE.

A young French painter, of twenty-five summers, has had an *Etude de Femme* on exhibition at Paris, which has been the subject of much gossip. It is said to be a marvel of beauty, a dream of poetical genius, and the realization of the perfection of the human form. It is simply a young female lying among crimson cushions; there is nothing to screen a limb or a muscle. Even her hair, which seems to live, is cut short in little curls, and thereby displays a head whose contour combines all that we would dream. The eyes are, perhaps, the most wonderful attraction of the whole picture; they have various expressions, and one belives they move after looking down into their depths for some time. The jury has awarded the highest prize to this masterpiece; but then Dumas *fils* has purchased it, and we wager his knowledge in this *Etude* excels that of the jury. A good story is afloat about this picture which has the merit of being true. A beautiful woman of the *haute monde* sat some time ago for her portrait to Lefebre. Not liking the picture, she returned it, and there the matter ended. But the artist's revenge was to come. The grand lady in lounging through the salons the other day, was unutterably shocked to recognize in the far-famed *Etude de Femme* her own face. Scandal is busy, and those who know her ask, "Did she *pose?*" An old lady in grey silk and muslin about her neck, who ought to be a Quakeress if she isn't one, dear old soul, could not make up her mind upon more than a furtive glance at the *Etude*; she turned away, and sighing, said: "It is, indeed, her face; but I hope she only *posed* for her face." The grand dame is furious, but there is no remed[y].

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

SEDUCTION AND ABORTION.

The staid old Nutmeg State is not free from this class of cases, it seems, one having occurred of which we cull the following particulars from the Hartford *Times*:—"The parties live in Glastonbury. They are church members and have hitherto been considered respectable. The man, who stands high in the church, sought the company of a young woman whom he induced to take up her abode in his house, and in order that he might the more safely carry out his designs he induced her to join the same church. Then comes the hardest part of the story. He easily worked upon the mind of the girl, and finally seduced her. The consequences becoming apparent, he made her submit to the hands of a physician residing in that town, from the result of which the poor, deluded victim died on Monday, 5th inst. Her dead body lay in the house until Wednesday without the guilty man informing the relatives of the deceased, who lived in the same town. The terrible news came upon them like a thunderbolt. A warrant was issued on Friday last for the arrest of the seducer, and by this time he is probably in charge of the officers of the law.

A NIGGER'S GROSS OUTRAGE.

One of the colored tribe was arrested by officers Rumsey and Barton on the 14th, at Jersey City, for attempting to outrage the persons of two white girls named Lizzie McGuire and Mary Ann Gonnor, aged respectively ten and twelve years. The negro enticed the girls into his house in Morgan street at about eight o'clock in the morning, and after dosing them with liquor, stripped them and attempted to violate their persons. He kept them in the house until after three o'clock, P. M., when one of them escaped through a back window and immediately told her story to some residents in the vicinity. A large crowd collected around the house and tried to break in, with the purpose of taking the monster out and lynching him, but the arrival of several policemen prevented the execution of their purpose. It was not, however, without much difficulty that the villain was taken through the crowd to the station house, a large number of enraged citizens following the officers and threatening summary vengeance upon the culprit. He was committed by Recorder Martindale for examination. The prisoner belongs to a notorious family, who have some of them been implicated before in similar outrages, one of them having been hung for murder at Newark about two years ago.

A DIVORCE CASE was brought before Judge Brady, at the Court of Common Pleas, in this city, on the 14th inst. The plaintiff in the case was wife of defendant, and brought a suit some time ago to obtain a divorce from her husband. The case was sent before a referee, who, after taking testimony, [illegible] for publication, in relation to the alleged adultery of the defendant with a woman on board a steamboat, decided in favor of granting the divorce. The case came up on a motion to set aside the referee's report and to present an answer. The court denied the motion.

PREMATURE BIRTH.—A fair young feminine of respectable parentage was a passenger on the steamer Adelpha to this city from Haverstraw, one day last week. During the voyage she was taken suddenly sick, and soon after, being conveyed to a state-room, gave birth to a bouncing girl. It is supposed that the girl was on her way to a lying-in asylum in this city at the time of the little episode.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

Their First Semi-Annual Games at the Empire City Rink.

The energy displayed by those who conceived the idea of organising the society bearing the above title has, we are pleased to learn, had the effect of placing it on the high road to success, and a future of brightness and prosperity seems to be opening before it, which all persons interested in the advancement of legitimate out-door and in-door pastimes will be gratified to know. The membership list has considerably lengthened since the organization meeting was held at Knickerbocker Cottage but a few months since. The devotees of various branches of athletic sports, perceiving the benefits to be derived from such a consolidation, cheerfully lent their assistance to enable the projectors to carry out their aims. The main object of the club is to supply a want which has so far existed—an established ground upon which competitions in amateur athletic sports may take place—and to afford as completely as possible to all classes of gentlemen amateurs the means of practising and competing against one another. The patronage of the society will be extended to all kinds of pedestrianism, gymnastics, rowing, swimming, skating, etc., but pending the time when the funds of the club shall enable the committee to carry out their designs in full, it has been determined to institute a semi-annual series of competitions in out-door athletic sports, chiefly pedestrianism. The first of these meetings has been arranged to take place at the new Empire City Skating Rink, Third avenue, Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 11th, commencing at 7½ o'clock, and hereafter they will be held in May and October of each year. The order of games is as follows:—

1..Standing Broad Jump.	8..Running High Leap.
2..Seventy-five yards' Race.	9..Quarter Mile Run.
3..Standing High Jump.	10..Standing Three Jumps.
4..220 yards' Race.	11..Half-mile Race.
5..Running Broad Jump.	12..Throwing the Hammer.
6..Putting the Shot.	13..Pole Leaping.
7..One Mile Walk.	14..Hurdle Race.

First and second prizes will be awarded in each game; they will consist of engraved medals, the first of gold and the second of silver. These games are open to all amateurs, whether members of the club or not. Entries can be made in writing to any one of the Committee of Management, and will state name and address. The same person may enter in any one or all of the games, but his entry must specify in which he intends to compete. No entrance fee will be charged, and the entry books will be closed on Monday, Nov. 9th. To protect these games from the entry of professionals, the list of entries will be kept by the secretary of the club for the inspection of all parties interested; and in an objection to any of the entries is made in writing to the Committee of Management on or before Monday evening, November 9th, such objection will be submitted to a Committee of Investigation, who will decide whether they be allowed to compete.

The Empire City Skating Rink is a mammoth building constructed with arches, having the largest clear span in America, being 170 feet in width, 350 feet in length, and 70 feet high, with a ground floor and raised platforms for spectators, accommodating an audience of 10,000 persons. A running track will be prepared 220 yards in circumference, eight circuits to the mile, and a straight course of 100 yards for sprint running. The erection of a building of such mammoth proportions, with a ground floor suitable for Athletic Games, will inaugurate the novel feature of outdoor sports within doors by gaslight, thus enabling many to be present as contestants or spectators who would not find the opportunity in business hours.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.—Wm. B. Curtis, 200 Sixth Avenue; H. S. Magrane, 90 Chambers street; David L. G. Dorrian, 40 Gouverneur street; P. M. Broderick, 512 W 42d street; Chas. S. Kingsley, 499 Fifth avenue; Edward Fox, 29 Summit street, Brooklyn; Jno. C. Babcock, 200 Sixth avenue; H. E. Buermeyer, 55 Murray street; J. Edward Russell, 323 Bleecker st.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BILLY PASTOR.

THIS comic vocalist was born in New York, and at an early age was apprenticed to John Nathans, the well known circus manager, with whom he remained eleven years. He then traveled throughout the United States with various circus companies until 1860, when he went to Spain, under engagement to Price, as a vaulter and equestrian. He traveled through Spain and Portugal for two years, when he visited Paris and appeared at the Cirque Imperatrice before the Emperor Napoleon. He then went to Denmark, where for the first time he appeared as trick clown. After playing there six months, during which time he performed before the King and the present Princess of Wales, he went to Prussia, under engagement to Hutterman and Suer, and traveled all over that country. In Holland he played in the German language, with Bleuno's Circus Troupe, appearing before all the crowned heads and celebrities of note. He then engaged himself with Rentz, and played as a French trick clown in Antwerp. Chiarini next secured his services for Havana, as Spanish clown, where he met with the same success that had previously rewarded his efforts to please. From Havana he went to Nassau, with Spaulding and Rogers' Equestrian *Corps*, to play clown in English. On the passage home to New York the vessel was wrecked off Barnegat Light, and the subject of our sketch [illegible] his wardrobe and trunks. Arriving in this city, Messrs. Spaulding and Rogers opened under canvas, in Fourteenth street, with their Ocean Circus, and Billy Pastor played clown. Closing here, he traveled through the west as clown, and the following season revisited Havana with the same company. As comic singing had always been a feature with Billy, he was persuaded by David Bidwell to give up the circus business and turn his attention to making comic singing the principal feature of his performance. He accordingly made his debut at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, during the season of 1865, and at once became a favorite with the audiences. Since then he has appeared in all the leading music halls with much success. He has lately adopted the Lingard Statue Song business, in which he personates some of the most popular men of the day. He resembles his brother, Tony Pastor, very much, both in his style of singing and general appearance. He is at present engaged at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, where he has been secured for the season at a handsome salary.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

E. W. Palmer,	J. Cockain,	Wm. Mack,
Sig. Capolo,	Gonsalvo Bishop (2),	E. Eissman,
Yankee Robinson,	Frank Donaldson,	John D. Wood,
Charles Spicer,	F. McDonald,	J. A. Mareck,
Smead and Dow,	Chas. Melville,	C. H. Clay,
Ch. Kauffman,	Dr. Henry Gardner,	J. W. Carner,
Wm. McFarland,	Chas. A. Wing,	O. B. Hicks (2),
Chas. King,	Hank Goodman,	John Templeton,
John Keefe,	C. B. Richards (2),	Johnny Pendergast,
J. A. Bailey,	Welsh Edwards,	B. H. Brink,
R. E. J. Miles,	Billy Hart,	Charley Austin,
Geo. A. Williams,	Hector Mackay,	Harry Stanwood,
Thos. Cassiday,	Harry T. West,	Lew Collins,
L. J. Donelle,	Chas. McCarthy,	Alonzo Phelps,
M. Salisbury,	Mr. Vosberg,	Alex. Neuville,
H. M. Wickes,	R. H. Dockrill (3),	A. G. Cooper,
Chas. Parker,	Frank Rivers,	E. S. Bergan,
Chas. Plunkett,	Chas. E. Lovett,	Le Jeune Donelle,
A. N. Lewis,	Frank Robinson,	Humphrey Bland,
D. G. Waldron (2),	Frank Campbell,	Chas. De Forest,
Alfred Moe,	Frank Newhall,	G. Swayne Buckley,
W. H. Otis,	Edwin Rupert,	M. C. Dorighty,
P. A. Older,	Thomas B. Shannon,	Arthur Gregory,
Joe Lang,	Lewis Workborn,	Eugene Gorman,
T. H. Hollis,	J. F. Crossen,	James W. Ward,
Harry Talbot,	Charles K. Moore,	E. C. Davenport,
James Jakaway,	A. S. Remington,	Ned Howard,
Mr. Eckart,	T. H. Shannon,	C. H. Duprez,
Wm. Hough,	T. C. Howard,	E. B. Worsham,
J. H. Alley,	William Marshall,	Ed. Flannigan,
Andy McKee,	Harry Bloodgood,	B. M. Leavitt,
Chas. Haywood,	Edwin Booth (2),	Major Greene,
Peak Family,	Dick Ralph,	Johnny Harris,
G. C. Davenport,	Sig. Faranta,	George Roscoe,
Hannah Birch,	Geo. Monk,	Mr. O. W. Blake,
Mrs. Fred. Meek,	Annie Aitkens,	Kate Enoch (3),
Pauline Cushman,	Saidee Janvrin,	Jennie Gourlay,
Mrs. Frank Drew,	Mlle. Augusta,	Kate Foster,
Josie Mason,	Angeline Ravel,	Kate Costello,
Ada Richmond,	Rosa Celeste,	Maggie Mitchell,
Belle Fisher,	Katie Putnam,	Jennie Banker,
Matie Rumsey,	Jean Hosmer (2),	Annie Gibbons &c.,
Helen Marble,	Mary Lee,	Mary Jackson,
Mrs. S. L. Whitney,	Nellie Edwards,	Mad. Lopez,
Matilda Cooke,	Annie Berger,	Lottie Chandler,
Flora Weston,	Dora Shaw,	Miss Albertine,

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Oct. 19th, '68.

A "NIPPING and an eager air" ushered in the new week, and good warm stoves and good warm whiskey punches are in demand in consequence. The first snow of the season fell on the 16th, in neighboring cities, and 'Our Jim" fell in this vicinity on the same day, the sad result of spiritual manifestations. Fires are prevalent just now, both in stoves and in houses, the latter caused by an effort to ignite the initial fire of the season in dirty stoves, combined with dirtier chimneys......The week has been lively in more senses than one; first, we were on the anxious bench in regard to the State elections held on the 13th, and though *one* of the parties is said to have had the best of the contest, we meddle so little in politics that we have not yet learned *who* that successful party is; but our opinion is, that Grant or Seymour are the lucky ones. We may gather the facts of the case when the official returns come in, for figures, you know, cannot lie, except when they are "fixed" by the knowing ones......As usual, we shall try to use you all in our usual humorous way. What care we for the political situation. *We* are not after a place. If the political horizon, as some of the red hot and radical papers say, is inclined to lower, why let her lower; if she is destined to rise, like those operatic gentlemen who roam about among the high C's, with great E's, we say let her I's. Its totally immaterial to us what she does, as none of the loaves or fishes will come to our share. The other evening, while attending a red hot meeting of some kind or other——but we'd better put it in rhyme:—

HOW HE GOT CAUGHT.

One night a blatant demigogue
Unto a gaping crowd
A noisy speech, political,
Was making, long and loud:—
Love for the whole United States,
Quite fiercely he expressed;
"I know," said he, "no North, no South,
I know no East or West!"
A solemn voice upon the air
The crowd assembled heard;
The orator stopped in his speech
And took in every word;
"If that's the case," the loud voice said,
"I rather think, you fool,
You'd better take your geography
And go to some good school!"

......"Our Jim" has kept himself rather shady for a week, or may be he has been kept shady by others; we don't know. Jim *will* jobby himself about politics and clam chowder and things, and he often gets into trouble or the station house in consequence. This morning he shuffled into the sanctum looking so dismal that we couldn't forbear asking the cause, remarking at the same time that we had never noticed him so blue before. He said he had bet a hat on the election, and it made him feel sicker than he felt since the 31st of August last. We then, of course, asked what had occurred on that particular day to disturb him. Edging towards the door, he replied:

"Why, gittin' up that mornin' made me feel *awful* bad."

"How so?" we inquired, our curiosity excited.

[illegible] drawing his sleeve across his nose, and whimpering, "cos it was the last *rose* of summer."

In an instant he had gone from our gaze like a pullut-ed egg. ......Talking about beautiful dreams, we had one the other evening while drinking in the words of the text as expounded by that other ex-pounder, Awful Gardner. This was our dream: we drome that we slept, and while we thus slope, a spirit appeared to us. ["No, it *wasn't* Bourbon"] and said, "You are now under the influence of second sight." Even in blissful repose we were true to our instinct of jockular joking, and we replied, "Well, this is our *first* sight of it." "Pshaw!" said the spirit, "I want no trifling." "Just so," we responded, the *first* sight of our *second* sight would naturally make a *tri*-fling; surely you must be the spirit of *whine*." The spirit could not resist this most plaintive appeal, as the poet says, for it called forth a spiritual smile." ("No, not *that* kind of a smile." Jim is always asking questions.) "Do not jest, young man," said he. "Jest so," responded we; "but what would's thou with us, most potent, *grave* and reverend mister?" "I am the shade of the legitimate drama. You have sent for me—I have come, bringing along with me the following bill of fare for the delectation of the rising generation;" and this is the curious mixture he left with us as an heir loom, with the original cast:—

Shy lock.......Head win Booth. The Strained yer.........Leotard.
On his Last Legs....The naked drama. Money.....Wm. Wheatley.
Out of the Streets.........Worrell Sisters. Blue Beard...........Aujac.
The Rivals.......................Edwin Booth and Edwin Forest.
The Victims.......................Stockholders of the Academy.
The Lady of Lines...............................Mrs. Scott Siddons.
Day After the Wedding...Ben Baker.
The Grand Touch us..Tostee.

This is but a sample of the programme. "Our Jim" says it won't do to *sample* too much at one sitting. And this sample business reminds us of a fishing excursion which occurred one day last week. Listen:—

THE THREE FISHERS.

The other day on pleasure and recreation bent,
A fishing, two or three of us, from Coney Island went;
We took along our tackle, and bait and things, all snug,
And something in a basket, and something in a jug!

The sail was really glorious, our little boat it ran
As easy as a rocking chair, and fishing we began;
We fished till unto evening, we fished all through the night,
We fished and *fished*, and FISHED and **FISHED**, and didn't get a bite!

We were tired and very hungry, and took a little lunch;
We dove into the basket, and Jim he made some punch.
Now this is confidential—we came back cross and mad—
For the bite we carried with us was the only bite we had.

......A number of our professional friends have been getting married lately, notwithstanding they have long been aware that the fruits of marriages are *pairs*......"Our Jim," being freed from his onerous duties as a summary writer (that's *his* report) on the Sabbath, indulges his virtuous inclinations by going to church, with commendable regularity, we believe. He says he's a member of the "choir," but we *require* further evidence of the truth of this assertion than the mere word of James. It was only last Monday that he came to the office very hoarse, and complained that their new organist had pitched the "chune" so high that none but a *tar* could climb to that *pitch*, and that it "would puzzle a *mast*-er at that." James assured us that he had "started up manfully after the music, and kept raising till 'leven bred singers give up done, lookin' mity crusty; the belle what led the wimmen folks cracked, and her clapper was stopped; but they kept gittin' higher and higher, and I follered the chune clean up into the steeple, and I found steeple chasin' mighty hard, and then I fell through, and that's how I can't talk any." We cautioned James against getting so high on Sundays, and let him go below again......The New York Theatre has not been able to attract many people out of the streets by its new play of "Out of the Streets."......And talking about new plays, why is it that a playwright is never able to write a play right? Because he makes M S of it.

ABOUT ANOTHER MAN.

There was an old stager named Bateman,
Whose traveling, allow us to state, man,
Induced him to bring us
Some queer sort of singers,
Whose gifts he did much overrate, man.

Then there came yet another called Grau-er,
Who triumphs had gained by the sco-er,
Who people from France
Brought to sing and to dance,
And to wipe out old Bate, at one chaw-er.

So they opened, and fit, and they fit, man,
And Grau he did git up and git, man,
While Bateman's red hue
Turned to something like blue
As the second night gave him a fit, man.

The two come together this week, man,
At least, we have so heard them treat, man,
So between these French buffers,
We'll sure get enough ers*
Of the fight between Grau and Pike's speak† man.

*The liberty we have here taken is actually necessary to a proper commingling and harmonizing of the beauties of this little poetic gem.

†Another poetic license, the only license that we have nothing to pay for; hence, their indiscriminate use. The uninformed reader should understand that Bateman, who holds forth at Pike's Opera House, is apt to speak in laudatory terms of himself *and* Pike. Hence, Pike's speak.

We have had a great many bare face and bare bosom women before us during the past two or three years, but it has remained for Manager Lent to show us a *bare back* female at his circus in Fourteenth street......"Our Jim," who claims to embody the wit as well as wisdom of our establishment, has come to the sage conclusion, after eyeing some fair specimens of the "Grecian bend," that the reason why those ladies will walk on such a high-heeled shoe is, that they are *bent* on it!......And speaking of lovely woman and girls and things, we have just discovered that the probable reason why the ladies never have as hearty appetites as the opposite sex is, that there is generally something about their dress to *stay* their stomachs......"Wimmen is cruel deceivers," old Si. Meelbox used to say; but his word is not always to be accepted, except *cum grano solis*, which, translated into our domestic tongue, now fast going out of use in this cosmopolitan city—signifies, with many grains of allowance for errors and *lapsus linguæ*—(English: slip of the tongue, or lies, villainous lies,) and so forth, but St. Meelbox's estimate of "wimmen" is borne out by "Our Jim," who, in his wanderings, has frequent cause to curse the hour that first inducted him into the arts and mysteries of love, as witness the following

LITTLE EPISODE, IN "OUR JIM'S" CAREER.

"Maid of Gotham, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart;
Give me back those diamond rings—
Give me that hoop skirt and things—
That I, thinking you loved me,
Lavished foolishly on thee!"

Then she gave a wicked smile—
Tapping with her foot the while—
Not a sigh, nor sob, nor tear;
"Jim," says she, "go way from here!
The diamond rings are up the spout,
Now all I want is, you clear out.

My advice to you is this:—
Don't be cajoled with a kiss,
A sparkling eye or pretty curls—
Don't forget that girls are girls;
I shall not give you back a cent!
Go!" she thundered, and he went!

ELECTION INTERESTS have not, thus far, had such an injurious effect upon amusements in this city as had been anticipated, but still there is not that plethoric condition of the money boxes which managers so delight in seeing, and which, in their sight, should never be diminished. That we have an abundance of attractions, let the dead walls and board fences, with their wealth of pictorial attractions, attest. We have something to suit every taste—the legitimate in the shape of tragedy at Niblo's; the queer, in the guise of opera bouffe, at Pike's and the French Theatre; horses and clowns, and sawdust in 14th street, and Broadway and 34th street; minstrelsy at three favored halls; old comedy, pantomime, *ballet*, variety, opera, concerts, drolleries and a little of all sorts, from the highest temple of the drama to the lowest dive of the fly-by-night. Each and all may be seen, heard and enjoyed; every taste may be gratified; every pocket-book consulted. In a few short weeks the election excitement will have subsided, and some one will have "got it" to the discomfiture of those who *didn't* get it. Until which time let us patiently await the issue and the good times that are expected to follow.

AT PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, way over on the Eighth avenue, Bateman's troupe commenced a season on Wednesday evening, 14th inst., with the somewhat played out "Duchess of Gerolstein," and the equally played out Tostee. There was a large audience present, the actual number of dead head tickets being but two hundred and forty-five, which was not bad. On the second night there was quite a falling off in the attendance, the receipts being *eight hundred and fifty dollars less* than those of the opening night, which goes to show that many of the first night-ers must have forgotten the route to the far west on the occasion of the second performance. They *do* say that Lambele's part is a most Wanda-ful performance.

"BEEF JIM," carded as the feature in "Out of the Streets" at the N. Y. Theatre, must not be confounded with "*Our Jim*," who is not on that sort of thing. The beef eater has one scene of about three minutes' duration, and a speech of two or three lines. Business bad at this house.

DIVORCE IN THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.—Proceedings have been commenced in the Supreme Court, in this city, by a lady now playing at St. Louis, for a divorce from her husband upon the grounds of abandonment and desertion. In answer to these charges the husband alleges a denial of the charge, and brings a series of accusations against his wife of acts of adultery committed by her with various members of the profession in New York and other cities. The case will be shortly tried, and as the accusations alleged by the husband are directed against several married men, the details of the trial will occasion some interest and excitement.

JOHN BROUGHAM, who declared his intentions in 1850, is declared to have taken out his naturalization papers one day last week. We always looked upon John as a natural eyes'd man of long standing.

EDWIN FORREST inaugurated the legitimate once more at Niblo's Garden on the 12th inst., with a performance of "King Lear," which was repeated on the 13th and 14th. On the 15th and 16th "Richelieu" was given, and Matilda Heron closed the week with her performance of "Camille." It was natural to suppose that after so long a surfeit of the leg drama, together with the broad Opera Bouffe, the friends of the legitimate would rally to the Forrestonian standard, and crowd Niblo's Garden on each and every occasion that the great tragedian appeared. But the result has been otherwise. The attendance the first night was not large, for while the parquet and parquet circle were comfortably filled, the family circle and gallery were only half filled. The hosts of dead heads that had been filling the theatre during the season of Opera Bouffe had their heads cut off—theatrically speaking—which partly accounts for the difference in the attendance. Business continued no better throughout the week, the attendance on the first night of "Richelieu" being lighter than that of the preceding evenings. With but very few exceptions Mr. Forrest is poorly supported. Miss De Land, a lady who was a favorite actress at Laura Keene's, and who married and retired from the stage five years ago, reappeared on the 12th, as Regan, and made a favorable impression. She has a pretty face, a good figure and a pleasant voice, and takes well. Miss Lillie is no better an actress than she was three years ago. Mr. Forrest is playing better now than for two or three seasons. His superior as King Lear has probably never been seen on the American stage. His curse scene in "Richelieu" was very fine, and he was called before the curtain. This evening he appears as Virginius.

"NOTWITHSTANDING the very great success of 'No Thoroughfare' at the Broadway Theatre"—oh! William, how *could* you? —Mrs. Florence is to appear this week, in order to strengthen the attractions, in the farce of "Thrice Married."

GRAU'S BOUFFE TROUPE have not made *un grande successimo* at the French Theatre, and an abrupt *finale* to the "Grand Dutchess" took place on the 17th, but the manager says this is for the purpose of giving night rehearsals of the new opera of "Genevive de Brabant," which is to be produced on the 22d with "a splendor never before witnessed on any stage in America," which is saying a good deal. In this splendid opera Miles. Desclauzas, Fontanel, and Mons. Gabel are to make their New York *debut*. Grau ought to make a go of it at the French Theatre, for it is better located for opera purposes than Pike's.

KELLOGG will have a big reception at the Academy this evening, judging from the crowds of people who patiently waited their turn in line to secure seats last week.

JAMES TAYLOR, one of the most original and pleasing comic vocalists that we have had in this country, reappears in this city at Apollo Hall, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, this evening, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Brennan and others. Since Mr. Taylor's last appearance here he has made a brief tour in New England, and wherever he appeared was favorably received. If you want to enjoy a good, hearty laugh, devote one evening to seeing Mr. Taylor, and you will be sure to go again.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS the past week were well patronized, and everything went off well. Birch and Backus played with infinite zest, and kept their hearers in roars of laughter. Harry Raynor secured a share of the applause, and has already become quite a favorite with the audiences. This week he will have a better opportunity of showing what he can do, as his partner, Harry Leslie, joins the "Friscos," and they will appear in a double act. Harry Raynor and Harry Leslie have traveled and performed together throughout Australia, China and California.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS, having closed up its summer's tenting tour, reopens in this city this evening on the lot corner of Thirty-fourth street and Broadway. Among the features to be found in this concern are James Robinson and his son Clarence, Lucille Watson, the Bell Family, the Buislay Family, the Sherwood Family, Sam Long, Frank Whittaker and many others.

"THE LANCASHIRE LASS" will shortly be produced at Wallack's [illegible]

THE HANLON BROTHERS were in this city on Sunday, the 18th inst., on their way from Albany, N. Y., to Philadelphia, where they were to open on the 19th at the Chestnut Street Theatre for one week, and go thence to Baltimore, Md., Pittsburgh, Pa., and Trenton, N. J., for the 4th and 5th of November. Their season, so far, has been a most brilliant one, and notwithstanding they performed the past week in Syracuse, Albany and Rochester during the torchlight processions, they did a good business. At Albany they had the Van Amburg Menagerie for opposition on the opening night, but the Hanlons played to a crowded house, while the menagerie had a poor attendance, the cold snap being too much for canvas show patrons. The tour of the Hanlons through Canada is said to have been a successful one in every respect. They intend to spend the winter in the south.

WETMORE & CO. have removed their dramatic agency from Houston street to more commodious rooms in Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

GEORGE L. FOX, stage manager of the Olympic Theatre, was married in this city on Sunday, the 18th inst., to Miss Temple, a young lady who has been playing the role of Alaska, in the opening burlesque to "Humpty Dumpty."

THE LONDON BURLESQUE COMBINATION, consisting of Lisa Weber, Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham, Ada Harland and Harry Beckett, continue to attract overflowing audiences to Wood's Museum, the placard "Standing Room Only" having been placed at the box office every night since their initial appearance. "Ixion" will hold the boards for the current week, and probably for several weeks to come, if it continues to be as popular as it is now. The farce of "To Oblige Benson" having been withdrawn, gives place this evening to the "Water Witches," in which Lisa Weber, Miss Markham and Mr. Beckett will appear.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is in the thirty-fourth week of its presentation at the Olympic Theatre, and it is attracting equally as densely crowded audiences now as during the first weeks of its production. The new *ballets* and the new faces in the Terpsichorean line were well received the past week. The *matinees* on Wednesday and Saturday are nearly as well attended as in the evening. Surely this has been one of the greatest successes ever known in the history of the American stage, and bids fair to outrival the "Black Crook" in the length of its run and in a pecuniary view.

MCEVOY'S HIBERNICON, which has been attracting crowded audiences to Pike's Music Hall for six weeks, remains there, and probably will for several weeks to come. *As* a painting it is a success, and one of the best ever put on canvas for panoramic representation.

THE BURLESQUE of "The Grand Duchesse," produced last season by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, will be revived this evening at their hall with all the original music, magnificent dresses and general appointments.

SUSAN GALTON'S ENGLISH OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE, lately performing at Wood's Museum, commenced at the Theatre Comique on the 12th inst. in the French operetta of "Fanchette." Susan Galton, who is a niece of Louisa Pyne, possesses an agreeable face, good stage presence, is a charming singer and a vivacious actress, but she labors under the disadvantage of having to bolster up considerable dead wood in the support she is supposed to receive from the majority of the performers making up her company. During the operetta Susan Galton sang "The Lover and the Bird" in excellent style, and was most deservedly *encored*. The evening's entertainment commenced with "A Day After the Wedding," with a change in the cast, as previously produced here. Conway Fox appeared as Rivers, in place of Maurice B. Pike, and E. B. Holmes as James, in place of J. T. Raymond. The change did not improve the piece at all. Mr. Lingard's comic sketches and statues continue in favor with the audience, as does Prof. Hilton's very clever ventriloquism. Business keeps first rate at this place.

CHARLIE MELVILLE'S "New Ballad Songster" and Charlie Melville's "Melodies" are among the latest publications in that line.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS attracted crowded audiences the past week, while nearly every other place of amusement suffered a falling off from the previous week's business. Robert Stickney, who is one of the great features at this establishment, is riding a dashing and graceful pad act, while his four horse act is one of the best we have witnessed in many years. For the current week, Mr. Lent announces that he will produce the Asiatic spectacle of "The Chinese Festival," given last season with considerable success. There will also be acrobatic, gymnastic and daring feats of horsemanship, introducing all the company.

R. STRUTHERS and Jennie Gourlay returned to this city from Montreal on the 15th inst.

JOHN ALLEN—*not* the "Wickedest Man in New York"—but a popular western manager, arrived in this city on the 17th inst.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS was obliged to postpone her initial reading in this city from the 12th to the 19th inst., in consequence of the alterations in Steinway Hall not being completed. She will give selections from "As You Like It," "Macbeth," "Death of Constance de Beverly," "The May Queen," and the "Courtship of Henry the Fifth."

LUCY EGERTON and Lizzie Wilmore returned to England by the steamer of the 10th inst. The former has retired from the stage, while the latter lady will shortly return to this country.

MR. C. FOLWELL, late of the Olympic and Broadway Theatres, is lying dangerously ill at his residence, No. 9 Harrison street, this city.

A NEW PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.—Since the destruction of Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, by fire, New York has been without a variety place of amusement on Broadway, and as that style of business has not only been popluar but very lucrative to managers, it is strange that some enterprising man has not embarked in the business and opened a place of this kind on an extensive scale. A gentleman well known in the circus business has leased the store 616 Broadway, between Houston street and the Olympic theatre, and is busily engaged having it fitted up as a variety place of amusement. A stage is already erected at the east end of the hall, six feet from the floor, fifteen feet deep, thirty wide, with a proscenium twelve by twenty feet at the opening. Raised seats will be made, and it is expected to be ready for opening early in November.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS are doing a good business at their hall, on Fourteenth street. On the evening of the 15th inst. the hall was well filled by an appreciative audience, and nearly every act was *encored*. Dan Bryant created considerable laughter by his Challenge Dance, assisted by R. Hughes, the clog danger. This is one of Dan's best acts, and always pleases. "Lucrezia Borgia" continues one of the principal attractions.

LEOTARD, the great gymnast and athlete, is to make his *debut* in America, on the 29th inst., at the Academy of Music, in this city. M. Jerome Ravel is director of the entertainments.

"1968, OR NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE," is the title of an extravaganza announced for production this evening at Tony Pastor's Opera House. Miss Alice Seidler, vocalist, who was added to the company the past week, has met with a favorable reception and continues in the company, also Johnny Thompson, another great favorite on the east side. Millie Turnour, the female gymnast, closed her engagement on the 17th, and has gone west. She is a most attractive card for any place.

J. B. MARSHALL, the California manager, who came to this city with the Mikado Japs, intends returning to "Frisco" by the steamer of Oct. 24th

E. P. KENDALL, manager of the Hanlon Combination, was on town on the 18th inst.

THADDEUS W. GLOVER, well known in this city among the newspaper fraternity and in the theatrical profession as dramatist, is at present quite sick in this city and not expected to live.

Dramatic.

THE MARSH AND STONE TROUPE were in Shanghai, China, at last advices—Aug. 13th. The troupe consists of Amy Stone, Mrs. R. G. Marsh, Miss Lizzie Yeoman, H. F. Stone, R. G. Marsh, G. W. Marsh, M. S. Gregory, G. R. Caine and Charles Larke. R. G. Marsh is business manager of the troupe and Mr. Stone stage manager. The company had given two performances at the Lyceum Theatre, Shanghai. Business was good, but the heat was so excessive that only occasional performances would be given until fall. Mr. Stone writes:—"We shall make considerable money here; prices are big (boxes and stalls $3, pit $2, gallery $1) and it takes but a few people to make a paying house. After playing in this place and Hong Kong I shall leave here for San Francisco, and probably be there next spring. 'Sketches in India' and 'The Rough Diamond' were performed Aug. 12th."

DON'T LAUGH.—A very ludicrous *faux pas* happened in the performance of "La Belle Helene" at the Alhambra, San Francisco, on Sept. 22d. The stately "cweachur" who appears in long clothes in the train of the naughty Orestes, in the second scene of the first act, met with a skittish skirt mishap. In fact her skirts were only prevented falling from her person by digit arrest. As the discomfited fair was retreating, the unsympathetic audience excited her ire by chuckling; whereupon she stayed in her headlong career and indignantly facing the irreverent scoffers, exclaimed:—"You needn't laugh, such a thing might happen to any of you!" The *truism* literally "brought down the house," and the skirt deserted disappeared in the uproar.

THE ATHENÆUM, Jackson, Mich., opened on Oct. 4th, under the management of Mr. Stevenson, with the following company:—J. G. Stutts, leading; J. H. Rodgers, comedian; E. B. Marden, old men; G. W. Worrell, walking gents; J. H. Hunt, juveniles; J. D. Smith, heavies; Anna Douglass, leading; Miss Helen D. Este, juveniles; Miss Florence May, chambermaids; Mrs. Howard, old women, and Miss Gracy Greenwood, boys. The company opened with the "Sailor of France," "Last Legs" and "Dumb Belle."

MAGGIE MITCHELL opened at Springfield, Mass., in "Fanchon," Oct. 12th, and "Lorle" on the 14th. Crowded houses greeted her, and "Lorle" created a sensation, notwithstanding its painfully pathetic ending.

LITTLE NELL, the child actress, can be engaged. See card.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, opened for the fall and winter season of 1868–9, under the management of W. R. Floyd, on Thursday, October 8, with Boucicault's comedy of "Vanity Fair," and the farce of the "Bonnie Fish-Wife." A correspondent writes:—"The comedy is taken bodily from the French, and in itself will not bear criticism, but like all Boucicault's pieces there is enough in the plot and the situations to make the piece attractive, and on the whole the audience were much pleased with it. The new company, the names of which have already been given in the CLIPPER, was of itself attraction enough to fill the house. Mr. Floyd played the leading character well, while the leading man, Mr. W. E. Sheridan, was cast to the part of a walking gentleman for some reason or other. Considering it was a first night and the actors in a measure strangers to each other, the piece passed off more smoothly than could be expected. Vining Bowers, the stage manager, and an old favorite in the Crescent city, was warmly received. Miss Josie Orton will be a favorite here, as she is everywhere she goes. Miss Georgie Dickson has life in her and will be a favorite. On the whole the Varieties has now the strongest and best company it has had since Lawrence Barrett was there five years ago. The lower part of the house, the parquet and dress circle, were well filled, though from some cause there were but few ladies present. The house has not been repainted or decorated, apparently, during the past ten years, and wears a sad, dingy appearance. The scenery, too, is old and worn out, and though the manager announces a scenic artist from year to year, I do not remember to have observed more than one new scene during the whole of last season. If it be economy to secure a good company, so in the long run it will be found profitable to present the pieces with effective scenery. At the end of the first piece Mr. Floyd was called before the curtain and returned his thanks in a neat speech, but said he would not make any rash promises as to the future. On Friday evening, 9th, 'Everybody's Friend' was given, with Vining Bowers as the Major; and on Saturday evening 'Still Waters Run Deep' was played."

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Washington, D. C., Edwin Adams opened an engagement on the 12th. Manager Spalding engaged a company of good people to support him, and, says our correspondent, "Novice," "everything presented was given in that superior manner for which this establishment is noted; but for all that, business has been rather light. It is my opinion that an error was made in offering the legitimate drama, for the reason that we have not yet had a surfeit of sensational and spectacular pieces. The 'Black Crook' drew the largest kind of houses for three weeks, and would have held the boards for a longer period had it not been for the engagement of the Richings. Mr. Adams opened in the 'Marble Heart,' and was supported by Messrs. Claude Hamilton, W. R. Griffiths, F. Foster, E. Lamb, Miller Beall, G. A. Parkhurst, Mrs. F. Meek, Mrs. Claude Hamilton, Mrs. Muzzy and Minnie Lannier. Mr. Adams portrayed the dual characters, Phidias and Raphael, in a very faithful manner, and at the close of the third act was triumphantly called before the curtain. Mr. Claude Hamilton deserves more praise than I can command. He rendered efficient support and lent effective aid to the success of the piece. Mr. E. Lamb received quite a hearty welcome as soon as he appeared and was recognised by his large circle of friends, he having held the position of first low comedian at this house during last season. Schiller's play of the 'Robbers,' with Mr. Edwin Adams as Charles De Moor, Claude Hamilton as Francis De Moor, Wm. Davidge as the Old Moor, E. Lamb as Speillieng, and Mrs F. Meek as Amelia, passed off very nicely on the second evening, 13th inst. O'Keefe's comedy of 'Wild Oats,' and the nautical drama of 'Black Eyed Susan' formed the bill on the following night. On the 16th, for the benefit of Mr. Adams, 'Hamlet' is announced, and for to-morrow evening, for the last appearance of Mr. Adams, the 'Drunkard' and 'Too Much For Good Nature.' On the 19th Mr. F. S. Chanfrau as 'Sam.'......'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is in its second week at Wall's Opera House. On the 13th, Mr. S. W. Glenn appeared as Schmidt, in the 'Persecuted Dutchman,' but, as he has had his day in this specialty, it was not repeated on the following evening. The 'Octoroon,' 'Hidden Hand' and 'Foul Play' are underlined for speedy production. None of the three named are announced, however, and I cannot say what is in store for the patrons of this cosy little establishment."

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS continue brisk. Writing on October 14 our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"Every house is open to a good business. Maretzek could not see the liberal (!) subscription made by the Milwaukeeans, so remains this week at Crosby's, doing a splendid business. Mlle. Wesmael made her appearance in 'Robert Le Diable,' and made a decided hit, being called before the curtain and florally favored. It was noticed, however, that Signor P. Brignoli was not cut out for a *ballet* master. Miss Durand, the *debutante*, appears again on Friday evening in 'L'Etoile du Nord.' The 'Humpty Dumpty' party are expected here to-morrow......At McVicker's the 'Dream' is running to crowded houses, and it bids fair to enjoy a Jeffersonian run. The 'Long Strike' is on the boards for the current week, with splendid scenery and effects, but wretchedly *cut*, and some parts equally wretchedly played. Mr. Crisp as Jem Starkie, Padgett as Noah Learoyd, Otis as Young Radly, and Mrs. Allen as Jane Learoyd are, as usual, very good. Dillon is out of his element as Johnnie Riley, while Keller makes a very bad Moneypenny. This gentleman infuses a vast amount of *Keller* into every character he assumes. In the trial scene *the very reverend judges arise and cheer and shout* upon the verdict of acquittal being announced. This is *certainly a novelty*, the originator of which deserves great credit."

SUICIDE OF AN ACTRESS.—Rosina Von Zarboni, a German actress, of St. Louis, Mo., committed suicide in that city on Oct. 11th by taking prussic acid. Her husband died about two weeks previous, at which she was deeply distressed. She is said to have been an attractive looking young woman and an actress of considerable merit. On Oct. 9th, she ordered two tombstones to be placed over the graves of herself and husband. With that half quaint solemnity sometimes connected with resolutions in which sanity and insanity mingle, she prepared her room for her death. She draped it with crape and otherwise decorated the walls and arranged suitably the clothes in which she wished to be buried. She also left a letter, in which she expressed her determination to commit suicide and that she was going to take prussic acid; that life was unendurable now that her husband was gone, and that she was going to join him, or some words to that effect.

HELEN WESTERN made her bow at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on the 7th inst., as Cynthia, and may be said to have made a hit, having drawn the largest houses of the season, a correspondent informs us. He says:—"'Flowers of the Forest' was followed by 'Green Bushes,' 'French Spy,' and 'Satan in Paris.' The lady's costuming for Cynthia was gorgeous; whether gipsies ever wore anything exactly like it we are not prepared to testify. Miss Ward was on the bills for Bess; but the part was played and very nicely by Mrs. German. The funny part of the piece was carefully looked after by Jordan, as the Kinchen. Mr. Nobles looked the part of Lemuel, the Gipsy Boy, and won several rounds by his impressive acting in the third act. Mr. Ashton was careful and painstaking as Alfred, and Misses Price, White, and the entire company gave evidence of study and a careful rehearsal. The 'French Spy' crowded the house Friday night, 9th inst. It was preceded by 'Widow's Victim;' Irwin as Clip, with burlesque imitations of celebrities. Miss W. opens the second week of her engagement to-night, 12th, as Camille."

A. O. MILLER'S COMPANY were in Dubuque, Iowa, the past week, playing "The Black Crook" and the "White Fawn."

GRAU'S GERMAN OPERA TROUPE sang in Dubuque, Iowa, to a very poor house one night the past week.

MAGGIE MITCHELL was to play in Auburn, N. Y., on the 19th and open in Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th for two nights, and go thence to Buffalo for Oct. 22d, 23d and 24th.

"ZORASTRE," which continued the attraction offered at the Opera House, Evansville, Ind., the past week, was withdrawn on the 17th, and this week Marietta Ravel appears.

THE MOBILE (Ala.) THEATRE was to have opened its regular season on the 19th, with the "Honeymoon" as the inaugural piece. Messrs. Hulbert (stage manager) and Reynolds arrived in that city on the 11th.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was revived at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on Oct. 12th, to a large audience. The cast, says our correspondent, "Mose," "was for the most part excellent. The piece was produced under the direction of Richard Farren. John Davis' Snorkey was an effective piece of acting; the Ray Trafford of N. S. Leslie might have been much better; T. A. Don as Byke evinced a disposition to overdo his part; J. P. Delmer looked and acted the Justice well; T. J. Herndon as Bermudas, J. E. Nugent as Sam—who received an *encore* for his admirable rendition of the song 'Grecian Bend'—Annie Llewellyn as Laura Courtland, Ida Leslie in the *role* of the coquettish and brilliant Pearl, Mr. John Davis as Old Judas, and Imogene Tracy as Peach Blossom were all good. In the pier scene Ed. Goss does an excellent song and dance, while Wm. Fay, a local favorite, executes a banjo solo, which was received with applause. 'Under the Gaslight' was withdrawn on Oct. 15th and 16th, as the Maggie Mitchell party had bought the Opera House for the two evenings. They were previously advertised to open at Rand's Hall, but it having been found inadequate for the production of her pieces, a negotiation was consummated which secured them the Opera House for the two nights. 'Under the Gaslight' held the boards for the balance of the week......Maggie Mitchell, under the management of Lowell and Simonds, appeared on Oct. 15th and 16th to large audiences, the house being crowded in every part, and many being obliged to remain standing during the entire performance. 'Fanchon' and 'Lorle' were the pieces presented. J. W. Collier met with a flattering reception, while Messrs. Nunan, Jones, Rendle, Russel and Welmer, and Mesdames Newton, Hind and Welmer made a favorable impression. E. T. Stetson is the first star, opening on the 19th in the 'Marble Heart.'"

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, traveling party, appeared in Providence, R. I., on October 16th, with Zoe as the star.

MRS. LANDER, supported by the Boston Company, opens at the Academy, Providence, R. I., on Oct. 23d.

MR. AND MISS COULDOCK, who have been the stars the past two weeks at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, closed there on the 17th inst., and are followed this week by Maretzek's German and Italian Opera Troupe. The Couldocks appeared in "Old Phil's Birthday," "Milky White," Falstaff and "Dora."

N. C. FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY continues at Skeneateles, N. Y., where they appeared the past week in "East Lynne" and other pieces.

VAN HAMME'S BALLET TROUPE appeared at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on Oct. 22d, 23d and 24th.

FRANK MAYO and Company opened at City Hall, Providence, R. I., on Oct. 12th, and remained five nights.

AT THE GALVESTON, TEXAS THEATRE, "Foul Play"—Robert Johnston's version—was produced on Oct. 5th. A correspondent says:—"It was well put upon the stage, the sinking ship scene being well done. R. D'Orsay Ogden appeared as Robert Penfold, J. G. Beckett as Joe Wylie, E. A. Eberle as General Rolleston, Sam Ryan as Capt. Hudson, Nellie Johnson as Helen Rolleston, Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Nancy Rouse, and Maggie Desmond as Sarah Wilson." "Foul Play" was withdrawn on the 10th and "Richard the Third" given. "Pizarro" was announced for the 12th.

JENNIE HIGHT'S COMPANY opened in Bloomington, Ill., on the 14th inst. for two weeks.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was closed on the 13th inst., at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., the business being as good that night as at any other representation. "Aladdin" was presented on the 14th to a large house, with John Ellsler in his character of Kasrac, and Mrs. Effie Ellsler as Aladdin. The Leffingwell Combination take the boards on the 19th for six nights; then Helen Western. The following is a complete list of the company for the present season:—John W. Hill, leading; J. E. Irving, low comedy; Harry Ellis, juveniles; Sid. Smith, first walking gents; E. M. Day, leading heavies; R. H. Stephens, old men; F. Rowe, second walking gents; John Ogden, second low comedy; G. Robinson and H. Murray, utility; Effie Ellsler, leading ladies; Clara Morris, juveniles; Mrs. E. Young, old women; Louise Sylvester, *soubrette*; Lizzie Herbert, Hattie McKee and Mrs. J. E. Irving. Treasurer, R. H. Geary; prompter, W. H. Young; Sandy Jamieson, leader of orchestra.

MARIETTA RAVEL was at the Academy of Music, Lexington, Ky., the past week.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS" was produced at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., on the 12th inst., with Sallie Holman as the Duchess, Julia Holman as Wanda, and W. Davidge, Jr., as Nepomuc.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Pittsburgh, Pa., Mark Smith closed his engagement with the comedy of "School for Scandal," and was succeeded last week by that jolly and mirth provoking son of Momus, John E. Owens, who was greeted by good houses and the business has been steadily on the increase. He opened in "Everybody's Friend" and "Solon Shingle," which kept the boards for three nights. Thursday and Friday the "Victims" and "Solon Shingle" were put on. Saturday, "Solon Shingle" for *matinee*, and in the evening, "Married Life." Mr. Owens was ably supported by the company that Manager Canning has gathered around him.

A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, heavy man and walking gentleman are wanted by the Annie Sefton Dramatic Combination. See card in our advertising columns.

J. B. ROBERTS, tragedian, can be engaged for six or twelve nights. See his card elsewhere.

SHOW BUSINESS IN BOSTON the past week has been only fair, the Howard Athenæum and Edwin Booth at the Boston Theatre being the only ones that have done well. A correspondent under date of Oct. 17th, says:—"Selwyn produced 'The Last Trump Card' on the 12th, for the first time in America. The conservatory scene in the second act has been received with great applause at every representation, and it is indeed a marvel of completeness. Nothing of the kind has before been seen upon the stage in this city that would compare with it. It is the sensation of the piece, and the management richly deserve the many high compliments they have received from public and press. 'Everybody's Friend' and 'Foul Play' was the bill for the 15th, as it is also for to-night (17th). On the 19th 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' will be played for the first time at this theatre. 'Daddy Grey' is ready for production. 'Blow for Blow,' 'The Lancashire Lass,' and a new burlesque on 'La Sonnambula' are in preparation. Eva Brent, late of Fisk's Opera Troupe, has been engaged for this theatre, and will *debut* in the burlesque. Lester Wallack is to pay us a visit and will shortly appear at Selwyn's in a few of his favorite parts......The Museum has played 'Caste' and 'John Jones' all this week with the exception of the 16th, when L. R. Shewell, the leading man, took a benefit, presenting 'The School for Scandal,' with Wm. Warren as Sir Peter, and the *beneficiaire* as Chas. Surface. This establishment has a stronger company this season than for long a time. H. S. Murdock, who was utility man at Selwyn's last season, has surprised his friends by the able manner in which he has filled the position of juvenile man at this place. The 'Dangerous Game,' 'Favorite of Fortune,' and 'Surf' are to be speedily produced......The Comique opened on the 12th to a good house. Bonfanti was 'indisposed,' and did not appear until the 15th. Regl, Sally Maddox and the rest were well received, but as they had not recovered from the fatigue of their journey here their dancing was rather weak on the first night, but they are now in good condition. Three gymnasts, billed as the Wilson Bros., gave a rather poor performance. They made seven attempts before accomplishing one of their feats. Maffitt and Bartholomew had a good reception......The Howard has the same immense houses nightly. De Rosa and her companions were well received. Nickle, the magician, remains. On the 19th, Annie Hindle, comic vocalist, and Kate Pennoyer, *danseuse*, appear......Edwin Booth played 'Richelieu' three nights this week; 'Othello,' Thursday; Claude Melnotte and Petruchio, Friday, and 'Richard Third,' Saturday (to-night). He has drawn large houses so far. He will produce a new play, written for him by Falconer, entitled 'Love's Ordeal,' during his present engagement......The Olympic—late Continental—re opens on the 21st with Janauschek and her German company in 'Phædra.'"

THE MCKEAN BUCHANAN DRAMATIC TROUPE have pleased the people of Belfast, Me., by their first performance there on the 15th inst. The *Progressive Age* of the 16th says:—"They had a good audience and that the play was the great historical tragedy of 'Richard III.' Mr. and Miss Virginia Buchanan show themselves fully entitled to the high encomiums which have everywhere been bestowed upon them by the press. Mr. Buchanan is an artist of great power and brilliancy and his rendering of Shakespeare's grand conceptions is very fine. The company altogether is by far the best which has ever been in this State."

J. HOLMES GROVER, the Irish comedian, who has been in ill health at the Sulphur Springs, in this State, all summer, has sufficiently recovered to resume his professional duties, and opens under J. C. Myers' management for a short season after J. H. Hackett. Mr. Grover produces three new dramas upon this occasion.

SHERRY'S NEW YORK THEATRE was to have opened in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 19th for three nights, the opening piece being "Pearl of Savoy."

THE RICHINGS' OPERA TROUPE will appear at Harrisburg on the 2d of November.

JENNINGS' "UNDINE" TROUPE gave three performances at Harrisburg, Pa., last week, to rather slim audiences.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, Leffingwell made his appearance on the 12th in "Cinderella" and "Too Much for Good Nature," supported by Mrs. Leffingwell and Miss Blanche Chapman. Mr. and Mrs. Leffingwell had formerly been stock actors at the National, and were welcomed back as old friends. As the gushing Clorinda in the first piece, and Romeo Jaffier Jenkins in the farce. Mr. L. was capital, and had to repeat many of his best bits of burlesque. Miss Chapman as Cinderella, Mrs. Leffingwell as the Prince, and Miss Ada Monk of the company as the valet Dandini, were a sweet-singing, rollicking trio. Pierce was excellent in both pieces as the Baron, and as Spalding—and Lindly was capital as the much put upon Adolphus. The same programme was repeated till Friday evening, 16th, when Leffingwell took a "ben," and "Fra Diavolo was placed upon the boards, together with "Cinderella." Last week was election week in Porkopolis, a fact which materially affected the size of the audiences, but the houses were generally quite good. The arrival of the Bateman Troupe was unexpectedly postponed till the 26th, and consequently Miss Marietta Ravel was re-engaged for this week. Messrs. R. E. J. Miles and George W. Zebold have retired from the management of the National, Mr. John Bates, proprietor of the building, being now sole manager with Harry C. Bates as the acting manager.

WILLIAM SHIRES, a veteran theatrical manager, died in Cincinnati on the morning of October 9th. He was for many years proprietor of Shires' Garden in that city, also of a museum, and had at times control of the National and Peoples' Theatres.

R. E. J. MILES, late manager of the National, Cincinnati, has leased Wood's Theatre for a dramatic season, and will open it with a full new company during the first week in November. The Newcomb Minstrels will start traveling about the same time. Mr. George W. Zebold will be associated with Mr. Miles in the new enterprise.

THE WORRELL SISTERS closed the second week of their engagement at Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 17th inst. with "La Belle Helene," which ran the entire week, with success. Our correspondent writes:—"The sisters have made themselves very popular here, for which fact no better evidence could be desired than the crowded houses that nightly greeted their performances and attested to their merits. The representation even excelled that of the 'Grande Duchesse,' and we consider 'La Belle Helene' better adapted to their capacity. Miss Sophie, who was in excellent voice, personated Helen in a very spirited manner, taking occasion to introduce the Grecian bend in her make up, which proved quite a hit. Miss Irene as Paris, and Jennie as Orestes, rendered their parts very satisfactorily. In fact the entire opera was a success, the music especially having been rendered 'according to Keating.' As afterpieces the farces of 'Nan the Good for Nothing' and 'Crossing the Line' were given, in which Jennie and Irene introduced their double clog dance, a feature which was received with the most tumultous applause. On the 19th inst. the sisters give 'Barbe Blue,' in English, for the first time in this city."

MISS ALICE GRAY has made a most successful *debut* in New Orleans, a correspondent informs us, and adds:—"The press is unanimous in praise of her performance of Virginia in 'Vanity Fair,' at the Varieties. One journal states that she displayed a nice and discriminative appreciation and grasp of the character, and played it with a most amazing effect, and that she is at home in light comedy parts. Her qualifications of form, face and feature for parts requiring delineation of varied passion, and her well trained judgment, induce them to expect no ordinary pleasure from her various performances this winter. She seems to have become a distinguished favorite in the Crescent City already. The management intend producing 'East Lynne,' in which Miss Gray's Lady Isabel will be presented to our Southern friends in order that they may judge of her dramatic force and sympathetic power."

J. C. MYERS' Dramatic Troupe, with J. H. Hackett as star, occupied Corning Hall, Auburn, on the 16th, to a large and fashionable audience, in the play of "Henry IV." Mr. Hackett sustaining the character of Falstaff to the satisfaction of all present. A correspondent says:—"The company, as a whole, are far above par, and the excellent support given to their leading star enables him to personate his characters with success. Mr. A. W. Purcell's rendering of the *role* of Hotspur won for that gentleman golden opinions among the drama-lovers of this city. Miss Flora Myers' Lady Hotspur, although a brief *role*, was very good. The other characters in the play were excellently well given, especially Mr. Powers' Prince of Wales, which was a fine effort."

THE RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA opens at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on the 19th instant, with "Martha." During the week there will be presented for the first time in that city "Czar and Zimmerman" (not the Treasurer), and "Crispino and the Fairy," both of which have been translated and adapted to the English stage by Mrs. Bernard.

MISS JEAN HOSMER closed a two weeks' engagement at the Rochester Theatre on the 17th.

THE FUSI-YAMA JAPS were to appear in Rochester, N. Y., on the 19th, to fill an engagement of three nights.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL will appear at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 20th and 21st, in "Fanchon" and "Lorle."

JAMES H. HACKETT played "Falstaff" and "King Henry Fourth," on the 14th and 15th inst., in Rochester, under the management of J. C. Myers.

AN ACTOR advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement for "old men, heavies and character parts."

AT THE OLYMPIC, St. Louis, Bateman's Opera Bouffe Troupe appeared the past week in the "Grande Duchesse" and "La Belle Helene." This week Brougham's "Lottery of Life" was to be produced.

THE THEATRE AT BRYAN CITY, TEXAS, closed its season on Oct. 7th. A correspondent says:—"The cause I don't exactly understand, but learn from private sources that the company became dissatisfied with the financial management and refused to play any longer; consequently, there was no performance last evening, but to-night, Oct. 9th, the theatre re-opens on the Commonwealth plan, the bill being 'Lucretia Borgia,' comic song by C. J. Foster, fancy dance by Mlle. Leonie (who has been secured since my last), and 'Swiss Cottage.' I believe it is the intention to run it as long as it pays. The concern is now under the direction of J. Frank Noyes."

THE POTTER DRAMATIC TROUPE opened in Sparta, Wisconsin, on Oct. 12th, in "Lucretia Borgia," with Estelle Potter as Lucretia, and C. W. Taylor, as Gennaro. The company remained all the week and were announced there for the current week.

E. L. DAVENPORT commenced a three nights' stay in Providence, R. I., on Oct. 13th, opening in "Richelieu," followed on the 14th with "Damon and Pythias," and 15th "Hamlet," for his benefit.

MISS KATE PENNOYER was to have opened at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., on the 19th inst. She did not go to Galveston, owing to reasons given in the lady's card in our advertising columns.

MISS FANNIE B. PRICE is in the second week of her engagement at Toledo, O. She will commence an engagement at Griswold's Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 26th.

"THE GRAND DUCHESS," and "Double Can Can" are the great attractions at Fox's American Variety Theatre, Philadelphia. M'lle Augusta, *danseuse*, is engaged for the current week, likewise Mons. Baptistan. A new comic dance, entitled "Love's Frailties," is on the programme for the current week.

LOTTA has met with her usual success at the Arch, Philadelphia, where she is now in her third week, producing on the 19th, for the first time in that city, her new drama of the "Fire Fly," with new scenery, costumes, etc.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY opened in Taunton, Mass., on October 14, in "Gipsy Queen" and the "Stage Struck Yankee." The company filled out the week in Gloucester, Mass.

ZOE opens at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on October 26, for two weeks.

MRS. MARIE WILKINS, a good eccentric old woman, character and leading actress, late of Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, can be engaged for the fall and winter season. Her address will be found in another column.

AT THE ROYAL LYCEUM, Toronto, Canada, John Brougham's play, "The Lottery of Life," has just finished a very successful run. The local papers were unanimous in its praise. On the 5th "La Grande Duchesse" was produced and the *Globe* thus speaks of it:—"We must offer Mr. Holman our heartiest congratulations upon the admirable way in which he has put 'La Grande Duchesse' upon the Lyceum boards, and the company, almost without exception, for their admirable acting and singing in it. Miss Sallie Holman brings to the part of the Grande Duchesse the necessary vivacity, appropriateness of dress, and capital singing. Those who heard Tostee need not fancy that an inferior treat is offered them by Miss Holman. She gave with splendid effect 'Le Sabre de Mon Pere,' and 'Ah que J'aime les Militaires,' and there was no want of deep passion in her 'Dites Lui,' which, to us, is the gem of the opera. She demands our warmest praise. It is no excess of praise to say that Offenbach's lively opera bouffe receives fair justice at our little temple of amusement. 'La Grande Duchesse' is a grand success and cannot fail to draw, we should think, for weeks. Last night the house was crowded, despite of counter attractions elsewhere." The next novelty underlined is the latest London sensation 'The Lancashire Lass.'"

PAULINE CUSHMAN, with her dramatic company, will appear on the 24th instant in Yonkers, N. Y., in "Flowers of the Forest."

JAMES COLLIER appears to have been making a decidedly favorable impression with the public wherever he has appeared with Maggie Mitchell. The Providence *Post* of October 15th says:—"Maggie never fails to keep her audiences under complete control. They weep when she weeps and laugh when she laughs. She does everything so naturally that it gives a charm to her such as few living actresses possess. She was remarkably well supported again last evening, particularly by Mr. J. W. Collier as William Peace. Mr. Collier's William was a piece of nice acting that would do credit to any artist in the country. He has won a reputation among Providence play-goers that will make him heartily welcome in his future visits, which we trust will be frequent. Miss Mitchell closes her engagement here to-night, with the new play of 'Lorle, the Tiny Bell of the Canton.'"

JENNIE GOURLAY, formerly one of the Marsh Troupe, was lately married to R. Struthers.

E. L. DAVENPORT is the star this week at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, succeeding Mr. Chanfrau, who closed a brief engagement there on the 17th. Mr. Davenport's opening piece was "Hamlet."

Music Halls.

M. JOHN DENIER opened at the Theatre Comique, late Opera House, Leavenworth, Kansas, on Oct. 5th, in conjunction with William Scott, with a variety company, consisting of Frank Angelo, Maggie Willett, J. Burnett, J. Sandford, Tommy Queen, Dora Dawron, the double voiced "Singist;" Mlle. Elese, Wm. Scott, John Denier and Charles Shelley.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the Varieties Theatre, Millwaukee. See advertisement.

P. W. SEAMAN, versatile comedian, can be engaged, as will be seen by his card in another part of this issue.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., is open and doing a good business, we are informed, under the stage management of Fred Span. It was the only place of amusement open there the past week, as the new theatre, under Fuller's management, closed on the 10th. The features at the academy the past week were Johnny Smith, Minnie Gray, Tom Clannon, James Cummings and Marie Roscelle. On the 19th, Lillie Beckett, Nellie Whitney, Senorita Marie and Jim Porter were announced to appear.

TOMMY GRADY, clogist and song and dance man, can be engaged, as per card in another column.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of Oct. 12th, "has done a fair business the past week. Manager Bowser has abolished all obscene language from the stage, which has been heretofore of the very roughest kind. Billy Carter did 'Walking Down Broadway' and 'Captain Jinks,' also a banjo solo, in a commendable style; Johnny Keegan was good with his clogs; Johnny Redden was very neat and natty in his song and dance; Geo. Madden did the Dutch in the 'Yaller Gal that Winked at Me,' and Master Wiley, Essence of Old Virginia. Miss Lottie Starr sang several ballads and did a couple of fancy dances. Joe Mairs, who seceded from the Skiff and Gaylord party at Montgomery, put in an appearance at this establishment on the 9th, and was *encored* in his wench dances. Lotta Howland and Lillie Becket are underlined for an appearance on the 13th."

THE NORFOLK, Va., Music Halls did a good business the past week on account of many strangers being in town to attend the Convention. Sam Gregory, banjoist, appeared at the Varieties and occupied the bone end in the minstrel performance. On the 14th Emma Marsh, *danseuse*, appeared......The Olympic opened on the 15th with Richard Dudley proprietor, and the following company:—Johnny Reese, acting and stage manager; Tommy Williams, George Morton, the Florence Sisters, *danseuses* and vocalists; Millie Armstrong, *danseuse*; Chas. Sullivan, musical director; and Fred. Weizdorf and son. The hall has been enlarged, renovated, decorated and painted throughout.

M. B. LEAVITT, minstrel manager, who has just completed a provincial tour, is in want of a *danseuse*, singing lady and Ethiopian comedian. See his card.

ANNIE HINDLE, who is called "the great London sensation," can be engaged, also Chas. Vivian, comic vocalist and mimic. See their cards elsewhere.

FIRST CLASS TALENT is wanted at the Olympic Music Hall, Norfolk, Va. See advertisement.

THE "RACE STREET VARIETIES" is the name of a regular variety theatre open on Race street, Cincinnati, and in conjunction with a beer hall, it has been doing a good business. The admission is but ten cents, and consequently the company is more select than large, consisting of Lizzie Jackson, Maggie Mayling, Miss Aida, Harry Rowe and J. H. King.

C. W. SULLIVAN, Irish caricaturist and comedian, has been performing of late at the National free concert hall in Cincinnati.

DEATH.—Miss Alice Iferd, a *danseuse* well known throughout the west and south as one of the Iferd Sisters, and late of the Exchange, Indianapolis, Ind., died at the residence of her mother in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 12th, after a lingering illness of rheumatism of the heart.

HARRY BLOOD was presented with a silver mounted banjo by the Reynolds Brothers, at the Court Street Music Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburgh, Pa., had a pretty good company engaged the past week, consisting of Little Nell, Clara Burton, Melinda Nagle, Sam De Vere, Perry Smith, J. S. Clarke, H. W. Williams, George Edeson, Harry Robinson and Lucy Clifton. Millie Turnour—the female gymnast, late of Tony Pastor's, this city—is announced for the current week.

THE EXCHANGE, Indianapolis, is now under the management of Gus. Gebert during the absence of Bowman and Harris. George C. Thompson, bone soloist; W. P. Sullivan, T. G. Roberts and Miss Millie Thompson, put in an appearance on the 12th. Miss Kate Castello and Miss Kate Atwood, late of S. F. Whitman's "White Fawn" *ballet*, were to open on the 19th.

A PORTION OF THE COMPANY of the Exchange, Indianapolis, Ind., went on a traveling tour through the State the past week. Celia Iferd, Bowman, Harris, Eugene Gordon, Clara Bradford, Belle Miller, with Sol Yewell, Jr., as advance agent, were along. They were at Knightstown, Ind., Oct. 13th; Centreville, 14th and 15th; Eaton, 16th, and Richmond, 17th and 19th.

THE BALTIMORE OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, has been following the bills of the Worrell Sisters by running an adaptation of "La Belle Helene" and "Nan, the Good for Nothing," without regard to Offenbach or his feelings. On the 19th inst., "Barbe Bleue" is announced, and, says our correspondent, "if the grand *orchestra* persists in their miserable blasts at harmony and melody that they have been indulging in for some time past, they will certainly be entitled to the credit of being musical Blue Beards," and the vocalists their victims. This establishment is doing the best business in their line and give a fine olio entertainment.

Circuses.

FRENCH'S CIRCUS drove stakes at Warsaw, Ind., on the 12th, and went thence to Legonier, 13th; Goshen, 14th; Elkport, 15th; White Pigeon, Mich., 16th; Sturgess, 17th; and were to be at Coldwater, 19th; Jonesville, 20th; and Jackson, 21st, where the company close the season. On the 9th, at Fort Wayne, the seats fell when the performance was about half over. No one was hurt, although the canvas was crowded. The horses, animals, camels, &c., will go to Detroit for the winter.

CHARLES MATTHEWS is at present lying sick in Philadelphia, having had to leave the Gardner & Kenyon Circus at Dover, N. J., on the 12th inst.

YANKEE ROBINSON closes his tenting tour at Dayton, O., on Oct. 30th, making a season of one day over twenty-six weeks. The last performance will be a complimentary benefit to the "Yank."

LAKE'S CIRCUS drove stakes at Princeton, Ky., on Oct. 12th, and were to go thence to Hopkinville, 14th, Russellville 16th, and then turn south for the winter. Johnny C. Murphy, who has been with the company for a long time, was to quit the concern on the 20th, to go to the Academy, Nashville, Tenn. A correspondent says:—"Mr. Lake has organized for the winter under very flattering prospects, as he has been doing a good business since he left Louisville. Morris Sands joined the company at Cloverport, Ky., also Ned Reed. A short time since, side showman, Thos. Lansinger, was attacked by four ruffians on account of having some diamonds and money about his person. Jumping down from the wagon, he showed fight, repulsing them for awhile, but not without receiving nine stabs, none of which were of a serious nature. He is getting along as well as can be expected, and will soon be able to be upon his feet again. The route ahead is Murfresboro', Tenn., Oct. 27th; Franklin, 28th; Columbia, 29th; Mount Pleasant, 30th; Lawrenceburg, 31st, and Florence, Ala., Nov. 2d."

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE was to exhibit in Troy, N. Y., Oct. 19th, for one night only.

FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE will be at Richmond, Ind., Oct. 20th; Centreville, 21st; Knightstown, 22d; thence to Connersville, Ind., where they winter.

DAN RICE'S SHOW was to have opened in Philadelphia on the 19th, for two weeks, at the corner of Arch and Twenty-first streets, which will conclude Mr. Rice's season of 1868.

Negro Minstrelsy.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE—late Odeon—Williamsburgh was to open for the season on the 19th inst., under the management of R. M. Hooley, with his company lately performing at the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Mr. Hooley having closed that establishment and intends keeping it shut until the expiration of his lease, which is about the middle of December. Archy Hughes and S. S. Purdy will have the ends at the Williamsburgh establishment, with Cool White in the middle.

A COMPLETE CHANGE will soon take place at Arlington Hall, Chicago, Jack Haverly having sold out to Sam Sharpley, who intends remodeling the place throughout, Mr. Wallace Heme being engaged to introduce a dress circle and gallery, the admission to the latter to be placed at 30 cents. Sam and his company expect to open Nov. 9th. Jack, the Traveler, goes on the road, chaperoned by the veteran D. B. Hodges, and accompanied by a company, the members of which we will announce in a future issue. Arlington goes out "ham fatting" with a small party, of which he will be the chief attraction. Mr. Wm. Butler succeeds Sweet as basso and middleman, taking his seat Monday night, 19th. Sweet goes with La Rue's Stereopticon. Welch leaves and goes to St. Louis. Tony Hernandez received a com. ben. Friday night of the past week. Barry is doing "Big Sunflower" and "Active Boy." Rollin Howard reappeared on the 13th, and was received with applause. Arlington is singing the "Telegraph Song," fourth week, and Bideaux sings the "Marseillaise Hymn" in costume.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS, now on their return trip from the far west, will appear as follows:—Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 15th; Decatur, 16th; Springfield, 17th; Jacksonville, 19th; Quincy, 20th and 21st; Monmouth, 22d; Rock Island, 23d; Davenport, 24th; Dubuque, 26th; Rockford, 27th; Belvidere, 28th; Beloit, 29th; Janesville, 30th, and White Water, 31st.

O'NEIL AND GOODMAN'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS played in Hamilton, C. W., 8th and 9th inst.; St. Catharines, 10th and 12th; Toronto, 13th; thence east to Kingston, Montreal, &c. This company is composed of Messrs. O'Neil, Goodman, Benjamin, Gorton, Carman, Converse, Wentworth, Misses Hand, Stanley and Mrs. O'Neil and Converse, with C. A. Wilson as business agent.

COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS are to reappear at Kingston, C. W., on Wednesday, Oct. 21st.

A FLUTE and piccolo player and first class minstrel talent are wanted at Wilson's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo. See card elsewhere.

MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS, of Boston, are doing well with the Gregory Family and M'lle Gertrude as stars. Burnell Runnells and sons appear on Nov. 9th. Billy Morris, George Warren and Masters Warren and Kearney are underlined for an early appearance.

THE NEWCOMBS, in Cincinnati, presented two new faces last week, in Connors, a jiggist, who performed in conjunction with Johnnie Queen, the "Three Legged Man," and "Cincinnatus," a song and dance boy. The latter is a newsboy, who has learned to imitate almost exactly Billy Emerson in his songs and dances, and he is not very greatly inferior to his model. He has a good voice, and is dressed in exact imitation of Billy. The farces put on last week were "Slim Jim and Fat Jack," very well done by Ryman and Hart; the "Veteran of '76," and the old Ravel burlesque dressed up entitled "The Coopers." Besides this the "Cow-bell-ogians," a burlesque on the bell-ringing troupes, was revived, and was well received. Queen's dances, and the ballads of Winthrop, Oborist and Dunnie filled up the programme. Johnnie Hart took a benefit on Friday.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S company performed last week in Newport and Covington, Ky. They have leased the Fourth Street Theatre in Cincinnati, and will begin a permanent season there on the 26th. The Newcombs commence traveling about November 1st, their theatre being occupied by a dramatic company. Mr. N. D. Roberts, late of Emerson, Allen and Manning's, has joined the Newcombs.

DAN SHELBY'S MINSTRELS start from Chicago on the 9th of November. He is in want of talent. See advertisement in another column.

AT WILSON'S MINSTREL HALL, St. Louis, Mo., business is reported to have been fair the past week. The principal features were Fred Wilson's "Captain Jinks," Bray's "Sugar Bob," and Withers' flute solo. The afterpiece was a burlesque on "Grande Duchesse," with Fred Wilson as the Duchesse, Kemble as General Boum, Bray as Fritz, Williams as Baron Puck, Wagner as Prince Paul, Frederics as Baron Grog, and Dana as Wanda.

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS occupied Opera Hall, Indianapolis, Ind., October 14th, 15th and 16th; Green Castle, 17th, and were to go thence to Terra Haute 19th; Crawfordsville, 21st and 22d; Lafayette, 23d and 24th, and open in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 26th, for the winter.

MARRIED.—Charles Keohle, of Arlington's Minstrels, is reported to have been married on October 15th, in Chicago, Ill., to Cora Braed.

MANAGER HOOLEY makes very little if any change in the programme offered at his Minstrel Hall in Brooklyn for the current week. Mr. O'Reardon continues with his Tumbleronicon performance. Hughey Dougherty, John Mulligan and Dick Carroll remain in the company.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS perform in Dubuque Iowa, October 26th, and Rockford, Ill., 27th.

Miscellaneous.

SAM MURPHY, the young ascensionist, gymnast and tight rope performer, was arrested in Concord, N. H., on the 12th inst., for not having a license. He was not kept in custody long, as the officer discovered that Mr. Murphy gave a free show and did not require any license. There was a large crowd assembled to witness his performance, especially his daring feats on the trapese. Mr. Murphy is about to organize a first class minstrel and variety combination on or about the 1st of November, in Concord, for a tour through the south and west.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY were to have commenced their regular tour on or about the 14th of October, opening at Barrie, Canada, thence to Collingwood, and through the western States.

ORGANOPHONES is the title by which a company of musicians are known in Paris, whose instruments make imitations of all musical instruments by means of the nose and throat. The "star" performer imitates exactly the bass drum and cymbals, and gets great applause thereby.

SHOWMEN in want of side show requisites can be supplied with birds, monkeys and happy family, by Stewart Craven. See advertisement.

PERSONS wishing to learn jig and clog dancing can be taught by a series of written lessons. (See Prof. Jenkins' card.) Or can teach themselves with the aid of Chas. J. Bierman's book, advertised in another column.

VEARY'S PANORAMA, assisted by Wm. Walmsley, the Scotch vocalist, is getting good houses in the interior towns of Canada.

KENNEDY, the Scotch vocalist, is to make the tour of Canada, and then leaves for California and Australia.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists and Swiss bell ringers, were very successful at Montreal and Quebec. Their opening night at St. Patrick's Hall was over four hundred dollars in the hard coinage. They were announced at Ogdensburg, N. Y., October 14th.

ADAMS' HALL, Provincetown, Mass., is to let for lectures, concerts and shows. Its seating capacity is five hundred. See the proprietor's card among our advertisements.

PROF. MOREY, ventriloquist and magician, performed at Farmington Settlement, Utah, on October 2d, and Session Settlement, 3d. The doorkeeper took, in pay for admission, flour, wheat, corn, oats, barley, eggs, butter, molasses and dried peaches. Flour and all kinds of grain were received at 5c. per pound, eggs at 25c. per dozen, molasses $2 a gallon, butter 35c. and peaches 15c. One man wanted him to take a wheelbarrow of bricks. A correspondent says:—"It is quite amusing to see boys and girls coming to the hall all day with from 5lbs. to 100lbs. of grain, kettles of molasses, buckets of flour, eggs, &c.; but we sell off at 2½c. a lb. more than we give for it, 10c. a dozen more for eggs, and $1 more on a gallon of molasses; and as it is trade for anything, we pay our board and horse feed in tickets for the show. The Professor got a two gallon brass kettle for two tickets. A woman brought it, her husband being at work on the railroad, and she had no money."

THE PROUDFOOT SISTERS (Miss E. V. and Jenny), Wm. H. Pope and Arthur Ritzmer, have started out under the management of W. H. Pope, of Wallack's Theatre, for a tour through the country, giving readings, recitations and singing.

FLETCHER'S HALL, Woonsocket, R. I., a new institution, well and conveniently fitted up, has been well patronized the past ten weeks by dramatic and other companies, including Laura Keene's. Parties wishing to rent it should address C. H. Fletcher, as per advertisement.

THE PEAK FAMILY BELL RINGERS are said to be doing a good business through Vermont. Their route ahead is as follows:—Vergennes, Vt., Oct. 19th; St. Albans, 20th; Waterbury, 21st; Montpelier, 22d; Northfield, 23d; and Randolph, 24th. They then remain idle until Nov. 9th.

A. MINER GRISWOLD, the "Fat Contributor," had a testimonial benefit at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday, the 9th inst. The entertainment consisted of his humorous lecture entitled "Injun Meal," which is a "pow-wow" on the Artemus Ward order, consisting of puns and sketches under the pretense of discovering Indian antiquities. His manner of delivery is very effective, and the lecture creates considerable laughter. The following was his published

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

1..CINCINNATI AND NEWPORT SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
2..The Pest House, (one of the Pestest Houses ash never vos).
3..1 Bone Boiling Establishment.
4..Light from the Gas Works.
5..Light in the Head.
6..Cumminsville, or one Box of Pills, as the drawer prefers.
7..100 Tickets to a Buffalo Hunt.
8..1 Silver Plated Trotting Horse.
9..1 Dozen Bottles Essence of Wintergreen.
10..1 Dozen Bottles "Essence of Old Virginia."
11..1 Dozen Bottles "Dr. Jas. C. Kerr's Great System Renovator."
12..200 BURIAL PERMITS.
13..1 Bottle Balm of a Thousand Barrels of Flour.
14..4 magnificent dwellings in "Bucktown."
15..1 Post Offis, Confedrite X Roads.
16..1 Box at the Theatre.
17..1 Box Side of the Head.
18..Double Set Silver Plated Cottage Furniture.
19..1 Pair Matched Saw Horses.
20..1 Pair of Chickens on Foot.
21..1 Pair of Chickens in the Shell.
22..10 Bushels of Corn in the Ear.
23..1 Bushel of Corn in the Juice.
24..ONE SPANISH CROWN.
25..1 Grand Eight Octave Sewing Machine.
26..1 Term at Oberlin College.
27..1 do. at Bryant, Stratton & DeHan's Business College.
28..1 (will) do at the Penitentiary.
29..1 Case of Babies' Shoes.
30..1 Case of Cholera.
31..1 "Case of Conscience."
32..1 Large Centre Table.
33..1 Small Multiplication Table.
34..6 Dozen Post Holes.
35..ONE WATERFALL—ON WHEELS.
36..1 Suit of Clothes.
37..1 Suit before Judge Straub.
38..1 Pair of (Bureau) Drawers.
39..1 Traveling Bag.
40..1 Bag that never Traveled.
41..1 Brick Melodeon, Silver Plated, inlaid with a House and Lot (of Children).
42..Six Months' Tuition in the Asylum for Inebriates.
43..1 Set of Ivory Handled Real Estate.
44..ONE EXCURSION TICKET ON THE DAYTON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.
45..1 Beautiful Ivory Handled, Silver Plated, Pearl inlaid, elegantly carved Door Mat.
46..Half a String of Billiards at Dave Kendall's.
47..1 Trip on the Ice.
48..1 Trip in a Wrestle.
49..1 Box of Dog Collars (paper).
50..500,000 SHARES IN THE JOUR. PRINTERS' SAVINGS BANK.
51..An Office, with a stove in.
52..One Hat, *stove in*.
53..1 Fenian Bond.
54..RIGHT OF THE STATE OF OHIO IN THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S PATENT FOR STOPPING A RUNAWAY HORSE.

THE DE HAVEN COMBINATION closed up on the 12th inst., at Dubuque, Iowa, to reorganize after the election. At their last performance a man was shot while trying to pass the doorkeeper without a ticket.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS perform this week at Danbury, Ct., Pittsfield, Mass., and North Adams. The receipts of this troupe thus far are said to nearly double those of any previous season.

BLIND TOM "pianoizes at Reading, Pa., on Oct. 24th.

A PANORAMA OF IRELAND is wanted by Isaac Heywood, whose advertisement may be seen in this issue.

PROFESSOR HASELMAYER, the magician, is at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, filling the time, it is said, that should have been filled by Emerson, Allen and Manning's Minstrels. He has not been doing a very heavy business.

OLE BULL concertises in Newark, N. J., on Oct. 21st.

BURNELL'S MUSEUM, Pittsburgh, Pa., is among the popular places of resort in that city. Among the living curiosities there at present is a four legged child and the living skeleton.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA unrolls in South Weymouth, Mass., Oct. 20th; Braintree, 21st, and West Randolph, 22d.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Lexington, Ky., capable of seating 1,500 persons, is advertised to rent.

A GOOD TOP MOUNTER in a triple brother act is wanted to travel, as stated in M. E. M.'s advertisement in another column.

THE MARYLAND STATE FAIR is now being held at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, and will continue during this month.

HADLEY AND SKIFF'S "Gift Show" opened a five nights' stay in Taunton, Mass., on Oct. 16th.

T. ALLYNE is traveling through Connecticut, bound for the State of Maine, with a gift show. Frank Edwards is with the Fakir doing the inside business, while J. M. Wickwire is ahead.

W. B. HARRISON, the comic singer and impromptu poet, advertises for engagements in another column.

A NEW WORK on jig and clog dancing has been published by J. K. Buckley, and can be obtained by addressing as directed elsewhere.

ALF BURNETT gave his humorous entertainment at the Athenæum, Brooklyn, on the evenings of October 16th and 17th, to a very good business. He is at present in this city waiting for something to turn up.

THE DOBSON BROTHERS' patent banjo can be obtained from Charles E. Dobson, as will be seen by his card published in another column, at the reasonable price of from $10 to $15 each. Mr. Dobson supplies orders from any part of the country, securely packing them in a box and sending them by express. All those who purchase one of these banjos receives free ten written lessons, arranged by the Dobson Brothers' simple method of teaching. They refer to a number of well known banjoists as to the superiority of the patent banjo.

CHARLES MELVILLE, well known as a balladist, and who has lately been traveling as an advance agent, advertises in another column for a situation.

THE TORREY BROTHERS, printers of this city, are prepared to furnish the show public with all kinds of printing, from a gutter snipe to a twelve sheet pictorial. Having on hand an extensive lot of wood cuts for pictorial printing, for hall shows or circus companies, they can furnish every style of printing used by showmen, no charge being made for the use of the cuts. They have also issued a catalogue containing a full description of their wood cuts. Uncle John Tryon, long connected with the circus business, has associated himself with this firm, and can be found at the office, prepared to furnish agents and managers with copy for their bills.

D. KENN can be engaged as leader for an orchestra or brass band. See his address elsewhere.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, played "His Last Legs" and the "Loan of a Lover" on the 15th. Mr. P. Francis gave an excellent conception of O'Callaghan, which was fully appreciated by the audience present. Mr. Perry as Charles appeared to advantage. Mr. S. M. Smith, who played Rivers, possesses the faculty of creating a great deal of laughter, but should avoid doing so during another's "scene." Mr. Julian, who, we believe, has not appeared for some time, was cast as Banks. Mrs. White was well up in the Widow Montague. They have a new lady, but owing to some "unforeseen event," the audience were not furnished with programmes, and our correspondent failed to ascertain her name. In the afterpiece, Mr. Perry as Peter Spyke, and Miss Hamilton as Gertrude, were decidedly tame. Miss Seymoure as Ernestine looked and played her part well. Mr. Fenno was well up in the lines of Swyzel, but should infuse more life into his parts. Mr. Brooks was cast as Amersfort. How is it that Miss Graham is not included in the casts lately?

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave "Still Waters run Deep" on the 15th. The characters, with a few exceptions, were weakly rendered.

THE DRAMATIC UNION, of Philadelphia, still survives. They are waiting for that "Tide in the affairs of man" to remove to a larger hall where they can "spread themselves" to more advantage.

IT IS RUMORED that the Wheatley Association, of Philadelphia, intend leasing Hooley's Opera House in Seventh street as soon as R. M. H.'s lease expires. Perhaps the rumor is as "empty as air."

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—The first dramatic entertainment of the M. L. A. took place at their hall, in Boston, Oct. 14th, when the new domestic drama, by G. M. Baker, entitled "Bread on the Waters," was produced, followed by the laughable farce, "Nursey Chickweed." Miss Mary B. Cline, formerly leading lady of the East Boston Amateurs, has been engaged by the M. L. A. for the season, and made her appearance as Daly the Foundling, in Mr. Baker's drama. She is a favorite in Boston. The other actors of considerable talent were Messrs. Millken, Haseleton, and Verne; also Miss Cambridge. With the exception of a few "waits" there was nothing but what was satisfactory. In the farce Mr. Wilson was in good spirits and took well.

TAYLOW'S THEATRE, now building in the rear of the Old Bell's Union, San Francisco, Cal., is rapidly approaching completion. The upholstered seats from the late Academy of Music are ranged in the auditorium, which is quite roomy and well ventilated. Twenty-seven private boxes sweep around the parquet at a suitable elevation, in the form of a semicircle. The stage is much more spacious than that of the old Bella Union. The establishment will open during the present month.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, at present performing at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., where they remain until the 26th inst., can be addressed after that date to the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Their present agent is Mr. S. C. Keeler, Mr. M. L. Finch being no longer in their employ, as stated in a card from Sophie Worrell elsewhere.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE have been playing to crowded houses in Toronto in the opera of the "Grand Duchess," which seems to take well there.

MR. AND MRS. COULDOCK are the present stars at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.

VAN HAMME'S BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE will shortly start from this city on a tour through the country. Managers wishing to secure them will find the agent's address in an advertisement elsewhere.

THE DAVENPORT CLUB, of Cincinnati, opened for the season on Friday, the 9th, in "Money." The Evelyn of Mr. Sherwood, a teacher in the schools, and the Sir Frederick Blount of Mr. Kennedy, were finely rendered. The female characters were also uniformly good. There was quite a large audience in attendance.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, held a preliminary meeting on the 6th. They open on the 20th, in "She Stoops to Conquer."

THE EUREKAS, a dramatic society composed of the *elite* of the Hebrews of Portopolis, met on the 2d, on which occasion their President, Mr. Isaac Simon, a young lawyer, was presented with a watch as a testimonial.

THE LOVELAND, OHIO, LYCEUM gave its initial performance on Saturday, the 3d instant., the programme consisting of miscellaneous readings, and the farce of the "Stage Struck Tailor," in which the part of the heroine was enacted with great spirit.

THE WOODWARD DRAMATIC SOCIETY, of Cincinnati, gave "Hamlet" on the 9th instant.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed "Toodles" and the "Rough Diamond" on the 8th. Mr. Hulfish played Timothy and Cousin Joe. Mr. Thos. Connelly, who has lately been doing "Capt. Jenks" at the "Tenth and Chestnut Varieties," assumed the characters of Lawyer Glibb in the former, and Lord Plato in the latter.

THE CRAIG ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, has "collapsed."

THE SCOTTSONIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave "The Kiss in the Dark" and "Box and Cox," on the 8th. Our correspondent, "An Old Actor," says:—"There appears to be a great scarcity of stage struck young ladies in this city, and consequently pieces have to be selected containing the fewest lady characters. No association suffers more on this account than the Scottsonian."

THE WHEATLEY ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, is moving on in the even tenor of its way. They have commenced their regular Wednesday evening performances.

Foreign Show News.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN DRAMATIST.—The Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D. D., died lately in London. He was born in London, February 10, 1791, and is the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, who was physician to George III. He was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship. He took orders and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading, in 1817; was appointed professor of poetry in the University of Oxford in 1821; and in 1849 was preferred to the office of the dean of St. Paul's. His name is eminent in literature for his works of history and dramatic poetry. His first production was "Fazio," a tragedy, which was published in 1815, and successfully performed at Covent Garden. This was followed within a few years by "Samor, Lord of the Bright City, an Heroic Poem," and "The Fall of Jerusalem,"—his most successful work in verse. While at Oxford, as professor, he published "The Martyr of Antioch" "Belshazzar," and "Anne Boleyn," all dramatic poems. His "Sermons at Bampton Lectures" appeared in 1827, and a "History of the Jews" in 1829. One of his most elaborate works was a "History of Christianity from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism," published in 1840, which was supplemented in 1854–'57 by a "History of Latin Christianity." To him literature is indebted for an ably prepared illustrated edition of Horace, with a life of the poet and criticisms on his writings, and an annotated edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," prefaced by a life of the historian.

A PARISIAN FEMININE of acute mercantile abilities, is reported as making $20,000 annually by purchasing admissions to the theatres, which the operatic or dramatic authors are allowed to sign, and retailing them to the public.

LATEST LONDON SHOW NEWS.—Up to last advices, Oct. 4th, there was scarcely anything new to record in the theatrical world of London, as the pieces previously produced, particularly those of the sensational school, have been so successful that no change was deemed necessary. At the Holburn Amphitheatre gymnastic wonders follow each other in rapid succession. The latest star is Avolo, who is spoken of by the London *Era* as follows:—"He is unrivaled as a performer on the horizontal bars, and the entertainment he is now giving is a truly astonishing exhibition of strength and dexterity. An easy, graceful and gentlemanly manner is not incompatible with the feshings and other insignia of acrobatism, and in everything Avolo attempts there is a degree of finish very rarely approached by his contemporaries. He turns somersaults from the bars (four in number), and terminates his flights by an extraordinarily close double revolution. The grand feat is, of course, the swing from one bar to the other until the last is reached, and this very difficult exploit is performed with a precision not to be surpassed." Avolo will shortly arrive in this country, when we shall have an opportunity of witnessing his somersaults.....No change whatever has occurred at the Princess', Queen's, Holborn, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales, Surrey, Astley's, Alexandria, Sadler's Wells and Standard theatres.....The new Globe Theatre will open with a comedy in five acts.....The opening of the Prince Alfred Theatre (late Marylebone), was postponed until Oct. 10th.....The engagement of the Christy Minstrels has so far proved successful at the Standard Theatre.

.....James Harwood having become manager, the Pavilion opened the season on Sept. 26th with the drama of "The Witch's Weed; or, Pride and Patience."..... The Lane Theatre inaugurated the winter campaign on Sept. 26th with Halliday's "King o' Scots," from Sir Walter Scott's novel of "The Fortunes of Nigel".....The New Green-wich opened the season on Sept. 26th, under Eleanor Bufton's management, with the production of "Lady Audley's Secret" and the farces of "Turn Him Out" and "The Goose with the Golden Eggs".....W. H. Edwards has been exhibiting a pictorial entertainment entitled, "Two Hours in the New World," at the Beaumont Institute. The panorama includes many views of picturesque localities on this side of the Atlantic, and are said to be well painted. It commences with a trip up the Hudson River, and so on through Canada.....'After Dark" is crowding the Princess' Theatre....."The Rightful Heir," Lord Lytton's new play, was to be produced at the Lyceum on the 3d inst. The cast includes Frank Lawler, Beckmann, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin.....'Blow for Blow" is pronounced a legitimate success at the Holborn.....Mr. Mapleson has taken Covent Garden for an autumn season, and will commence Italian Opera there, with a very strong company, on October the 24th..... The Adelphi, advertised to commence the winter season on the 3d inst., afterwards altered to the 10th, and again postponed the opening until the 17th inst.

AT THE ATHENÆE, Paris, in a piece which has long been in preparation, to be called "La Petit Fonsch," Leonce and Mlle. Lasseny are to enter on velocipedes and sing a duet.....At the Gaite, in "Nos Enfants," M. Gaillard is to move about on a velocipede, which he is said to handle with remarkable skill; while at the Menus Plaisirs, in "Les Croqueses de Pommes," no less than twelve velocipedes will be introduced.

THE PLOT OF M. Fiotow's new opera, "The Two Composers," appears, from a short sketch given in several of the French papers, to be of the very slightest.

"LA FUNERAILLE DU PARAGONE," one of Rossini's early operas, but not by any means his first effort, as stated by some of our contemporaries, has just been revived at Florence, without much success.

"LES INUTILES," a four act comedy, by M. Cadol, produced at the Theatre de Cluny, Paris, is rather a treatise on political economy than a drama. M Cadol's text appears to be a Chinese proverb, "When one man in idle one man starves." His hero is a young nobleman, who has exhausted his estates by a course of fast living. Driven at length to take refuge in the country, he finds himself, in consequence of his poverty, unable to realise all the benevolent schemes which arise in his mind. He learns, at length, that the money on which he has lived for some time past has not, as he supposed, been wrung from his estates, but has been supplied by his brother-in-law, a man he has treated with cool contempt. That brother now needs help he cannot afford. Resolutions to work hard for the future are formed, and a marriage to a country heiress enables him to furnish immediate proof of their sincerity. The comedy was successful.

THE LIBRETTO to Meyerbeer's "Africaine," supposed to have been written in French, is, to a great extent, in reality due to the prolific German pen of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, among whose papers the original has been found. Most galling to her must have been the fact that her work, altered and "mutilated" as it was by the French translator, was in this last shape retranslated into German.

AN ACCIDENT occurred on Sept. 28th, in Dublin, during the performance of "Les Huguenots." In the final scene Raoul is represented as wounded in the struggle in a street, on the quays of Paris, by the soldiers, led on by St. Bris, and the curtain falls amid the conflict, and the strife of armed men. Just at this juncture, Mlle. Titiens rushed in front of the stage, calling out, in an agitated and earnest voice, to know if there was a doctor in the house. Dr. Moore came forward, and found Sig. Mongini sitting on a chair behind the scenes, the blood flowing very copiously from a wound on the side of the face near the ear. It appeared to have been inflicted by a sword, and as given by a down stroke, but, although causing a considerable gush of blood, it was not as serious as if the point had entered the face.

MR. MAPLESON has given up the idea of becoming lessee of the Alexandra Theatre, at Liverpool.

LADY DOR owned in Plymouth, Eng., on Sept. 28th, in "Under the Gaslight."

"THE MESSIAH" was the title of a new play produced at the Arena Nazionale, Florence, lately. A correspondent to a London paper says:—"As might be inferred from the title, Jesus Christ played the principal part. The expectation of so unusual a dramatic novelty had crowded the arena in every corner; but the audacity of the dramatist was not crowned by a corresponding success—the production, which should have extended over four acts, being suddenly brought to a close amidst a storm of hisses and hootings in the middle of the third act. The play opened with a dialogue between Pontius Pilate and Mary Magdalene, who are supping *tete-a-tete*, but whose conversation is interrupted by the entrance of one of the Scribes or Pharisees, who denounces to the Roman governor the revolutionary agitator, Christ, by whose presence Jerusalem is at that moment disturbed. Much to the surprise of Pontius Pilate, the defence of the accused Galilean is warmly taken up by Mary Magdalene. The second act seems to have been a succession of utterly fustian rants on the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity, &c., placed by the author in the mouth of Christ, and designed apparently to convey to the audience of the arena the last and most approved democratic theories on the scheme of the Christian gospel. Two acts of this frightful farrago were as much as even the groundlings of the arena could stomach, so the third was omitted.....

A SINGULAR SUIT has just been brought by the proprietors of the boxes of the La Scala Theatre, in Milan, against the Italian government. The building that existed before the present construction was destroyed by fire in 1770. The German monarch, to whom the duchy then belonged, ordered a new house to be erected, without, however, providing the necessary funds. The local government, in consequence, sold the boxes of the three first tiers in perpetuity to 120 of the principal families in the city, and thus obtained more than sufficient resources for the work; the State, on the other hand, engaging to pay a portion of the costs of the performances. That system, after operating with complete success for ninety years, was sadly menaced by the law passed last year, abolishing all subventions to theatres throughout Italy. The descendents or representatives of the 120 original owners accordingly commenced an action against the Government, which has now been condemned to fulfill its engagements. That decision is of some importance, as several other theatres were built by means of a similar combination, and thus judgment will serve as a precedent in all such cases. But how the verdict is to be reconciled with the Act of Parliament remains to be seen.

THEATRES IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES are not prospering, it seems, because of the contributions to the poor exacted from them and high demands of stars. An exchange says:—"In 1834 a first rate tenor thought himself lucky if he earned 1,000 francs a month; by '52 a tenor's ambition had risen to 1,800 francs, the next year to 2,400 francs, and the next he bargained for no less than 3,000 francs; so that now, in 1868, Michot, of the Theatre Lyrique, engages himself for no less than 5,300 francs a month. The women are no exception to the rule. In 1834 a first soprano was content with 800 francs a month; she now gets as much as 3,500 or 4,000 francs. It is the same throughout the profession."

VERDI, the renowned Italian composer, has bought the village of Busseto, where he was born, and a large estate in the vicinity, over three leagues in extent. He caused a theatre to be built at his expense in the village, and at this theatre free performances are given to the peasants. Verdi says that the money he received for "Nabucco," his first opera that was not hissed, was invested in the purchase of the house, which had belonged to his parents.

MY SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I had just returned from the country, that is, I had been back about a week. Now, when a fellow has been away all summer there is a sort of excitement in getting back to his old haunts in the city; it is such a change, even though he may have been sojourning at Saratoga or Long Branch, where, you know, there are so many people constantly coming and going, and so much of life, at least one kind of life. But I had been neither to Long Branch or Saratoga; on the contrary I had been stopping at a very quiet little country town, the location of which is not by any means inseparable from what I have to relate in other words it doesn't matter in the least.

I had been in town, as I have said, a week. Now anybody who is not a muff, anybody who knows anything at all, is certainly aware how many people a fellow will meet after being away a whole summer who are so *devilish* glad to see him; how many there are who will insist upon his going and taking a drink. To be frank about it—I suppose I may as well—I confess I drank in that one week considerably more than was good for me. Not that I became drunk, oh no, but then I must confess to being slightly under the influence pretty much the whole of that time. You know what I mean.

On the seventh day—I think it was the seventh day—I made up my mind on getting up in the morning not to drink any more. "Not any cocktails for me," said I, as I performed my ablutions; "nothing stronger than Croton goes down my swallow." And I stuck to it. I ate my breakfast—a light one to be sure—and went down town to look after some business. My hand I noticed was just a little bit trembly, "a trifle shaky," I remarked, but then nothing to speak of. I think if I was asked to take a drink once that day I was asked at least twenty times. To all these invitations I returned a negative answer.

"No, I've done," I said to my friend Simkins, who, presuming on a very old acquaintanceship, was inclined to insist. "Not a drop, Simkins, not a drop."

"Fiddlesticks!" replied Sim (I called him Sim for short, you see), "you'll have enough of that; wait till to-night. Why, you're on the verge of the jim-jams now."

"Verge of lunacy, you are, I should say," I answered. "What nonsense you are talking; why look at that," referring to my hand, which I held out before me.

"It shakes," returned Simkins; "you'll have 'em as sure as you live."

"Your grandmother's nightcap shakes!" I didn't exactly know what I meant by this, but then I wished to be very contemptuous.

"She was paralytic," replied Simkins, "the old lady was paralytic, and there was good reason for her nightcap shaking; she shook all the teeth out of her head; but in your case it is whiskey, or rather the want of it just now."

I have since had a certain conviction for some time back that Simkins is destined for the inebriate asylum. A man that can drink as much as he can and not show it is sure to go there. But he may go there if he chooses; it shan't prevent me from telling my story.

I went home the evening of that day on which I had seen Simkins, at about ten or half-past. I had walked quite a distance from the theatre, where I had been unable to sit through the play for some reason—it bored me somehow—to my rooms, and went straight to bed. I felt in need of rest; in fact, I was confoundedly tired, tired in a sort of way I think I never was before. I would have given anything I possessed to have lain down on that bed and then slept until my usual time of rising, as I certainly expected to do before undressing, but the moment I had got my clothes off and was comfortably settled, as I imagined for the night, I suddenly started up under the impression that I had forgotten something of the utmost importance. Sure enough, there was, it seemed to me, a matter of such moment, but—I had forgotten to wind my clock.

I gave it half a dozen turns—it was one of those curious Dutch affairs, a jolly old fellow, with a grinning face and immense round belly, from which the dial looked out—and once more in bed thought to woo the god of sleep, or if my addresses, being of the masculine gender, should seem out of place, why, the goddess would answer as well. But then, who was this great burly landlord? and what tavern was I in? and what did the fellow mean by "no tick, no tick?" With a sudden start and a strange sensation, as if I had been shot through the air a distance of one hundred miles in the space of a single second, I found myself sitting bolt upright in bed, staring round me in a bewildered way at the walls of my chamber. I had left the gas partially turned on, so that it shed a dim light through the room, and a dawning perception grew upon me with the recognition of each familiar object that I was there, in my own apartment.

"It is that confounded clock," I muttered, and the old fellow's eyes, that were forever rolling with the action of the pendulum, seemed more than usually watchful, glancing first toward me on the bed, then into the opposite corner and back again as if something certainly was going wrong. "Devil take you!" I thought to myself, "as if anybody ever asked you for tick," and so lay down again, this time determined on not being disturbed.

I had lain somewhere about ten minutes, may be, with that everlasting "no tick" sounding in my ears until I feared I should become it sane, and even fancied I had, when the door of my room swung noiselessly open and a gentleman in Continental uniform walked quietly in and seated himself upon my table. There was no such thing as mistaking him. The person who presumed to make himself so much at home in my apartment was no less a celebrity than General George Washington, but what was the most astounding feature in connection with his appearance was that he wore the identical portion of his anatomy immediately below his waistcoat a large wheel dial, complete. "Now, this is too bad," I thought; "at any other time I should be delighted, but at such an hour, and when I so much want to sleep, it is really annoying." With this reflection, I scrutinized my visitor more closely. Sure enough, there was a dial as large as that of an eight-day clock, in precisely the region I have stated, and although one of the hands corresponded in pattern with those of most clocks, the other was a miniature hatchet. This he deliberately removed from the pivot and drew his thumb carefully along the edge.

"Gracious Heavens!" I thought, "he is going to hack my furniture in pieces, as he did the cherry tree," and again I was wide awake, but my visitor was no longer there.

I arose and looked at my clock. The pendulum was still swinging, the eyes still rolling and the ticking going on with unusual distinctness, so it seemed to me. It wanted yet ten minutes of eleven. I had really thought it close upon two. It seemed hours since I reached home. I remembered Simkins' warning, and a cold shudder trembled adown my spine. I should certainly have faltered in my resolution and reinforced myself with a glass of whiskey and water, if it had not been that I had given the last I had to the housekeeper who had charge of the building. "What," I thought, "if I should begin to see things!" I looked suspiciously at a fly, the last of his fellows, that stood upon the wall, and even went so far as to test the correctness of my vision by attempting to catch him. The fly disappeared. Whether it was a real fly or not, I am uncertain.

I went back to bed again. Oh, if I had but thought to stop that clock. I had no sooner lain down than it commenced to tick three times louder than ever. I thought seriously once or twice of flinging it out of the window, when I was brought bolt upright in bed again under the impression that I had fallen from a precipice and was still making the descent. Ugh! What a height it seemed! And all the work, too, of the confounded clock that had been chasing me over rocks and through brambles, into gullies and steep mountain passes with its everlasting "no tick, no tick," sounding in my ears. "What have I done that it should persecute me thus?" I asked myself. I had half a mind then to fling it into the street, but doubling my pillow and giving it two or three spiteful thumps with my fist, I closed my eyes with the determination not to open them again until morning.

Alas for such resolutions! "Now I will have him sure," I thought. "This fellow is a spy; he has been watching my movements ever since my return, but very soon I shall catch him. He will descend from the mantelpiece, and step right into this trap I have set for him. See, he comes! No, he has discovered my invention; he winks knowingly, he will not descend. I will feign sleep; that will fetch him, I am sure. By Jove! it is Lew Simkins come to ask me to take a drink. Tut! it is no Simkins, only a burly landlord, rolling his eyes from side to side, and repeating "no tick, no tick!" "The devil take the thing!" I exclaimed, springing out of bed, "is there no end at all to it? Was ever a man so tormented in his life? I shan't attempt to sleep; I will sit in this chair till daybreak, and if ever, if ever I"—well, I won't reveal what resolution I made at that time about never drinking another drop so long as I lived, but then you can guess what it probably.

So down I sat in my dressing gown and slippers, resolved to see the night out, but then I was tired and in need of rest, and the position wasn't a comfortable one, so, after a short while, I slid back to bed again. Then a mouse somewhere in my room began to gnaw and nibble; every belated coach or stage that rolled through the street seemed to make double the noise usual to them; sleep!—sleep was impossible. "Macbeth doth conquer sleep," I muttered, or thought it, and in a moment more I had crossed swords in a terrific encounter with that accursed image on my mantel-piece; our weapons clashed, their blades emitted sparks, we cut and hacked away at one another till, with a fierce lunge, my adversary thrust his blade clean through—what? why, a huge clock face occupying the place of my stomach. Great Cæsar! how the perspiration stood upon my forehead. Surely it could not all have been the force of imagination—I must have heard the shattering of glass. Yes, there it was—a delicate wine-glass dropped from my sideboard by that thankless mouse.

Why need I further dwell upon the miseries of that night? Day dawned at last. At length I was on the street. Almost the first man I met was Simkins.

"By Jove! old fellow, you look as if you'd had a hard night it; been seeing things?"

I made some excuse to get away from him, and hurried to my den.

He shook his head gravely, cautioned me as to drinking, and handed me a prescription. That night comprised my singular experience. I have never had another such.

A GOOD TALE.—A beggar, it seems, was in the habit of sitting on one of the London bridges, accompanied by a dog with a placard inscribed "Blind" attached to his neck, and was fortunate enough to awaken the charitable sympathies of a gentleman, who every morning when he passed the mendicant dropped a penny into his hat. One day the usual donation was omitted, and the supposed blind man ran after his benefactor as fast as his crutches would permit, and boldly asked why the usual penny had not been forthcoming. "Why, I thought you were blind!" exclaimed the man of charity, amazed. "No, sir; it is not I," replied the beggar, "it is the dog."

LIFE'S TRIALS ARE BLESSINGS.—Misfortunes are like thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance they appear black, but when over our heads they are scarcely grey. As bad dreams denote an agreeable future, so it will be with the often painful dream of life when it is past. All our strong feelings, like graves, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself, this passion, this pain, this rapture is sure after three days to lose its effects on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.

WHEN JONES was at college he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag, Brown, went into his rooms, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly and dirty state of every thing, said, "Upon my word, Dury, it's too bad, the only clean thing in your room is your towel!"

THEIR USE.—A church round about here, "once upon a time," had some curiously shaped ventilators on the ridgepole. Pointing to them one day, a member of the parish said to the rector: "Those things look more like demijohns than anything else. What is their use up there?" Well, I suppose," replied the D. D., "they are intended for the outpouring of the spirit!"

CHILLING DESCRIPTION.—When the cold wind blows take care of your nose that it don't get frost-, and strap up your toes in warm woollen hose. The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

THE OPERA IN AMERICA.

The following sketch of Italian Opera in this country we take from the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of Sept. 26:—

About forty years ago an opera company appeared in New York. If we should say forty-two years ago we should be so exact as to be historic. The pioneer, father, engineer of that company was Garcia—the father of Malibran—the most famous lyric artist the world has seen, and who was only rivaled in heroic characters by Giuditta Pasta, who created many characters for Rossini, Mercadante, Bellini and other eminent composers. Malibran, like many other artistic opera singers of whom the world has been proud, was never renowned till she was heard in the United States. Here her genius was fostered, as was that of the lamented Bosio, of a comparatively recent date, and here have originated famous persons in the field of operatic art.

As long ago as when Malibran sang in New York, and, at a little later date, when Miss Austin and Charles E. Horn even gave the public the English opera of "Artaxerxes" and other famous works of the ponderous school of music that had been in vogue from the time of Dr. Arne, opera was quite as profitable here as in England—for it was a pecuniary failure there at all times, even with the support of the nobility and gentry. At a still later date, English opera, for the first time, really took root here in the hearts of the people. In 1834-35 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood made English versions of Rossini's works and the operas of the lamented, early lost, Bellini, familiar to American ears. Mrs. Wood sang with effect "The Maid of Judah," an English adaptation made to introduce Rossini's music, from "Mose in Egitto" and other works, and was the original Amina in 'La Sonnambula." After her, Miss Sheriff and Mr. Wilson came, in 1838, and were successful in Rooke's "Amilie," Auber's "Postilion of Longumeau," and other operas. Inspired by their success, Mr. and Mrs. E. Seguin, Giubilei and other artists, went through with some, yet variable success, season after season. Then, in 1840, poor old De Begnis began to influence the mind of the restaurant proprietor, Palmo, to engage in Italian opera, in Chambers street. Ice cream, late hours and fashion had made little Palmo great in the eyes of Italians and very rich. He was ambitious enough to become famous among his countrymen and with New Yorkers, and did not dream that he would sit to-day in Union Square—which he will if the sun shines warmly—upon a hard bench, dreaming how to obtain a dinner without loss of pride out of flashy and oblivious New York. Palmo and the Italian opera went down! Then Maretzek came up, and he went up and went down, from 1850 to the present year of our Lord 1868—forgetting, what he once well knew, that for sixty years every manager of Italian Operas in London, where the Court and nobility prop the opera, has failed to see anything better before him than the Court of Bankruptcy. Lumley, the shrewdest and most successful of them all, went under at last, leaving himself almost literally without a shilling. He married a better fate. Gye is scarcely happier. In New York Maretzek had ambitious rivals. Hackett, the comedian, became psychologised with the idea that Grisi and Mario would make a fortune for themselves and him. He was deceived, so far as his own purse was concerned. Bernard Ullman thought he had genius at management and he tried to profit by the failure of others; but, unfortunately, advised himself instead of being advised, and went all to pieces half a dozen times. Poor plotter, he is strolling over Europe with one of the loveliest of women and the best of singers, not knowing how to make his love of plotting profitable, even with Carlotta Patti. Payne, the New York broker and banker, a liberal gentleman, lost $200,000 by engaging great artists, and has scarcely left a name behind him—all the better for him. He was worthy of success because not selfish. Last year vain attempts were made to keep Italian Opera still afloat, although Grau had paid out of his Historic profits $43,000 of debts, which he had incurred by his smart speculations with a company of Italians imported for the west and Havana. A fortunate fire at the Academy of Music took the conceit out of him, and he bent his thoughts in another direction.

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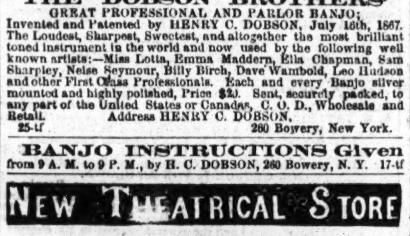

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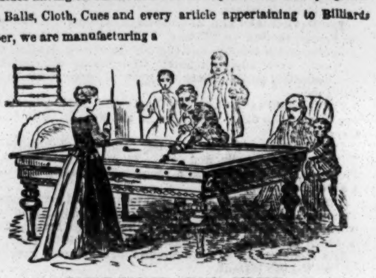

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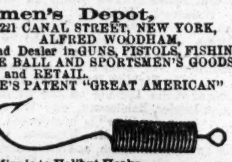

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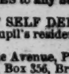

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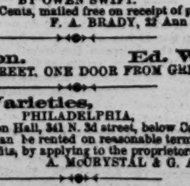

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